

★

UMASS/AMHERST

★



312066 0332 1080 0

THE JOURNAL  
OF  
ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND





University of  
Massachusetts  
Amherst

L I B R A R Y

---







THE JOURNAL  
OF  
ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND  
(1791-1811)







Portrait of Elizabeth, Lady Holland.

Portrait of Elizabeth, Lady Holland.

*Elizabeth, Lady Holland.*



THE JOURNAL  
OF  
ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND  
(1791-1811)

EDITED BY  
THE EARL OF ILCHESTER

*WITH PORTRAITS*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I. 1791-1799

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON  
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1908

All rights reserved



## PREFATORY NOTE

I HAVE not considered it necessary to include an extended preface in these volumes. The requisite words of explanation have been given in the short introductory sketch of Lady Holland's career, which follows. I should like, however, to express my gratitude to Sir Augustus Webster for the assistance he has given me on matters connected with his family history, and for the anecdotes of his great-grandmother's life at Battle. My thanks are also due to Mr. Walter Sichel for allowing me to use certain material relating to Sheridan which he has collected for his forthcoming work.

ILCHESTER.

*September, 1908.*





## INTRODUCTION

FAME is notoriously fickle. Her methods are many and varied, and all do not receive a like treatment at her hands. The names of those who have done the most, by laborious and scientific pursuits, alike injurious to their health and happiness, to smooth the thorny paths of their fellow-creatures, are perhaps allowed to lapse into utter oblivion. While others, whose claim to immortality rests on a more slender base, are celebrated among their posterity. Lady Holland's claim to renown rests upon the later years of her life. She is known to the readers of memoirs and historical biographies of her time as the domineering leader of the Whig circle ; as a lady whose social talents and literary accomplishments drew to her house the wits, the politicians, and the *cognoscenti* of the day. She is known as the hostess who dared to give orders to such guests as Macaulay and Sydney Smith, and, what is more, expected and exacted implicit obedience. As yet, however, little has been written of her earlier years, and on these her Journal will throw much light. It is a record of the years of her unhappy marriage to Sir Godfrey Webster ; and after her marriage with Lord Holland the narrative is continued with more or less regularity until 1814.

The chief point which at once strikes home in reading the account of her younger days is an entire absence of any system of education, to use the words in their modern

application. Everything she learnt was due to her own exertions. She did not receive the benefit of any course of early teaching to prepare her to meet on equal terms the brightest stars of a period which will compare favourably with any other in the annals of this country for genius and understanding. 'My principles were of my own finding, both religious and moral, for I never was instructed in abstract or practical religion, and as soon as I could think at all chance directed my studies. . . . Happily for me, I devoured books, and a desire for information became my ruling passion.' Her own words thus describe how she gained the general knowledge which was subsequently of such use to her. Lectures on geology, courses of chemistry with the *savants* whom she met on her travels, and hours of careful reading snatched whenever practicable, seem to have been the solace and the recreation of those early years of her married life. By her own efforts she thus became fitted, with the aid of undoubted beauty and a natural liveliness of disposition, to take her place in Whig society, into which her marriage with Lord Holland had thrown her. Without the same opportunities, her *salon* in later days succeeded and far surpassed in interest that presided over by the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Thus said Charles Greville : 'Tho' everybody who goes there finds something to abuse or to ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its ways, all continue to go. All like it more or less ; and whenever, by the death of either, it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing can supply. It is the house of all Europe ; the world will suffer by the loss ; and it may be said with truth that it will "eclipse the gaiety of nations." ' But her sway over her associates was the rule of fear, not of love ; and with age the imperiousness of her demeanour to her intimates grew more marked. Each

one of her visitors was liable to become a target for the venom of her wit or the sharpness of her tongue.

But was it solely her exertions which, like a magnet, drew that distinguished coterie to the old house in Kensington? In this we think that fame has in some degree erred. Let praise be given where praise is due. The genial presence of Lord Holland, with his endearing personality, his sympathetic nature, and his ever-engrossing flow of anecdote, was at least of equal value in attracting those guests as were the fascinations of his wife. 'I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland, but I could go to hell with his Lordship,' said Ugo Foscolo; and the sentiment was echoed in the hearts of many others, who had not the strength of character to tear themselves from their accustomed haunts.

Elizabeth Vassall was born on March 25, 1771. She was an only child, the daughter of Richard Vassall, of Jamaica. Owing to a similarity in the Christian names, the Vassall pedigree is somewhat difficult to trace with any certainty. It appears, however, that they were descended from one of two brothers, John and William, who went to America from England and are mentioned in the first Massachusetts Charter of 1629. The latter of these brothers went to Barbadoes in 1650, and purchased large estates there. Ticknor, in reply to Lady Holland, who had just told him that New England was originally populated with convicts, mentioned a house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, built by a member of her family, and a marble monument to one of them in King's Chapel, Boston. Florentius Vassall, her grandfather, was born in 1710, and married Mary, daughter of Colonel John Foster, of Jamaica. By her he seems to have had two sons and two daughters, the second of whom, Richard, succeeded to the property upon his father's death in 1779. Richard was born in 1731-2, and married Mary,

daughter of Thomas Clark, of New York. They lived almost entirely in England, and after her husband's death in 1795, Mrs. Vassall married Sir Gilbert Affleck, second Baronet, of Dalham Hall, Suffolk. She died in 1835, at the age of eighty-six. Florentius Vassall's will contained a most stringent proviso that whoever succeeded to the estates should take the name of Vassall immediately after their Christian names. By its terms Elizabeth succeeded to the whole of the West Indian property, chiefly situated in Jamaica, at her father's death. This amounted in 1800 to about 7000*l.* a year, but after the suppression of the slave trade it deteriorated greatly in value, and was of little account at the time of her death.

In 1786, at the age of fifteen, Elizabeth was married to Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, in Sussex. It was a *mariage de convenance*, and one which would probably appeal to all parties except the young lady. Her parents would doubtless welcome the alliance to a member of an old and respected English county family ; while the money which was to come to her at her father's death would be of much service to her husband. The Websters came originally from Derbyshire, but had settled near Waltham, in Essex. Sir Thomas Webster, who was created a baronet in 1703, was the purchaser of Battle Abbey. He sat as member for Colchester for many years, and married Jane, daughter of Edward Cheek, of Sandford Orcas, Somerset. He died in 1751, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Whistler, who married Martha Nairne, daughter of the Dean of Battle. Upon his death, without surviving issue, in 1779, the property and title went to his brother, Godfrey, who died the following year, leaving by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Gilbert Cooper, of Lockington, co. Derby, a son, Godfrey, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Thomas Chaplin. Sir Godfrey was born in 1748, and was thus nearly twenty-three years older than



the child he married. He was for some years member for Seaford, and at the time of his death sat for Wareham. Battle Abbey was tenanted by his aunt, the widow of Sir Whistler Webster (she lived till 1810), and the Websters were therefore obliged to take up their residence in a small house close by. The old lady did little or nothing to keep up the place, and everything was falling into a state of ruin and disrepair. Elizabeth seems to have looked on her as a kind of usurper of her rights, and as the dispositions and tastes of the two ladies were diametrically opposed to one another, a constant friction between them developed into open warfare. At one time the young lady used to send across to the Abbey in the mornings to inquire 'If the old hag was dead yet.' At others she would set about devising ghostly apparitions, rattling of chains, and other eerie noises calculated to frighten the old woman, who, contrary to her desires, appears to have thriven on these petty annoyances, and more than once was able to turn the tables on her persecutor.

On one occasion a dozen or more people were introduced into the Abbey after dark and distributed about the house. At a given time each commenced a kind of drumming noise in turn increasing and decreasing in intensity. After the din had gone on for some time, and no notice was taken, the jokers came out of their hiding places only to find that Lady Webster had left the house with her servants and taken the keys with her. There they had to remain till morning!

Another day, a crowd of panic-stricken countrypeople, with carts and horses, fleeing from the coast, bringing intelligence of a French landing, invaded the Abbey. These were in reality led by friends of Elizabeth, many of them in disguise. The old lady gave them all as much food and drink as they wanted, and sent them

away to tell the French that she would treat them in like fashion when they came, and that there she would be found until the day of her death.

To a young and pretty woman, blessed with buoyant spirits, of an age to realise the pleasures of life, and with every wish to enjoy them to the full, this quiet country life must soon have become irksome. Even with everything in her favour she might naturally have desired to see more of the world than she was likely to find in the green fields of Sussex, varied by an occasional visit to London. But circumstanced as she was, with a husband more than double her age, and without the occupation and cares of a large establishment to manage, her fancies and desires were sure to wander further afield. She longed to leave Battle, 'that detested spot where I had languished in solitude and discontent the best years of my life,' and she implored her husband to take her abroad after the birth of her son. Their eldest, Godfrey Vassall, was born in 1789, and another, who died soon after, was born the following year.

Though a member of Parliament, Sir Godfrey had no keen desire for political life; in fact, he had lost his seat in 1790. Nor did he care for society, but his tastes and interests led him to prefer a residence in England; and the racket of the Continent, with its endless journeys and discomforts, had no attraction whatever for him. He did not care for the pictures and works of art in Italy as much as for the pleasures of the country gentleman of the day. He was immensely popular in the county, perhaps partly on account of his liberality and extravagance, which, combined with his gambling propensities, greatly helped to dissipate the large sum of ready money to which he had succeeded. He also took an active part in all local matters of business. These interests, however, he consented temporarily to relinquish, and

in compliance with his wife's constant entreaties they set off abroad in the spring of 1791.

It will be unnecessary here to go at length into their travels, as the *Journal* deals closely with their progress. Another son, Henry, was born in February 1793; a daughter, Harriet, in June 1794; and another boy, who died soon after his birth, in October 1795. Sir Godfrey was sometimes with his wife abroad, sometimes in England, their final separation taking place in the spring of 1795.

All this time the relations between husband and wife were becoming more and more strained. Everything appears to have been perfectly amicable between them until 1792, when, in a letter to Thomas Pelham, Lady Webster mentions that his behaviour to her seems to have undergone a sudden change, owing, she thought, to money difficulties which were troubling him. It is impossible to say what was the true explanation of the reasons for this change. Her various friends were certainly a trial to Sir Godfrey's jealous disposition, but beyond a foolish levity of conduct consequent upon youth, her flirtations do not seem to have been of a very dangerous nature. Their correspondence, however, continued without break until her return to England in June 1796. Disparity in ages and a complete absence of any similarity of interests was in all probability the base from which the rift first sprang; and, once the edges were parted asunder, an infinity of foolish misunderstandings and trivial annoyances would too surely have assisted the widening of the gulf.

Faults there were, and material faults too, on both sides. Sir Godfrey's indifference to her tastes, his gloomy and at times sullen disposition, his violence of temper, his fits of depression which were the ultimate cause of his unhappy end, and his love of gambling and dissipation, cannot have

nurtured, and, in fact, speedily blasted a youthful affection which might have flourished in a more congenial soil. He can never have properly fathomed the character and temperament of the girl to whom he was united. Had he married a nonentity, who was ready to sit at home and trace out a colourless existence, obedient to his beck and call, all might have been well. But his wife was not one of these. She was essentially a woman of action. Her ambitions could not be confined to any particular groove, and her spirit would not allow her to stoop to a position of dependence. Her increasing knowledge of the world and its ways taught her to believe herself a victim to her fortune, and, regarding her husband as the cause, her respect for him became diminished and the recollection of the kindly side of his nature was swallowed up in her grievances. Thus it is that her references to him in her Journal are tinged with even more than a feeling of dislike. Throughout her life she was accustomed to speak out her thoughts with an almost brutal frankness, and her allusions to Sir Godfrey in these pages are sometimes inclined to be hysterical and perhaps more severe than circumstances always merited.

For he too had much to contend with. Once abroad, the memory of her unhappy life in Sussex recurred with double force, and the possibility of a return to England, even for a few months, became a nightmare. She loved the bright sun and blue skies more dearly from the contrast of her gloomy recollections of the northern climate, and a growing taste for art and literature fanned her reluctance to undergo again the thralldom of an existence at home. Here was indeed an unpleasant position for a man whose whole interests were centred in England. Was he to leave his wife continually alone in a strange country to follow her own devices, or was he at all risks to assert his authority and take her back



with him by force ? It was a situation which was likely to have but one ending.

In her solitude she craved for someone to love and cherish her, and one whom she might love in return. 'I strive to repress, but often feel a strong desire to be dependent upon another for happiness' ; but it was not till 1794 that the 'other' appeared upon the scene. Devoted friends she had had, but none had touched her heart before she met Lord Holland.

Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, was born in November 1773. His father, Stephen, second Lord Holland, died the year after his son's birth, and his mother, a daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory, only lived until 1778. He was brought up by his uncles, Charles James Fox and Lord Ossory ; while his only sister, Caroline Fox, five years his senior, remained under the charge of their aunt, Lady Warwick, and their great-aunt, the Duchess of Bedford. He had been educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and went abroad in 1791. He spent some time in Spain, and in the course of his travels arrived at Florence in February 1794. There he made Lady Webster's acquaintance ; friendship ripened into mutual attachment, and both before and after Sir Godfrey's departure for England in 1795 much of his time was spent with her. In April 1796 Lady Webster started for home from Florence, accompanied by Lord Holland, and reached England in June. She met Sir Godfrey at his house in Albemarle Street, but shortly after took rooms in Brompton Row, and went to live there. In November a son was born—Lord Holland's—christened Charles Richard Fox.

Sir Godfrey had taken into consideration the question of a divorce as early as July 1796, but was not actually prevailed upon to commence proceedings until the following January. In those days this necessitated a

case before the Civil Court and also an Act of Parliament. There is no need to go into the transactions further than is necessary to throw light on the allusions in the Journal. Though he was the injured person, and was therefore justified in making his own terms, Sir Godfrey's conduct throughout the negotiations shows an indecision of purpose, almost verging at times upon insanity. At one moment he would refuse to go on with the proceedings at all ; at the next he would state that he still adored Lady Webster, and for her sake would only be too ready to expedite matters, and would not even sue for damages. At another he wished to fight a duel with Lord Holland, not for running away with his wife, but because he had offered to buy a picture of her, by Romney, which belonged to Sir Godfrey. The case finally came up before Lord Kenyon in the Civil Court at the end of February, with a condition attached that Lady Webster should give up her whole fortune to Sir Godfrey for his life, keeping only 800*l.* a year for her own use ; besides a claim of 10,000*l.* damages against Lord Holland, which was modified by the jury into 6000*l.* This settlement the judge described during the negotiations as iniquitous. But Sir Godfrey seemed prepared to drop the case unless he obtained these terms ; and as there seemed to be little chance of securing the recognition of the court, a bond was given to him, signed by the Duke of Bedford, Charles Ellis, Sir Gilbert Affleck, and Lord Holland, guaranteeing that these conditions should be religiously observed, if he continued the proceedings. This was accepted, and though minor difficulties arose as to the payment of past debts, &c., the divorce was successfully carried through the courts and both Houses of Parliament.

In April 1796 Lady Webster wrote to Sir Godfrey announcing the death of their daughter, Harriet, who

had been born in June 1794. In her letter she stated that the child had sickened of measles at Modena, and had died of convulsions consequent upon that disease. In all this there was not one word of truth. Harriet, who afterwards married Admiral Sir Fleetwood Pellew, was perfectly well all the time, but was concealed by her mother, in order to avoid being deprived of all her children whenever the time for the inevitable rupture with her husband arrived. The girl was handed over to the custody of an English nurse, Sarah Brown, and was brought safely back to England some time later. It was not until 1799 that Lady Holland, as she was then, determined to restore her to her father. In the *Journal* she mentions that scruples, and the fear of involving Lord Holland in difficulties on her behalf, had led her to decide to pursue this course. She allows that she was very loath to make the sacrifice, and it is probable that the knowledge that Sir Godfrey had somehow received information of something being wrong had more to do with her determination than anything else. At the time he had no inkling that everything was not as she had stated. Shortly after the divorce, however, facts were brought to his notice which led him to take action. A commission was appointed to investigate into the whole circumstances, and the grave, we believe, was actually opened ; for so thoroughly had the matter been arranged in the first instance that a mock funeral had taken place, and a kid had been buried in the coffin instead of the child. Fear of discovery would therefore have influenced her wish to make a clean breast of the deception, before it was too late.

After Sir Godfrey's death Lady Holland made a vigorous effort to gain access to her children. Her request to be allowed to see them was refused, as Sir Godfrey's brother-in-law, Mr. Chaplin, stated that he

had been expressly enjoined, in the event of the former's death, to see that the children had no communication with their mother. The matter was taken before the courts in 1801, but the judge's award does not seem to have given her any satisfaction.

After their marriage the Hollands remained in England until 1802, when they were compelled by the unsatisfactory state of their son Charles's health to winter abroad. It was during these five years that Lady Holland laid the groundwork of those distinguished gatherings for which Holland House was, in after years, so justly famed. We have already seen that the subsequent glories of their *salon* were as much due to Lord Holland as to his wife; but in the early days of their marriage her personality, her beauty, and the brilliancy of her conversational powers undoubtedly attracted many of the men of culture and learning by whom they were surrounded. Feminine society was almost wanting in that circle. She received much kindness from members of Lord Holland's family, but with this exception and that of a few of her former friends, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Bessborough, and others, she was nowhere received in society. To a woman of her ambitions this treatment cannot but have been very galling, though it was only what she had to expect; and perhaps to this fact may be traced some part of that bitterness of manner with which her name is so generally associated.

She possessed to the full the gift of drawing out her guests. Conversation never flagged at her table, and however diverse were the sentiments of those who met under her roof, they felt that they were there able to fraternise on neutral ground. Especially as she grew older her desire to rule grew stronger, and her opinion on any subject was not to be lightly contradicted. 'Elle est

toute assertion, mais quand on demande la preuve, c'est là son secret,' said Talleyrand ; and it was characteristic of the means she employed to state a fact or clinch an argument. Her methods of government were essentially tyrannical. Macaulay thus describes his first visit to Holland House : ' The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she kept her guests. It is to one, " Go," and he goeth ; and to another, " Do this," and it is done ' ; and numerous are the records left by her contemporaries of the insults and abuse from which the *habitués* were never immune. Yet within that cold exterior, with all her arrogance of demeanour and harshness of speech, beat as warm a heart as ever beat in woman's breast. To her dependents she was kindness itself, her old friends were never forgotten, and many a struggling writer had reason to bless the assistance she bestowed on his efforts unasked.

Her views on religion were indefinite, and her belief in the principles of Christianity was probably not deeply seated. Atheism, however, she would not tolerate, and Allen's allusions in her presence to his disbelief in the Godhead would always receive instant reproof. Superstitious she was, to a certain degree, but she seems to have thrown off many of her fancies later in life. ' She died with perfect composure, and though consciously within the very shadow of death for three whole days before she crossed the dark threshold, she expressed neither fear nor anxiety, and exhibited a tranquillity of mind by no means general at the time ' (*Rogers and his Contemporaries*). Yet to the end she was never entirely free from fears of her own health, and her dread of storms, and especially thunder, was almost ludicrous. Macaulay relates how she would even have her rooms shut up in broad daylight and the candles lit, to prevent her from seeing the lightning, which she dreaded so much.

In politics she was by no means an extremist, and especially before she had tasted the sweets of office her influence over Lord Holland tended to restrain him from the more advanced principles of Whiggism which he sometimes affected. Her views were essentially those of a partisan, both in public and in private. No exertion was too great for her, if it was to assist a friend in need or to further any scheme which she considered worthy of support. Her admiration for Napoleon and her efforts to improve his situation when in exile are well known, yet her personal intercourse with her hero was limited to two or three words in one short audience. She revelled in intrigue, and her desire to have a hand in all that was taking place led her at times to assume a more active part than was consistent with her own professions or advantageous to her husband's position in the party.

Her reputation has always been that of an imperious, downright woman, who said just what she thought, without reference to the feelings of her hearers. So it is with her writings. Her likes and dislikes were very marked, and led her into extremes which are reflected in the delineations of the characters of her contemporaries. The task of editing her Journal has on this account been a matter of some difficulty. To have eliminated all passages in which her political bias or personal feelings of dislike are apparent would be to destroy the value of her chronicle, and would create a fictitious impression of her real disposition and way of speaking. Bearing in mind these peculiarities, therefore, it has been thought fit to retain more of her critical observations than would otherwise have been kept. Some passages, however, have been necessarily omitted and others have been somewhat softened, where it has been found possible to do so. It has also been attempted to point out any inaccuracies wherever they appear in the text, which



has been altered as little as possible. Her sentences are sometimes involved, and it seems difficult to credit her with a complete command of the English language—an attainment which her contemporaries relate that she was fond of boasting she possessed.

After nearly two years, spent chiefly in Spain, the Hollands returned to England in 1805. The following year, after Fox's death, Lord Holland was included in Lord Grenville's Ministry as Lord Privy Seal. They went again to Spain in 1808, and returned in August 1809. The narrative of these journeys has been omitted from these pages, and is reserved for publication at some future date, should it be considered to be of sufficient interest. The Journal closes in 1814, but as nothing of particular interest is recorded during the last few years, that portion has been omitted. We need not therefore concern ourselves here with Lady Holland's later career, as it does not come within the scope of these volumes. Suffice it to say that Lord Holland died in 1840, and that after his death Lady Holland moved to their little house in South Street, taking with her Dr. Allen, who died two years later. Lady Holland died in 1845, and was buried at Millbrook, in Bedfordshire.

The Journal has never been revised in any way, and is therefore full of slips and omissions, which are now corrected. The original spelling and punctuation has not been retained, as it is unreliable and often varies, especially in the proper names, except in a few cases where the particular form was in vogue at the time. Abbreviations remain as they appear in the manuscript. In a few places names have been purposely omitted, but in most cases a blank signifies that the word is illegible, or has not been filled in by the writer. Certain sentences also are somewhat obscure from the difficulty which has been experienced in deciphering the handwriting; these have

been made as clear as possible. Some passages in the earlier portion, relating to the travels abroad, have been curtailed, and the sequence of the narrative retained by means of editorial notes. Most of the descriptions of collections in Italy have also been left out, except in a few cases where Lady Webster's remarks are of interest in showing her own appreciation of various well-known works of art and the opinions of men of learning of the day upon them. Extracts from books which she had read are also omitted ; though in many cases the titles of the books she read and her critical remarks upon the contents are retained. By these it is possible to form some opinion of her special tastes in literature, and discover by what stages she was able to prepare herself to become the leader of Whig society.



# LIST OF PLATES

## TO VOLUME I.

ELIZABETH, THIRD LADY HOLLAND, 1793 . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a painting by Robert Fagan.</i>	
RICHARD VASSALL, 1793 . . . . .	<i>To face p. 132</i>
<i>From a painting by J. Hoppner.</i>	
ELIZABETH, THIRD LADY HOLLAND, 1795 . . . . .	„ 212
<i>From a painting by Louis Gauffier.</i>	



# JOURNAL OF ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND

IN June 1791 I left England and went to Paris. During my stay the King and Royal family escaped to Varennes, but were brought back. I attended the debates in the National Assembly; I heard Robespierre and Maury<sup>1</sup> speak. The Jacobin Club was then in embryo. I wanted to hear a speech, and the Vicomte de Noailles during dinner promised that he would gratify me by making one. He accordingly took me to the box, and went into the Tribune and began an oration upon some subject trivial in itself, but made important by the vehemence of his manner. The Wyndhams<sup>2</sup> joined me at Paris; Mr. Pelham<sup>3</sup> was also there, and several other English.

Towards July I went by the way of Dijon through the Jura Mountains to Lausanne. I lived for three

<sup>1</sup> Abbé Maury (1746-1817), one of the most violent members of the *États Généraux*. He obtained a Cardinal's hat in 1794.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. William Frederick Wyndham (1763-1828), fourth son of Charles, second Earl of Egremont. He married, in 1784, Francis Mary Harford, natural daughter of Frederick, Lord Baltimore. Their son succeeded as the fourth and last Earl of Egremont.

<sup>3</sup> Hon. Thomas Pelham, afterwards Lord Pelham and second Earl of Chichester (1756-1826), son of Thomas, Lord Pelham, of Stanmer (who was created Earl of Chichester in 1801). He married, in 1801, Lady Mary Osborne, daughter of Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds; and was Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1783-4 and 1795-8, and Secretary of State for the Home Department, 1801-1803.

months at Mon Repos, a spot celebrated as having been the residence of Voltaire and the scene of much theatrical festivity; it was there he composed and represented many of his *chefs d'œuvre*, *Zaïre*, I believe, among the number.<sup>1</sup> My society was composed of a mixture of French and English to the utter exclusion of the Swiss.

Gibbon had for several years withdrawn himself from the turbulence and neglect of his own capital to share the quiet and enjoy the adulation of the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud. He was treated by them more as a prince than as an equal. Whenever he honoured their *goutées* with his presence every person rose upon his entrance, and none thought of resuming their chairs till he was seated. His whim arranged and deranged all parties. All, in short, were subservient to his wishes; those once known, everything was adapted to them. The Sheffield<sup>2</sup>, Trevors, Mr. Pelham, Duc de Guines,<sup>3</sup> Mde. de Juigné, and Castries. I knew Tissot.<sup>4</sup> Having my residence at Lausanne I made frequent excursions. I went through Geneva to the Valley of Chamouny, saw the glaciers; and at a small village in the road stopped to look at General Phiffer's model of Mt. Blanc; it was curious but inferior to that at Lucerne. Our party to Chamouny consisted of the Sheffield, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> *Zaïre* was written in Paris, not in Switzerland.

<sup>2</sup> John Baker Holroyd (1735-1821), created Baron Sheffield in 1781, and advanced to an earldom in 1816. He married, in 1767, Abigail, only daughter of Lewis Way. She died in 1793, and Lord Sheffield married, the following year, Lady Lucy Pelham, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Chichester. He married, thirdly, in 1798, Lady Anne North, daughter of Frederick, second Earl of Guilford.

<sup>3</sup> Comte Bonnières de Souastres, Duc de Guines (1735-1806), Ambassador in London from 1770 to 1776. On the outbreak of the French Revolution he left France, and did not return until Napoleon became Consul.

<sup>4</sup> Simon Tissot (1728-1797), a celebrated Swiss doctor. He died at Lausanne.

Pelham, and some others whose names I have forgotten.<sup>1</sup>

Soon after my return to Lausanne I made a tour through Berne to Lucerne. I was too great a coward to go upon the lake, therefore I only saw the views from the bridge and the high ground near the town, as I was too indolent to ascend Mount Pilate. The spot so celebrated by the heroic and incredible exploits of Guillaume Tell I only knew by drawings, as it is not to be seen but by going to the Lac des Quatre Cantons. Phiffer's model of the whole of Switzerland is wonderful ; it is an exact representation of every object, lakes, mts., rivers. Such representation of countries would be useful for military posts. I returned by Soleure, Neuchâtel, and Fribourg and Vevey to Lausanne.

Towards the middle or end of September I began a journey to Nice. I stopped at Geneva a day or two, and went with the Messrs. Calandrin to see Ferney ; it was in a desolate, ruined state, and showed few marks of taste or comfort. We followed the Rhône to L'Écluse, where soon after that it loses itself for some miles underground. The road is beautiful. Annecy, where Rousseau lived, I believe we passed. Lyons is a magnificent city, two fine rivers and broad, well-built quays with sumptuous houses. The manufacturers complained of the revolutionary spirit which deprived them of orders and workmen.

From thence I followed the Rhone to the Pont St.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Holroyd's description of Lady Webster on this expedition is amusing : ' If anybody ever offends you so grievously that you do not recollect any punishment bad enough for them, only wish them on a party of pleasure with Lady Webster ! The ceremony began with irresolution in the extreme whether they should or should not go ! How and which way they should go ? And everything that was proposed she decidedly determined on a contrary scheme, and as regularly altered her mind in a few hours' (*Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, p. 65).

Esprit. The bridge is singular and ingenious. The rapidity of the river had thrown down the preceding bridges owing to a strong current rushing with violence against the piers : to obviate this the architect made the bridge of this form. It has succeeded, and the building is permanent. The Pont de Gard is a magnificent remnant of Roman grandeur ; it fulfilled the double purpose of bridge and aqueduct. Orange, on account of massacres at Avignon, we could not see. There are fine remains of triumphal arches and other military trophies, raised to the honour of Marius, who there defeated the formidable host of Northern barbarians, the Teutons and Cimbri, though upon recollection I think he fought them in the present Venetian territory. Upon the road there are vestiges of triumphal buildings, erected in the Middle Ages, if one may judge by the clumsy taste. At Nismes, the amphitheatre and Maison Carrée. The latter is beautiful, and being the first specimen of Grecian architecture I had ever seen I was delighted with the richness and proportion of the edifice. The amphitheatre is small, and disfigured by the filth and closeness of the adjacent houses. Like St. Paul's in London, it is impossible to judge of its magnitude or graceful structure, as no exterior view can be obtained.

Marseilles is charmingly situated ; fine town, a forest of shipping, busy quays ; and the liveliness of the pretty Bastides, all white upon the surrounding hills, is delightful. This was the first view I had of the Mediterranean. The deep blueness of its waters and the constant fulness of its shores struck me with increasing admiration, as I always thought the variation of the tide was a defect ; for pleasing as variety is, uniformity is preferable to such change as the tide produces—mud and stench.

Aix is a pleasing town. Crossed the Esterelles, a high ridge of granite mts. ; the passage was infested by

banditti, and we were obliged to take some *maréchaussées* to protect us. We passed without alarm or interruption. Fréjus, the See of Fénelon, well deserves all the disapprobation he bestows on it. Antibes, a gay pretty town ; crossed at Gué the torrent Var, and 4 miles after reached Nice. Some antiquaries have supposed that the Var was the celebrated Rubicon, which once passed was so fatal to the liberties of Rome.

I was left *alone*<sup>1</sup> at twenty years old in a foreign country without a relation or any real friend, yet some of the least miserable, I might add the most happy hours, of my life were passed there. I lived with great discretion, even to prudery. I never admitted any male visitors (except to numerous dinners), either in the morning or evening, with the exception only of two—Dr. Drew, and a grave married man, a Mr. Cowper. Drew used to spend the whole eve. with me, and give me lectures on chemistry, natural history, philosophy, etc., etc. I made frequent excursions about the neighbourhood, to Monaco, Villa Franca, Monte Cavo, La Grotte de Chateauville, the convent of St. Pons, old Cemenelum, etc.

In Feb. 1792 the Duncannons,<sup>2</sup> Dowr. Lady Spencer, Dss. of Devonshire, came to Nice : my friendship begun there. I saw a Maltese galley with some wretched Turkish slaves at the oar. The English society was too numerous to be pleasant. I lived with a few only,—Dss. of Ancaster, Ly. Rivers, Messrs. Ellis, Wallace, Cowper, etc. C. Ellis<sup>3</sup> was a very old friend of mine ; we were brought up for

<sup>1</sup> Sir Godfrey Webster had returned to England late in 1791.

<sup>2</sup> Frederick, Viscount Duncannon (1758-1844), who succeeded his father as third Earl of Bessborough in 1793. He married, in 1780, Henrietta, daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, and Margaret Georgiana, daughter of the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz. Her sister, Lady Georgiana, married, in 1774, William, fifth Duke of Devonshire.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Rose Ellis (1771-1845), son of John Ellis, a large landed proprietor in Jamaica. He was created Lord Seaforth in 1826.

many years absolutely together. As I had experienced such very cruel usage from the unequal and oftentimes frantic temper of the man to whom I had the calamity to be united, it was the wish of my mother, Lady Pelham, Ly. Shelburne, and those I most respected, that I should never venture myself in a journey alone with him, therefore as Mr. Ellis was going part of the journey we meant to make, he joined our party. We also conveyed an emigrant of the name of Beauval, an excellent, ingenious young man.

*Sunday, May the 6th, 1792.*—Left Nice for Turin. We took the road across the Col de Tende. Just above the Convent of St. Pons, we crossed the torrent Paglione, from whence I took a farewell look at the lovely plain of Nice. We dined at L'Escaleine, a small village prettily situated in the mts. We wound for many hours the numberless traverses of a steep and lofty mt., and at night reached Sospello, a tolerable *gîte*.

*7th.*—Still among mts. Dined at Grandolla. Wretched inn at Tende—no accommodation; only one room for us all.

On ye 8th the carriages were dismounted and carried over the Col de Tende upon mules: I went over in a *chaise à porteurs*, so did my child.

Snow was melting very fast, and made the footing for the mules and guides very insecure. We stopped at a small house at Borgo Limone as one of the carriages was broken in getting it off the mule's back.

*11th.*—Arrived at Turin. Ly. Duncannon and Dss. were already arrived. In the evening I went to Trevor's:<sup>1</sup> he was the English Minister. A celebrated

<sup>1</sup> John Hampden Trevor (1749–1824), who succeeded his elder brother as third Baron Hampden in 1824, a month before his own death. He was Minister at Turin from 1783 until 1798. He married, in 1773, Harriot, only child of the Rev. Daniel Burton, Canon of Christ Church.



performer on the violin attempted to render by sound the story of *Werter* ; the imagination must have supplied greatly to assist the effect. All that I could understand was the scene where he shoots himself ; the twang of the catgut made a crash, which made one start, so it had that effect in common with the report of a pistol. During my stay at Turin I attended chemical lectures at Bonvoisin's ; had I been able to apply more I might under his care have advanced considerably in information. Cte. Masin gave me a very fine dinner. Before dinner he sent for one of the Professors, who exhibited the cruel experiment upon a frog to prove animal electricity.

I went one morning with Ly. D., Dss. Devonshire, etc., to La Venesia to be presented to the Prince and Princesse de Piémont.<sup>1</sup> She is in person like her brother the King of France. Since the downfall of the clergy in France she has constantly worn the dress of a *Sœur grise*. They are both bigoted and superstitious. I had many pleasant parties to Montcalieri, La Superga, the Colline, etc. The Vallentin is a singular old *château* on the banks of the Po. It was built by Christina, Dsse. de Savoie, one of the daughters of Henry IV. of France. I made acquaintance for the first time with Mde. de Balbi.<sup>2</sup> Previous to my leaving Turin we were surprised by the arrival of Ly. Malmesbury<sup>3</sup> and G. Ellis.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Piedmont (1751-1819) succeeded his father as King of Sardinia in 1796 under the name of Charles Emmanuel IV., but abdicated in 1802 in favour of his brother. He married, in 1775, Marie-Thérèse de Bourbon, sister of Louis XVI.

<sup>2</sup> Josephine-Louise, Comtesse de Balbi (1763-1836), a favourite of the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.) and lady-in-waiting to his wife for some years.

<sup>3</sup> Harriet Mary, daughter of Sir George Amyand, Bart. She married James, first Earl of Malmesbury in 1777, and died in 1830.

<sup>4</sup> George Ellis (1753-1815), miscellaneous writer. A joint founder with Canning of the *Anti-Jacobin*. He was the only son of George Ellis, member of the House of Assembly in Grenada.

We left Turin on ye 10th June, 1792 ; our route was to Verona, and to see Lago Maggiore in our way. We went to Arona that we might cross the Ticino at Sesto, as there was a flood at Buffalora, the usual ferry. Slept first night at Vercelli. After wading through very deep water for a mile or two, caused by the overflowing of the lake, we reached, on ye 12th, Arona, a small town charmingly situated on the lake. The next day I summoned up courage and went upon the lake to see the Borromean Islands. Just above the town of Arona stands the colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, executed in 1650 by his family ; it exceeds 100 ft. in height, allowing 64 for the figure and 46 for the pedestal. This lake is longer than that of Geneva. The islands are beautiful. The Isola Bella is the enchanted spot, on which the fairy palace and gardens stand. Since the days of Circe and Armida nothing has equalled the magic land, and little worthy of detention would be an Ulysses and Rinaldo who could repine at seclusion in such a voluptuous abode. The Palace is on an eminence, and pastures and terraces descend from it to the water. Some of the apartments are made like grottoes and are brought to the margin of the lake : without exaggeration it is a spot apparently made by magic art. Prince Augustus<sup>1</sup> was seeing the Palace. I there met with him for the first time. He is handsome and well-bred.

13th.—Left Arona ; crossed the Ticino and arrived very late at Milan. The heat in the plains of Lombardy in the summer is intense ; the thermometer varied from 92 to 96 degrees Fahrenheit. The Litta family live

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex (1773–1843), sixth son of George III. He married at Rome, in 1793, Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of John, fourth Earl of Dunmore. The marriage was annulled the following year, as it violated the Royal Marriage Act.

with princely splendour. The Csse. Maxe, celebrated in the annals of *European* gallantry, was very civil, and showed me all that was worthy of notice. Padre Pini, an old Barnabite monk, gave me many good specimens, especially of his *Adularia*, a species of felspar he has discovered. I went over to Pavia to see the celebrated Spallanzani :<sup>1</sup> he is the great friend of Bonnet of Geneva, and he is the man who has made some filthy experiments upon digestion.

Pavia is a curious old town, formerly the capital of the Lombard Kings, and in more modern times the scene of the disaster of the French army, and the captivity of its monarch. Francis ye 1st here became prisoner to the unfeeling, politic Charles V. The Cathedral is a specimen of very early Gothic, misshapen and clumsy. The Po and Ticino join near the city. Great preparations among the emigrants of Coblenz for marching into France.

22nd June.—Left Milan for Dresden. We skirted Lodi, famous for its cheeses and deep sands. A violent thunderstorm came on at Pizzighettone, where I stopped ; and notwithstanding abuse and threats I was resolved to stay and not risk my life and my child's with hot horses near a deep river during a heavy storm.

23rd.—Got to Mantua. The waters of the Mincio being suffered to stagnate, the wells about Mantua are unwholesome and bad. The Palais du T. [*sic*] is a pretty villa belonging to the ancient Princes of Gonzaga. The walls are painted in fresco by *Giulio Romano*, the best of Raphael's scholars : the subject represents the ' Battle of the Giants.' I looked around in vain for a beech tree under whose wide spreading branches a Tityrus was wont to recline and amuse his little lambkins with the soft

<sup>1</sup> Lazaro Spallanzani (1729-1799). Director of the museum at Pavia.

notes of his pipe in the days of the Mantuan Bard. Tho' Vergil was born, one might doubt much if he was bred, here; he seems to have described the pastoral manners of some happier soil of Italy.

The party reached Verona on the 24th. 'The town is handsome; the bridge over the Adige very fine. The Corso is very noble.' They left again two days later, and at Ala entered the Tyrol.

The entrance is through a narrow gorge, apparently opened by an earthquake, and probably widened by the deep and rapid course of the Adige. The mts. are not very high till Mt. Baldo, which does not exceed a 1000 ft. Between Ala and Roveredo we passed among rocks that have suffered some great convulsion; at a distance they resemble the ruins of a demolished city. A calcareous mountain stood where the road now passes; probably in one tremendous night when all the elements were waging war, the loud rolling thunder and the forked lightning darting upon this ill-fated spot, the earth trembled with the shock and the side of the mountain was split and broken into a thousand pieces. The falling of the mt., tho' no history records the event, does not appear to have happened at an early period. The fragments are still sharp and angular. Owing to a fair at Trent we were forced to remain at Roveredo. Since the league of Cambray Roveredo is no longer in the possession of the Venetians.

27th.—The road from thence is through a tolerably well cultivated country of vines and mulberries, thro' which the Adige moves along irregularly, sometimes slowly, at other times rapidly. The road in many places is very narrow with a precipice to the river undefended by a parapet. Monr. de Calonne was overturned into the river, and but for the assistance of

Messrs. Wallace and Ellis, in the year '91, must have been drowned.

After passing Neumareck, the travellers arrived at Brixen on the 28th.

Brixen is prettily situated in a very fertile vale; vines and corn appear in abundance. The hills are cultivated and a more genial soil is the consequence. The churches and castles built on the tops of craggy rocks along this valley are singularly romantic. The valley is extremely populous, and the younger part of the inhabitants have extremely pretty faces.

At Innsbruck we were compelled to remain two nights, as we had not the plea of being Aulic Counsellors or Ambassadors. It is a paltry restriction on travellers that they must consent, unless privileged, to remain eight and forty hours in Austrian territory—a sort of tax that one must spend money in their dominions. In the principal church there is a magnificent tomb erected to the memory of the Emperor Maximilian, grandfather to Charles V. He was a complying, weak Prince, of whom Abbé Raynal says in his *Mémoires Historiques* ‘ Il n’inspirait point de reconnaissance, quoiqu’il accordât presque tout qu’on lui demandait : on sentait qu’il ne cherchait pas à obliger, mais qu’il ne savait pas refuser.’ Near the town is a castle, the residence of the Archduchess, Governor of the Tyrol; the arsenal contains a curious collection of different suits of armour, which belonged to some of the most celebrated of warriors. I went to a German play, the pantomime of which, tho’ a deep tragedy, diverted me much, tho’ I did not comprehend a word of the dialogue.

2nd July.—Took the road to Munich. Immediately on leaving the town began ascending; slept at Walensee, prettily situated among the mts., near a small

lake. The change of temperature was sensible : thermometer in the morning at Innspruck was 75, at Walensee fell to 59.

*3rd July.*—Large clumps of the spruce fir dotted over rich plains and fertile hills, with a noble view of the mts. we were quitting, made a view not altogether insipid.

The approach to Munich is not imposing ; it denotes little of the magnificence of a capital. The town is large and irregular ; the houses are more substantial and imposing than magnificent ; many are thatched, and those that are not have high roofs, gable ends, and garret windows. I was labouring under such low spirits, that the prejudice I felt against Munich was owing to the unhappiness I endured there.

Count Rumford,<sup>1</sup> an American of the name of Benjamin Thompson, was the Prime Minister of Bavaria. He has made some excellent reforms in the governt. of that country, and created many beneficial institutions for the poor. He was very civil, and showed me with a degree of minuteness, with which I could have dispensed, all his hospitals, manufactures, etc. I was compelled to see what I did not wish, his beloved, a Mde. Nogarolla.

Went from Munich to Ratisbon. Here I first hailed the Danube, a mighty stream, the prince of rivers. I purchased a gun and pair of pistols of the famous

<sup>1</sup> Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count von Rumford (1753–1814), was born at North Woburn, Massachusetts. After suffering imprisonment in 1774, for lukewarmness in the cause of liberty, he sailed for England. He became Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1780, and also served in America against his fellow-countrymen. On his return he entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria, and received the honour of knighthood from George III. He came back to England in 1795, and devoted the remainder of his life to scientific research. His experiments for the improvement of fireplaces and chimneys have proved of lasting benefit to mankind.



Kerkenrüyter to make a present to Mr. Pelham. The maker told me he had sold to Col. Lennox the identical pair he used against the Duke of York. It was scarcely fair to use such sure weapons.

Reached Dresden in ye night of the 21st. We found a numerous society of English, Lord H. Spencer,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robt. Markham, Mr. Elliot,<sup>2</sup> English Minister, Ct. Stopford, and afterwards Lds. Boringdon and Granville Leveson-Gower. Ld. Henry was there on his way to Vienna, whither he was to carry the compliment upon the accession of the Emperor. He was then Secretary at the Hague under Ld. Auckland. His abilities were spoken highly of; at Eton he was known as a poet in the *Microcosm*.<sup>3</sup> His shyness embarrassed him, and rendered his manner awkward. He was very witty, and possessed a superabundant stock of irony. In short, he became ardently in love with me, and he was the first man who had ever produced the slightest emotion in my heart.

I was received at Dresden with a degree of distinction that was highly flattering. I would not go to Court; the Princesses sent a civil, reproachful message, and begged me to see them *en particulier* at one of their villas. I went, and an embarrassing circumstance occurred. The Prince Antony, by some mistake, took me for Ld. Henry's wife, complimented him upon my beauty,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Henry Spencer (1770-1795), second son of George, third Duke of Marlborough. He died at Berlin, to which court he had been accredited as Envoy-Extraordinary. Lord Holland, in his *Miscellaneous Reminiscences*, says of him: 'Notwithstanding his constitutional shyness and reserve, he would have distinguished himself by his wit and ingenuity, but died at the early age of twenty-four, when employed on a mission to Berlin.'

<sup>2</sup> Hugh Elliot (1752-1830), brother of Gilbert, first Earl of Minto. Minister at the Court of Saxony from 1791 until 1803.

<sup>3</sup> An Eton publication, which first appeared about 1786. Canning, Frere, and 'Bobus' Smith were among the chief contributors.

*agréments*, etc., and concluded by saying, 'I see by your admiration and love for her you are worthy to possess her.' This said before ten people was too painful to bear. Had I been very accessible to vanity on the score of person, I could not have resisted the flattery I everywhere met with: dinners, fêtes, etc., given to me; invitations sent to people on purpose to meet 'La charmante Miladi'; my dress copied, my manner studied.

*The 2nd of August, 1792.*—Very pleasant supper at the French Minister's, Baron de Montesquieu. The Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto filled everybody with astonishment and alarm for the lives and liberties of the Royal family.<sup>1</sup> This rash and violent diatribe against the Parisians was a precursor of an invasion of France. Seventeen thousand of the Provincial troops were to be assembled on ye 14th July at Paris, and it was said that if the Prussians, etc., advanced into the country, that the King would be conveyed to Blois; then troops are supposed to be already destined to that service, and the Parisians are already jealous of them.

In England, the Association of the Friends of the People alarm the steady, and the example of France terrifies even the moderate innovators.<sup>2</sup> The Association

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto, issued on July 25 in the joint names of the Emperor and King of Prussia, was very unlikely, under the circumstances of the case, to assist the French Royal Family. Paris was ordered to submit to the King, under penalty of instant attack, and all popular leaders were to suffer for their misdeeds with their lives.

<sup>2</sup> The Association was formed largely to promote Parliamentary Reform, a subject which was brought forward by Grey in that session of Parliament. It was originated at a dinner at the house of Lord Porchester, who refused to join as it was not sufficiently Republican. A few months later he termed it a seditious movement, and was raised to an earldom. Lord Holland relates that Mr. Fox said upon this that Lord Porchester was right in saying that the Association was not as Republican as he wished, otherwise he would probably have got a marquissate.



was formed without the participation of Mr. Fox ;<sup>1</sup> he never was consulted about it. On the contrary the Association seemed determined against all advice, but most particularly against his. Thinking people apprehend more from the superabundant loyalty of the country than from its Democracy. There are to be Addresses from all parts of the Kingdom, thanking the King for his Proclamation and professing attachment to his Person and Govern't. Extremes are dangerous.

Left Dresden in September ; went by Prague to Vienna. I was much pleased with my residence there ; I was fêted enough to gratify the most unbounded vanity. I went to Court ; a separate private introduction to the Emperor and Empress. Sir Robert Keith was the English Minister. The Countess Thuron was the lady who went about with me. Made an excursion to Presburg, the capital of Hungary. Ld. Henry was there. We parted on September the 25th or 26th, not later.

From Vienna we went to Venice by the road of Gratz, thro' Styria and Carinthia. On our arrival at Venice Mr. Ellis was dangerously ill of a putrid fever. He recovered by the care of a Jew doctor. We stayed a short time after his recovery ; went by way of Mantua to Parma. From thence to Bologna and Florence. Mr. Ellis left us at Florence to return to England. We went on by the road of Radicofani to Rome (where we staid only two nights), then to Naples, which we reached about the 2nd week in October.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Thomas Pelham, in a letter to Lady Webster, dated June 15, 1792 (*Holland House MSS.*), recounts a conversation he had with Mr. Fox about the Association :—' He told me (what I knew to be the truth, notwithstanding what is *now* said) that he had never been consulted about it, and that, on the contrary, the Associators seemed determined *not to have any advice*, and particularly *not to have his*. This I know to be true, for Lauderdale told me that they were determined not to consult Fox until they saw the probability of success, in order that he might not be involved if they failed.'

As soon as I was a little rested after my journey I began to see the wonderful environs, both of natural and artificial curiosities. The English society was composed of many of my friends; the Palmerstons,<sup>1</sup> Miss Carter, Sr. Charles Blagden, Dss. of Ancaster, Ly. Plymouth with whom I became intimate. Soon came the Bessboroughs (the old Father died), Ly. Spencer, Dss. of Devonshire, Ly. E. Foster, Mr. Pelham. In January the French fleet came and menaced Naples with a bombardment.<sup>2</sup> They were moored in front of my house on the Chiaia. I was brought to bed of my son Henry, on ye 10th Feb., 1793. I made my *grossesse* a pretext for staying at home in the evening. I went out every morning to see the objects most worthy of notice, and the evening I always passed with friends who came to see me, Drew, Mr. Pelham, and Italinski,<sup>3</sup> a Russian who grew much attached to my society.

*March 22nd.*—We set off for Paestum. Our party consisted of the Palmerstons, Miss Carter, a Mr. Poor (a very eccentric man), and Mr. Pelham. About two miles from Pompeia the country begins to be pretty, and we got more amongst the Apennines. The road is excellent, it being made by ye King to go to a *chasse* of his at Eboli. La Cava and Vietri are charmingly situated in their different styles; the first has all the beauties of social life, small neat cottages interspersed amongst vineyards, olives, and myrtles, upon the side of a hill inclining towards a small torrent. The whiteness of the

<sup>1</sup> Henry, second Viscount Palmerston (1739–1802), who succeeded his grandfather in 1757. He was twice married, his second wife, whom he married in 1783, being Mary, daughter of Benjamin Mee, Esq. She died 1805. The celebrated statesman was her son.

<sup>2</sup> Under La Touche Tréville. Their unwelcome presence was due to the recent dismissal of the French Minister, Mackau. The Court were ignominiously compelled to allow him to return.

<sup>3</sup> Russian Secretary of Legation at Naples, and afterwards Minister there. He was Minister at Constantinople for some years.

houses contrasted with the verdure of spring vegetation in the foreground, and the boldness of the scraggy rocks behind make a lovely picture and fill the mind with pleasing sensations at the sight of comfort and tranquillity, a lot that rarely befalls the peasantry of France and England. There is an aqueduct traditionally called Abelard's bridge ; why, the learned must determine, for I never knew that victim to love left his native France. Vietri is situated upon a rock above the sea, into which it abruptly ends ; it commands a noble view of the bay of Salerno. With a glass from hence one may discern the temples of Paestum on the opposite coast. Salerno is a pretty little town upon the edge of the sea ; the detail of the country is charming. On the right side of the bay is Amalfi, remarkable for being the spot where the Justinian Code was discovered. The Cathedral at Salerno is curious ; in it are many sarcophagi brought by Robert Guiscard from Paestum, and various columns of fine marble and granite, which are placed to form a corridor in the court of the Cathedral, but being of different sizes the whole has an awkward appearance. From Salerno ye country is less interesting ; excepting a few Baronial castles perched upon the tops of scraggy, isolated rocks there is little worthy of notice.

At Eboli we were obliged to change our carriages for smaller ones on account of the roads, which to Paestum were called abominable. We crossed ye Sele in a ferry ; it is a torrent frequently impassable. Here the wretched inhabitants by their emaciated and squalid looks indicated the beginning of the malaria. Their habitations were such that one could easier imagine oneself in Siberia than in delightful Italy ! Delicious country ! as their homes, if they deserve such an epithet, were an exact counterpart of a Tartar hut. Circular

mud walls raised about three feet from the ground, thatched with reeds forming a conical summit ; the only aperture a door, which answered ye double purpose of admitting the wretched owners and letting out the smoke, which was very abundant from a fire lighted in the centre of the hut. But even in this disconsolate dwelling there was an attempt to drive away the melancholy which disease and penury must naturally inspire, for on one of the poles which supported the roof and came across the interior of the dwelling there hung a guitar. I persuaded one of the peasants to strike it : I immediately perceived an illumination of joy upon the haggard countenances of his auditors. Happy instrument ! to suspend for a moment the sensation of misery, and banish by its tones the anguish of want from the breasts of the forlorn inmates. As we approached Paestum the dreariness of the country quite oppressive ; plains filled with buffaloes, the most hideous of animals, stagnant ditches, and stunted myrtles, were all the objects that met the eye.

Paestum itself is situated in a plain about a mile from the sea, dedicated to Neptune and built by ye Phoenicians about 250 years after the foundation of Rome ; 500 years before Christ. Near the amphitheatre (which is much ruined) is the remains of a building with fluted columns nearly as large as those of the temples, more upright marks still existing of their bases ; the capitals much worked in extraordinary designs. Parts of the frieze lying about ; figures of men from 24 to 30 inches high worked on the frieze between the triglyphs. The stone of this building is more of the colour of grey limestone, and appears less porous than that of which the temples are built, *that* is a stone formed by incrustation of water. Paestum formerly was famous for roses, the sweetness of which is celebrated by several of the

Latin poets ; now alas ! brambles and malaria have extinguished the fragrance of ye rose.

Our accommodation was but indifferent : I slept upon a table, the repelling points of which rather annoyed my limbs and would have convinced Boscovitch,<sup>1</sup> had he been in my place, of the existence of hard matter. However, I tried to sleep, tho' its ancient inhabitants, ye Sybarites, would not have rested, if the story is true that one of them complained that a curled rose leaf destroyed their rest. The first view I had of ye temples was in ye dusk of ye evening ; their appearance was majestic, but precisely what I had conceived them to be from the drawings I had seen. They are the only remains in Italy of early Grecian architecture. The Doric, to my taste, is too uneven. The columns are *squat* and clumsy. The inhabitants are savage and ignorant.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,

seems exactly their state. The *cicerone* assured us that in one of the temples there was a prodigious treasure inaccessible to men, as the Devil kept guard over it.

We saw the temples again in the morning, and then proceeded to Salerno, where we slept. I walked upon the terrace before my window and enjoyed the beauty of the night ; the moon shone bright, which added to the lulling sound of the waves filled me with every pleasing and melancholy recollection. Tho' separated by land and sea from some objects too dearly cherished, yet I was tranquil. Prudence satisfied me that all was for the best. I could not help casting an anxious thought towards my dear father stretched upon a bed of sickness,

<sup>1</sup> Roger Joseph Boscovitch (1711-1787), mathematician and astronomer.

perhaps to rise no more, but the reflection of never having done anything that could disturb his peace, or render his last moments painful from my misconduct, was a relief that God grant my children may feel when they think of me in a similar situation.

Delicious as Salerno is, yet like all the goods of this life it is counterbalanced by a portion of evil, as half the year it is untenable on account of the malaria. We dined in the Temple of Isis at Pompeia, on which day I completed my 22nd year ; so old and yet so silly.

On ye 1st of April, 1793, we set off for Beneventum, Lady Plymouth,<sup>1</sup> Italinski, Mr. Pelham, and Mr. Swinburne. Aversa is the first town of any consequence. The polichinello of the Neapolitan stage, which resembles the harlequin of the Italian, derives its origin from this town, and the dialect of this place belongs to him, as the Bergamesque does to the harlequin—which harlequin is, bye the bye, a burlesque on Charles Quint. Arienzo is the next town, only remarkable for the strange costume of the women, their dress being only two aprons tied behind and before, which leaves a considerable aperture on each side equally unpleasant and indecent. The country is a dead flat to within three miles of Arpaia.

Between Arienzo and Arpaia is the valley which is supposed to have been the scene of the disgrace of the Romans, when they were compelled by the Samnites to pass under ye yoke. The weather towards evening grew bad, and we could not get out and examine the defiles with the attention and accuracy Italinski required. The Marchese Pacca, to whom we were recommended, received us with that hearty kind of hospitality, which unfortunately for the good fellowship of society is totally

<sup>1</sup> Sarah, daughter of Andrew, Lord Archer. She married Other Hickman, fifth Earl of Plymouth, in 1778, and after his death in 1799, William Pitt, first Earl Amherst. She died in 1838.



banished from our *would be* refined country. His time, himself, and all he possessed, were at our disposal. The interior of an Italian *ménage* I only knew from buffa opera ; it is worth seeing. Himself, his old palace, his antiquated *volantes*, his equipages, his stubborn mules, all were sights. The old Marchesa was also delightful, not to the eye, for she was hideous, nor to the ear, for she squalled, nor to the nose, for she was an Italian ; yet, from her unbounded desire of pleasing, the *tout ensemble* created more agreeable sensations than many more accomplished could have inspired, as there is something infinitely gratifying to our predominant sentiment of self-love to see another solicitous to please, even tho' the attempt should prove unsuccessful. Fruitless as it was, the goodwill supplied the failure.

In consequence of the birth of a son to the Empress there was a brilliant *appartement* at the Queen's.<sup>1</sup> I went with joy.

1st May.—The whole proceeding was conducted with the utmost magnificence.

The post of ye 2nd brought the melancholy news of the death of one of my warmest friends, poor Ly. Sheffield ! She loved me most tenderly, nor did the great disparity of years prevent me from returning with cordiality her affection.

On ye fourth of May I went to see the celebrated miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Marie Caroline (1753-1814), daughter of Empress Marie Thérèse of Austria, and sister of Queen Marie Antoinette. She married Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, in 1768. One of her sixteen children was married to her nephew, Francis, who had succeeded his father, Leopold, as Emperor during the preceding year. He proclaimed himself Emperor of Austria in 1804 under the title of Francis I., and resigned the Empire of Germany altogether, two years later.

<sup>2</sup> One of the patron saints of Naples, more especially of the Lazzaroni. The yearly liquefaction of the Saint's blood was said to propitiate Vesuvius. Mr. Sichel, in his *Emma, Lady Hamilton*, states



The Duc de Sangro, in whose house we saw the miracle, gave us afterward a ball. The composition of the material puzzles the chemists. The miracle, such as it is, requires the vigour and warmth of a young hand to reduce it from its concrete state to fluidity.

*Sunday, 5th May.*—Prince Esterhazy, the Imperial Ambassador, gave a splendid fête in honour of the young Archduke. The King, Queen, and Prince Royal were present : the Queen came and sat by me the greater part of the evening. She is lively and entertaining in conversation. It was whispered about the room that the atrocious Marseillais were marching upon Paris to destroy the Queen.

*6th May.*—Rode out as usual ; a very pretty retired ride towards the Camaldoli.

*7th.*—Infamously bad weather, which made us delay our project of passing the day at Baia. We therefore confined ourselves within hail (?) of land, and dined at Pollio's villa upon Posilippo. We rowed by the side of the charming Colline. The whole detail of the country is delightful ; the bright green of the vine contrasted with the brilliant yellow of the tufa produces the most pleasing effect. Pollio's villa is on the East side of the Colline, from whence it commanded a fine view of the chain of Apennines with the high point of St. Angelo lowering above, the towns of Pompeia, Stabia, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole of the bay including an oblique view of Capri. We attempted to row round Nisida, but a threatening storm prevented us. We rowed to the Porto Pavone, a lovely little harbour formed like a peacock's tail, which figure gave rise to the name. We dined at Pollio's villa during a violent thunderstorm. I conquered my fears and behaved with great intrepidity.

that the Saint was accused of Jacobinism at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and that his statue was condemned in court.

The next day we embarked at Pozzuoli for Baia. At Pozzuoli, a tolerable statue of Tiberius, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing 14 cities destroyed by an earthquake and restored by him; monster as he was he could sometimes be betrayed into a good action. We passed Mons Gaurus, on which grew the Falernian wine so much praised by Horace, who either did not know what good wine was or the quality of the grape has changed, as the wine it now yields has no claim to encomium. The next summit is Monte Nuovo, raised by a terrible earthquake and eruption out of the Lucrine Lake within the space of 24 hours; its elevation destroyed a small town situated on its banks. The crater of Monte Nuovo gives one a very good notion of a volcano: the hill composed of light volcanic ashes which will soon become compact enough to be called tufa. We passed by Nero's baths and villa.

On landing at Baia, the first object is the Temple of Venus, an octagon building; above it is a circular building dedicated to Mercury and another to Diana, of which only half remains, like the section of a building in architectural drawing. In the centre it had a cupola not unlike the form of the Pantheon. The present castle of Baia is upon the spot where Julius Caesar had a villa. Every atom of this once favoured spot was either highly decorated with fine gardens, fountains, porches, and terraces, or adorned with luxurious villas. Marius was reproached in the Senate for living in a spot so much the seat of pleasure. Sylla, Cicero, Lucullus, Pompey, Caesar, Hortensius, all had villas. The baths of Nero are between Baia and the Lucrine Lakes; the heat of the water is so great that an egg is boiled in two minutes. The sand under the sea is so heated that one could not with convenience hold it for any time. This all proves the vicinity of that powerful agent so destructive to this beautiful

country : hourly may one expect some dreadful explosion that may perhaps lay the very spot I am now on many hundreds of feet below its present level, or raise it to the height of Vesuvius. The sea was rough, and the periodical storm came on an hour later than the preceding day. It is singular the degree of accuracy with which the people foretell the approach of bad weather, and even the duration of it. We returned by land. We passed the ruins of Cicero's academic villa. How grand it must have been in its days of splendour. Atticus procured from Greece the pictures and statues ; that they must have been excellent one cannot doubt, both from his fine taste and the facility with which he could obtain the finest subjects.

We went next day from Pozzuoli to Misenum : Lady Spencer declined going from a reason which I did not know till afterwards, or it doubtless would have operated in retaining me, viz., the length of the sea excursion, and the probability of a storm. The sea was very rough, and I, of course, was very nervous. We passed through pieces of what are called Caligula's Bridge, but more likely to have been a mole beyond which he carried a bridge of boats over which he rode to fulfil a prophecy, which was, " That it was as unlikely that he should come to the Empire, as that he should ride across the Bay of Baia on horseback.'

We landed at Bacoli, a place which receives its name from the oxen brought by Hercules from Geryon, King of Spain. Bacoli in Greek (if I spell it right) signifies *ox stall*. Remains are shewn of a tomb of Agrippina, Nero's mother, but antiquaries say it has a stronger resemblance to a theatre than to a sepulchre. We wandered amidst the Elysian fields, but saw no blessed souls. All my gloomy cogitations at the prospect of futurity, brought to my mind by the fiction of poets,

vanished at the sight of present danger, and the lowering black clouds menaced a fierce storm. Nor was the threat in vain, for shortly it was followed by the severest thunder, lightning, rain, and hail I had ever witnessed. We crossed the Stygian Lake in the height of it, and Charon might have expected some passengers for his infernal wherry. We landed and dined upon the ruins of Misenum close to the port. It was from this spot Pliny the elder beheld the burst of smoke from the mountain, and even felt the cinders. What a magnificent but dreadful sight it must have been. Unfortunately curiosity impelled him to approach the yawning volcano ; he endeavoured to land at Herculaneum, but was prevented by the smoke and ashes, he tried Pompeia, and from thence went to his friend Pomponius at Stabia, near which he was overwhelmed and suffocated by the cinders. Near Misenum Tiberius breathed out his gloomy soul.

The next day we made an excursion into the country on horseback to see the Convent of the Camaldoli. Unfortunately the late hours of Devonshire House are transferred to the Chiaia, so we did not begin our expedition till six o'clock ; when just as we arrived at the Convent the last fiery rays sank behind the promontory of Circe. What a view lay stretched at our feet ! Objects that would rouse torpor itself, and call forth the energy of the poet, philosopher, painter, historian. The Campania Felix backed by the bold ridge of Apennines, with the Lake of Patria, Linternum, etc., the distant islands of Ponza and Ventotene, the nearer ones of Ischia and Procida, Baia, Misenum, Capri, and Cape Minerva. I cannot enumerate all the grand and pleasing objects. We exhausted the patience of two planets ; the sun first shunned us, and then palefaced Cynthia left us, before we got home.

I never in my life experienced the degree of happiness enjoyed : it was the gratification of mind and sense. The weather was delicious, truly Italian, the night serene, with just enough air to waft the fragrance of the orange flower, then in blossom. Through the leaves of the trees we caught glimpses of the trembling moonbeams on the glassy surface of the bay ; all objects conspired to soothe my mind and the sensations I felt were those of ecstatic rapture. I was so happy that when I reached my bedroom, I dismissed my maid, and sat up the whole night looking from my window upon the sea.

This frolick was unusually absurd, as I was to go early with ye D. of Devonshire, etc. to dine at Belvedere <sup>1</sup> with the King. I was ready at seven, but ill and faint, and obliged to eat *diavoloni* to keep alive. We arrived too late : the King waited *an hour*. The King was very pleasant and conversable ; he shewed us the whole manufactory, the mechanical part I did not much comprehend. He was so gallant to me that they joked and said I should be sent to Calabria, the common way the Queen takes to remove her rivals, tho' she allows him to *people* his own colony of manufacturers. Before we quitted him he insisted on our promising to dine at Carditello, and the Sunday after at St. Leucio to see the wedding. From the Belvedere we went to the English garden, which is very beautiful from being in many respects unlike one. There is one of the prettiest thoughts for an ornament I ever saw ; a large building representing ancient baths, supposed to have been dug out from a stratum of tufa which covered them. It is done with the best taste and judgment possible, and is as complete a thing as can be. I returned home at night more dead than alive from fatigue.

<sup>1</sup> The King's hunting box, near Caserta.

The next day after, we went to the mountain. I invited poor Italinski. I would not go higher than the Cross, that is, I would go no further than my mule could carry me; the others went to the running lava. We all wrote our names at the Hermitage, a retreat inhabited by a man clothed in a holy garb,<sup>1</sup> but whom report says is not sanctified in his deeds; many rendezvous are kept in his neat, trim cell, and but for his paying he would be expelled from his nominal solitude.

Saturday was the last morning I passed in Naples. I quitted those scenes of tranquil pleasure and harmless gratification with unfeigned regret. But ah me! what can please or cheer one who has no hope of happiness in life. Solitude and amusement from external objects is all I hope for: home is the abyss of misery! I am but as a zero in society, attached to none, belonging to none I esteem. We passed the evening at Caserta with the Hamiltons; their house was not large enough to hold us all, and I lodged in Hackert's<sup>2</sup> house. *Mullady* sang *Nina*, Paisiello's music; her vile discordant screaming took off the whole effect of his simple melody.

On Sunday morning we went to the Belvedere to see the ceremony of the St. Leucio marriages;<sup>3</sup> as I went with the Duchess I was, of course, too late. They were

<sup>1</sup> Alexandre Sauveur, who in a letter to Wilhelmine, Comtesse de Lichtenau (1796), says that he retired from the world owing to his unspoken love for Princess F——. (He was engaged in Berlin to instruct the latter in the Italian language.)

<sup>2</sup> Probably Jacob Philipp Hackert (1737–1807), a Prussian landscape painter, who with his brother entered the service of the King of Naples in 1782.

<sup>3</sup> Among Marie Caroline's favourite schemes for the social and mental improvement of her people was the foundation of an ideal colony of San Leucio, near Caserta. The inhabitants were subjected to a most rigid code of laws and regulations for religious and domestic observance. A copy of these ordinances, given to Lady Hamilton on this very occasion by the King, with the names of the party present in her own handwriting, is now in the British Museum (Sichel's *Emma, Lady Hamilton*).



over. The King as soon as he heard of our arrival came and met us upon the *perron*, and conducted us upstairs, where we found the Queen : her coming was an unexpected condescension on her part. The sight of the manufacturers enjoying the Festival was very pretty and gratifying. A thousand people were enjoying themselves among their families in their gala clothes, dining under the prettiest rustic arcades ornamented in the best possible taste : this number all fed, even existing, by the bounty of the King, and each pouring out the sincerest benediction upon him for his bounty. I wished this picture of happiness of his own creation might excite the disposition to extend the blessings of ease and security by encouraging industry in Calabria and other parts of his dominions, where the wretched peasant is ferocious from ignorance and sloth. He conversed with them with familiarity, and enquired into their family details, all of which he seemed perfectly acquainted with ; scandal says their establishment answers the double purpose of seraglio and nursery. The Queen was, as she always is, very conversable and clever, but appears to have a most impetuous temper. We dined at 12, a very good dinner, all off his own farm ; the wines were from his vineyard. The evening was not tedious, tho' long ; she brought all her children to us and shewed off their talents. At night the Court was illuminated, and the happy colonists danced tarantulas. We stayed till the Queen withdrew about 10 o'clock. She was very flattering in her compliments to me, and shook my hand with cordiality ; her reason for liking me that I had been at Vienna and knew many of her old friends.

The next day we dined at Carditello with the King ; it is a small hunting palace in the centre of his farm. The dinner was served upon a table of Merlin's construction. No servants attend, but by pulling a bell your plate is



pulled down and a clean one sent up ; so with the dishes, and all you ask for. In short, it is exactly like a trap-door at a theatre. He showed us all his cows, hogs, and pigs, and his breed of stallions. He occasionally favours ladies with a sight of a strange operation to be performed upon them before women ; but this we escaped. His carriages conveyed us to Capua, where we found our own. The Devonshires went on to Rome. Some arrangements required my return to Naples ; Lady Plymouth drove me in her phaeton home.

The evening previous to my quitting Naples, 22nd May, I walked in the Villa Reale after supper with Ly. Plymouth, Ld. Berwick,<sup>1</sup> and Italinski. The latter was much dejected at my approaching absence, and I really was affected by his sorrow, as he is not a man to say lightly things he does not feel. He said when I went he should imitate Mark Antony, who after his defeat retired to Alexandria and wrote *Timoleon* [*sic*] over his door, thereby declaring he was become a misanthrope. I was sorry at leaving Ly. P., because, tho' I am not very prudent, I think she is less so, and I might have kept her out of the scrape she is on the brink of falling into, for Ld. Berwick remains the whole summer. Lord Palmerston, comically enough, calls them 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' for till their attachment began Ld. B. was never heard to speak : love roused him.

On the 23rd the Websters left Naples for Capua, 'the antidote to all pleasure at present from its filth and dulness,' and continuing their journey crossed the River Garigliano.

The gayest scenes until Mola di Gaeta, the verdure, the festoons of vines hanging between the trees, with the glow of a crimson sun sinking into the Mediterranean.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Noel, second Lord Berwick, of Attingham (1770-1832). He married, in 1812, Sophia, daughter of John James Dubochet.

Upon my arrival at Mola I dined, and in the evening was tempted by the beauty of the moon<sup>1</sup> to row upon the sea within the bay for a short time. Early in the morning, by seven, I was again in the boat, and examined the extensive remains of Cicero's Formian Villa. The bath is the principal object; it is beautiful. It is in a covered recess *dans le fond d'un beau salon*, with columns on each side: adjoining to it there are many rooms, high and narrow, and very like those at Pompeia. The fishponds are large.

I did not go to Gaeta, distant about three miles: I regretted the impracticability of the disposition of him who invariably checks all I wish to do. There are still preserved unburied the bones of the Connétable de Bourbon, his adherents not venturing to inter in consecrated ground one who had perished in a sacrilegious act. He was killed in 1527, in the assault of Rome. Benvenuto Cellini in his entertaining *Life of Himself* assumes the honour of marking him with his *scoppietto* and killing him, but this *glory* rests upon his own assertion. There are few characters in history more deserving of compassion and indulgence than this high-spirited and unfortunate Constable. The caresses and revenge of Louisa de Savoie offended and urged him to be a traitor; the one he rejected (?), the other he resisted. Thus he became her victim beyond her wishes, for by deserting his country and adding infamy to his name, he deprived her of her hopes of making him yield to her desires.

At the extremity of Mola, in a vineyard, they show a circular tower, which is called the tomb of Cicero. Beyond it are many sepulchral monuments on each side of the road, which is made on the Appian Way. The ancients always placed their tombs on the highway, whence the common inscription 'Siste viator.'

Fondi and Terracina were the next places of interest on the road.

The Turks under Barbarossa made a descent on Fondi. The prize they coveted was the haughty beauty Julia di Gonzaga, wife of the Count of Fondi. She escaped their designs by hiding amongst the rocks ; in revenge they pillaged and burnt the town, in 1534. From Fondi we soon reached Terracina, the ancient *Anxur*. The situation is remarkably gay and pleasing. The town is close upon the sea ; just above it rises an abrupt rock on which are the ruins of a Gothic palace forming a very picturesque view. The islands appear very close. Ponza is the largest and most celebrated.

Stopped at Gensano to make Mrs. Hippisley<sup>1</sup> and her sister, Mde. Ciciaporcia, a visit. The road from Gensano to l'Arícia is most beautiful, through thick woods of chestnut trees, rich in foliage, and fine ilexes of an immense bulk. The freshness and luxuriance of the spring in Italy is far beyond anything we can have a notion of in England.

Just at the Villa Barberini we met Jenkins,<sup>2</sup> who came to meet me to beg I would dine with the Devonshires, etc., at his villa at Castel Gondolfo. The Villa Barberini stands upon the site of Domitian's villa, the remains of which are very great. Porticoes extending above a mile, and substructions of three different rows serving as a terrace to those above. The Lago di Albano

<sup>1</sup> Margaret, daughter of Sir John Stuart, Bart., of Allonbank, Berwickshire, and first wife of John Coxe Hoppisley, whom she married in Rome in 1780. She died in 1799. Mr. Hoppisley resided in Italy from 1792 to 1796, and was engaged in negotiations between the Vatican and the English Government. He was made a Baronet in 1796, for his services in connection with the marriage of the Duke of Württemberg with the Princess Royal of England. He died in 1825.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Jenkins, the principal English banker in Rome at this time. He died in 1798.

is excessively pretty : it is formed very evidently in the crater of a sunken volcano. Ly. Duncannon ill, and obliged to stay at Jenkins'. Got to Rome rather late. Very good lodgings at the English tailor's in the Piazza di Spagna. Mr. Hippisley came as soon as I arrived, and we walked about the streets. I became impatient for daylight, and was so full of curiosity that I got no sleep the whole night. I could only think of the moonlight peeps I had enjoyed of the Coliseum, so stately, so awfully majestic.

On Sunday morning, 26th of May, I arose with alacrity, and under the ciceroneship of old Morrison began my course of *virtu*. The first place was the Colonna Palace. . . . *Raphael*, 'Holy Trinity,' for a church at Perugia, mentioned in his life. Its pendant, the *Gaspar Poussin*, is preferable to it in every respect. *P. Veronese*, 'Venus and Cupid,' in his very best manner. . . . *Salvator Rosa*, 'St. John in the Wilderness.' The idea is taken from Raffaello's at Florence : the face is very ugly and mean, the whole figure mean. Naked figures ought to elevate the subject and give an idea of sublimity beyond any drapery. This St. John looks like a man stripped of his clothes.

We dined with the Palmerstons. In the evening Morrison took us to the top of the Capitol that we might have an idea of the topography of the city and adjacent country. The view from thence is very grand.

*May 28th.*—Went to see some drawings in the possession of a Mr. Greaves, a person who accompanied Messrs. Berners and Tilson in their expedition into Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt. The drawings are most accurately executed, and are assured to be faithful portraits. It was the opinion of those gentlemen after minute examination that the Pyramids are works of art, and not huge masses of rock polished and shaped into their present

form. They met a young man of the name of Browne,<sup>1</sup> who flatters himself that he has discovered the long-sought for Temple of Jupiter Ammon, situated in an oasis in the dusts of Libya. He describes it as an oblong building like the cell of a temple, ornamented inside with bas-reliefs of ram's horns and the other attributes of that Divinity. The remains inspire no idea either of richness or badness. Cambyses was the last who attempted to explore the sandy deserts in search of this splendid shrine ; he and his army perished in the enterprise. Mr. Browne is now at Alexandria learning Arabic.

Mr. Hippisley dined with us and brought Count della Walsh, an earl made by James III., the Palmerstons, etc. The same dreadful derangement. I shall soon become mad myself if I much longer witness his paroxysms. All human miseries must have a termination ; this consoles, tho' at 22, it is a melancholy consolation. I am almost choked, suffocated by my sorrow, I have sobbed myself sick, I must to bed.

The Villa Borghese is a most delicious spot just out of the city gates. The gardens are crowded with buildings. The saloon is about the size of that at Blenheim, fitted up recently in excellent taste, excepting that gold tissue curtains are put in the niches behind the statues. In this Hall is the famous bas-relief of the *Dancing Hours*. The Borghese vase is here ; the form is beautiful, but the sculpture is but moderate. *The Gladiator* is the finest statue in Rome : his exertion is well contrasted to the grace and composure of a pensive Muse, who is placed near him. . . . It would be impossible to enumerate half

<sup>1</sup> William George Browne (1768-1813), who published his description of these journeys in 1800. He was murdered, in 1813, in Persia while on his way to Teheran. Whishaw was approached in 1817 on the question of editing his papers, but the publication did not take place.

or even a tenth part of the different objects of my admiration.

The Devonshires are arrived, Ly. Bessborough ill, very ill. I met there Santa Croce;<sup>1</sup> she is a singular woman of her age, as she even possesses still some remains of beauty. She has contrived to attach to her, without any share of cleverness, many distinguished men, Florida Blanca, Bernis, Azara, etc. She was instrumental in assisting the Pope to become pontiff. She speaks abominable French, and to this day calls Bernis 'Ma chère Cardinal.'

*The Vatican.*—First court built by Bramante, reviver of architecture in Italy; the appearance too light. The museum is too extensive to detail, and one is so overpowered by the beauties of perfection that there is no leisure for accurate observation, especially the first six times of going. The *Laocoon* is *terribly* fine. Some have objected that he appears more occupied by his own sufferings than in those of his children, but the only expression is that of a man writhing in the last agonies of a painful death. It is one of the finest specimens of the Greek school whilst at its best, supposed about Alexander's time. His pursuits in the East left Greece in peace, and the arts flourished. The *Apollo* deserves its reputation. It was found at Hadrian's villa at Antium. The *Nile* with 16 boys, very fine. *Paris*, with a Phrygian bonnet on, reckoned very like *me*. There is in the gallery at Florence a bust of Livia which is reckoned to bear a most striking resemblance to *me*.<sup>2</sup> . . .

I dined with the Senator, upon the Capitol, in his palace. He is a Rezzonico, nephew to the late Pope.

<sup>1</sup> The Princess Santa Croce was one of the most celebrated of the Roman ladies of her day. Her intrigue with Cardinal Bernis does not seem to have attracted any attention, though well known to all.

<sup>2</sup> There is certainly a decided likeness in both these cases to Lady Webster's picture, painted by Fagan in 1793.



Papal nepotism is suspicious. He possesses a fine portrait of the late Pope,<sup>1</sup> done by Mengs ; it will bear comparison with many of the old pictures. The gold-flowered curtain which forms the background is a *tour-de-force* to show his skill in making a bad thing *not* spoil a good one, but it offends the eye, and like most difficult things surprises without pleasing. I went often to see old Bernis,<sup>2</sup> a veteran in the school of political intrigue and love. He is a phenomenon, for age has not impaired his faculties or misfortune subdued his liveliness. He lodges the Mesdames, aunts of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Madame Victoire<sup>3</sup> is so strikingly like him that it makes one start, and a paralytic affection, keeping her head perpetually moving, fills me with painful sensations. I declined going into any society, that my time might not be too much taken up, but I went occasionally to the Santa Croce's. Prince Augustus, a pleasing young man, very like the Prince of Wales. Lady Augusta Murray had just ensnared him : she is reported to be with child.<sup>4</sup> The Royalists have got Nantes, it is said.

My evening walks were delicious, wandering over the scenes of classical events.

*Vatican.*—Went to see the pictures. Loggia di Raffaello. History of Old and New Testament, executed

<sup>1</sup> Clement XIII.

<sup>2</sup> François Joachim de Pierre de Bernis (1715-94), poet and statesman. Taken up by Madame de Pompadour in Paris, he was made Foreign Secretary by her influence. He only held the post for one year (1757-8), and on his retirement became a Cardinal. He was French Ambassador in Rome for many years, and was deprived of that post for his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the Revolutionary Government. He spent the remainder of his days there.

<sup>3</sup> Daughter of Louis XV. She was born in 1733, and leaving France early in 1791, remained abroad until her death at Trieste in 1799.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray were married in Rome by a Protestant Minister in April 1793 ; and again at St. George's, Hanover Square, in December.



by his scholars from his designs. 'Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt, finely conceived : her whole figure is a dead white,' which sufficiently tells the story. A *Dutch* painter would have made her a *pillar of salt*.

The *Stanze* were occupied after the assault of Rome by Bourbon's soldiers, and they treated the walls as they would have treated those of the commonest barracks. On them may now be seen holes in which they placed hooks to suspend their kettles, and the trace of smoke is even visible. In the garden of the Vatican the Pope takes the only exercise he can with decency ; he rides early in the morning on a little ambling mule. The extent of the building is prodigious ; I have heard the number of rooms called 7000, if not more.

*Borghese Palace*.—The best collection of Old Masters in Rome. 'Virgin in the clouds' : the best *Tintoret* in Rome. Leonardo da Vinci, known generally by his swarthy hue, sharp chins, high cheek bones, and drawn-up mouths. 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' *James Bassano*, good picture ; he understood both perspective and colouring. Titian sent his son to study under him ; his green drapery remarkably fine. There is always something homely and disgusting in his compositions. A 'Last Supper' by him offends from unpardonable anachronisms, as it generally consists of pickled herrings or Dutch cheese. . . . *Titian*, 'Holy Family' : fine, sober light. Modern artists are too fond of contrasting their lights. The light of the sun being yellow, all objects illuminated by it ought to partake of its hue. A fine *Andrea del Sarto*, a very favourite painter of mine ; his outline is so soft and his expression exquisite. . . . The good pictures are so numerous that it would require pages to enumerate them all.

The *Doria Palace*, very fine mansion, and very full of fine pictures.

4th June, 1793.—*Villa Ludovici*, on the Pincian Hill. The collection consists chiefly of marbles. . . . *Mars reposing*, I admired extremely, though it is not in the purest manner. The figure represents the action (if it is not an Irishism) so well of being perfectly *at rest*. A group called *Papyrius and his mother*. The expression of inquisitiveness in the mother is admirable; curiosity with a tender sort of maternal authority is happily united. The expression of Papyrius is deficient. *Pætus and Arria*, so called: a beautiful, expiring, languid figure: the action of the man turning his head is well conceived. A fine ceiling by Guercino.

*Farnesina*.—The ceiling of the hall is painted by Raphael, but having suffered very much the ground or sky was painted by Carlo Marat in order to give greater effect to the figures, in which it is supposed that he has succeeded, but the contours of many of the figures have suffered in the attempt. It represents the story of Cupid and Psyche. Nothing can exceed the composition and variety of expression in most of the groups. This ceiling and that at the Farnese would warrant a decision that Raphael and A. Carracci are the first masters at Rome.

*Capitol*.—In the court there are many fragments of statues. A statue of *Julius Cæsar* in the military dress. A group of a lion devouring a horse; the flesh appears in the act of being drawn by the teeth of the lion from the ribs. The countenance of the horse is deficient; it does not express the anguish he should feel. A beautiful bronze statue of the *Boy picking out the thorn in his foot*; a simple action, very justly expressed. *The Wolf belonging to the Capitol*, which Cicero mentions among the ominous portents as being struck by lightning when the Republic was in danger. The

traces are still visible of the lightning upon it. *Hecuba*, very fine, the exact portrait of a withered scold. . . .

A fine collection of pictures. 'The Sibyll,' of *Guercino*, the composition is not simple, the drapery clumsy. 'Fortune,' by *Guido*, pretty subject, prettily treated, the colouring very feeble. 'St. Sebastian,' by the same, and with the same defect; the countenance placid and beautiful. An old witch, by *Salvator Rosa*, which might be mistaken for a portrait of Lady Knight.<sup>1</sup>

In all the collections much escapes me, as I am always accompanied by one whose impetuosity compels me to hasten from objects I would willingly contemplate, and whose violence of temper throws me into agitations that prevent me distinguishing the objects when they are before me. Much as I endure now, yet it is infinitely more bearable than formerly; experience and a better knowledge of the world makes me laugh at menaces that used to terrify me out of my senses. These threats have been again and again held out; they follow the slightest difference of opinion between us.

The present reigning grievance is the being from home, and my determined love for being abroad. The truth is I suspect some great derangement in his affairs, as his means are not proportioned to his expenses. Lady Palmerston, who abhors him and sees his conduct to me, is remarkable for speaking well, even to a fault, of everybody; she says that there are three people in the world who prove that the common saying of, 'None are so bad but have some portion of good,' is not true. The charming trio are Mrs. North, Duchess of Marlborough, and Sir G. Webster.

I set off alone with old Morrison to see Tivoli. I was

<sup>1</sup> Phillipina Deane, wife of Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, and mother of Miss Cornelia Knight, Princess Charlotte's companion. A volume of her letters from Italy, 1776-95, was published in 1905.

to join Ly. Bessborough, etc., there. Saw the ruins of Zenobia's villa ; Adrian's villa, which must have been the grandest work in his dominions ; the Temple of Vesta, which is in the garden of the inn ; the cavern of Neptune. In the morning early I set off upon a *somarello* to see the Cascatelle. The villa of Mæcenas is a picturesque object above them, but the present Pope is doing all to destroy it, as it is to be converted into a gunpowder manufactory. A beautiful group of cypresses in the gardens of Este.

I have omitted making notes of *more* than half the things I saw, Pantheon, Castle of St. Angelo, etc., etc., without end.

On the 14th of June, 1793, we quitted Rome : our route was to Florence. The Perugia road is not furnished with post horses, we therefore went with *vet-turini*, a very slow, wearisome mode of conveyance, but not without its advantages in a pretty country. We crossed the Tiber on the Milvian Bridge,<sup>1</sup> on which the ambassadors from the Allobroges (Savoy) were arrested ; and their papers seized discovered the Catiline conspiracy. The Campagna on this side of Rome exhibits much variety of hill and dale, but it is wretchedly cultivated. In ancient times it was well shaded with groves and forests ; towers and tombs and various remains of Roman buildings are seen here. We crossed a bridge about nine miles from Rome built upon a stratum of lava. We then ascended the crater of a very large volcano, descended into it, and traversed it, by an old house thrown down about five years ago by an earthquake. On the right of the road to Monte Rosa are seen the remains of the Æmilian Way, made by Paulus Æmilius after his conquest of Greece, about 150 years before

<sup>1</sup> Now called Ponte Molle, a contraction of the original name.

the Christian era. Soracte we left greatly to the right ; it appears an isolated mountain in a plain.

About sunset I got out and walked : delicious evening. I partook of the serenity around, tho' my heart felt the want of some object to open itself into ; for in spite of my cold maxims of solitary comforts, I often detect my wishes wandering to some imaginary happiness. I strive to repress, but often feel, a strong desire to be dependent upon another for happiness ; but circumstanced as I am the thought must be checked and selfish independence alone encouraged. The want of passion in my constitution will always save me from the calamity of letting my heart run away with my reason, but what will be my resource if both head and heart accord in their choice ? Hitherto the only foible I have been drawn into was of too short a duration to be alarming ; besides absence interposed and drew me from a danger I might have fallen into then, but could not now. A revolution has happened in my whole system ; my opinions are more formed, and tho' I am conscious they retain still a portion of absurdity, yet I have adopted some that will be useful.

We met an Abbé with his pupils, who advised us to take some water from the neighbouring town, as the spring was famous for excellent water. Nepe, the name of the town, showed itself through some trees ; a fine ruined tower covered with thick ivy peeped thro' the festoons of vines, a pretty foreground to the picturesque ruin. The tower is part of a castle built by the Farnese family, now fallen into decay. The wealth of that house has sunk into the Spanish branch of Bourbon ; the vixen Princess of Parma conveyed it by her marriage with Philip V. It is at present vested in the King of Naples. A modern aqueduct, not unlike the Pont du Gard. Charming view up the bed of a river, in which

there are large spacious caverns grown over with rich foliage. The contrast of the luxurious verdure of the leaves with the bright yellow of the soil produced a charming effect. This lovely prospect was terminated by Soracte, rising majestically behind some tall elms; the purple tinge from the last rays of the sinking sun was strongly dyed upon it. The whole Western horizon glowed with its lustre—a more glorious sight nature never yielded to the eye of man. I remember, one evening at Dresden, being enraptured by the beauty of a pretty circumstance of the two lights. One fine evening in August upon the bridge we walked to enjoy the freshness: from the West the last rays of the sun were darting upon the water, to which it had imparted its glowing tints; on the other side the moon had risen from a pink cloud and her pale, silvery light was beaming upon the glassy surface of the Elbe. There could not be a more beautiful combination of lights.

Arrived at Civita Castellana at about nine o'clock. It is situated on a steep rock, inaccessible on three sides. It is by some supposed to have been the ancient city of Veii in Etruria. Alexander VI. built a palace, which has more the appearance of a fortress than a habitation in peaceful times.

I got up at half-past five to examine the bridge and castle. The morning was delicious; the vapours were still low, but the genial beams of the sun dissipated them shortly. The luxury of a fine morning at that hour is very great, and has the additional charm of singularity to me, as I sit up in melancholy solitude too late at night to be in the habit of tasting the dews of the morning. Crossed the Tiber over the Ponte Felice, the boundary of Latium. We soon got amongst the hills, very beautifully covered to their summits with brushwood and forest trees. At Terni we took *calèches* to see the cascade.



We first went to the top ; in our way we passed the little village Papigno, which in '86 was very near demolished by an earthquake ; there were three shocks, which successively destroyed the houses and church. From the top of the Monte del Marmore the fall is very grand ; it is reckoned the grandest in Europe and scarcely yields to that of Niagara in America.<sup>1</sup> Caius<sup>2</sup> Dentatus, a Roman Consul, increased the cataract by turning the waters from the country of Rieti into the Lake Luco, by which the mass of water in the Velino was increased. We saw several rainbows in the spray. The Velino like the Anio has the property of incrustation, vulgarly called *petrifying water*. All the roots of the trees are petrified by this deposition of selenite. The Velino is very rapid. Just above the fall there is a ferry ; two intrepid *Cappuccini* would cross when the flood was roaring ; they paid the forfeit of their lives for their temerity. The stream impelled the fragile bark to the brink, and they were dashed to pieces speedily ; their cowls, rosary, and patron saint could not save them. We went to the foot of the mountain to look up at the cascade, a magnificent sight. We rode upon *somarelli* through a delicious grove of orange and lemon trees, and afterwards through a small wood filled with nightingales. I was enchanted : the melody of the birds, the tranquillity and perfume of the air, and the beauty of all the objects around, suspended for a moment my habitual discontent, and I felt even happy. We dined in a little wood of myrtle and ilex, but when we assembled together the illusion of happiness vanished. How far preferable is

<sup>1</sup> Compare Byron's *Childe Harold*, Canto iv. lxxix.-lxxii.

The roar of waters ! From the headlong height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ; etc.

<sup>2</sup> Curius Dentatus, the Conqueror of the Sabines.



solitude to the society of those who are too nearly connected to be objects of indifference. Love or hatred must be bestowed upon habitual inmates ! Alas ! Alas ! Would it were true what I say in public, that my heart is shut to social affections. Every occasion that calls forth *épanchement* proves the *besoin* I have to belong to something that I can cherish. Mr. Hodges<sup>1</sup> travels with us as far as Florence. He is a good-tempered, gentleman-like man, and full of readiness to do any little services ; were he odious, I should rejoice at the society of a *tiers*.

The road from thence begins to ascend the Apennines, and oxen were hired at La Strettura. The travellers dined at Spoleto, and crossed the river Trevi, 'the ancient Clitumnus,' where 'there is a singular temple, very perfect, upon the margin of the rivulet ; it is not in the purest taste and is probably a fabric erected in the lower ages.' They reached Foligno late that evening.

*Monday, 17th June.*—The morning was so rainy that I imprudently indulged in a prolonged nap, which threw us back on our journey. The road lay through a rich and highly cultivated country, neither hilly nor flat, abounding in trees. Assisi, the birthplace of the celebrated St. Francis, whose fame is confined to the legend that records his miracles, etc. At the age of 25 he, by his eloquence and example, induced multitudes voluntarily to renounce the enjoyments of life and enter a system of abstinence and self-denial in every shape. All the mendicant orders owe their origin to him, as Franciscan is the generic term for Capuchins, Carmelites, Carthusians, etc. There is a new church built over his humble dwelling. We crossed a torrent over a very steep bridge.

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Wales's friend.

We reached this place (Perugia) very late. I had a letter to Mr. Molloy, an Irish priest at St. Augustin : he was of use in showing me the town. This was the birth-place of Pietro di Perugino, more known by the works of his disciples than from his own merits. The town is adorned by his first and finest works. In the Convent of St. Augustin many paintings, but in a hard, stiff manner. Four heads in crayons, by *Raphael*, charmingly executed. They preserve a letter from Pietro di Perugino, written to the Prior of the Convent, begging him to send him some grain : the writing is execrable, which tempted a wag to write :—

Fu restaurator della pittura  
Ma guastator della scrittura.

A fine view from the church of St. Peter's out of the city walls. The town is situated upon a very steep hill, and is exposed to the fury of the winds.

*Tuesday, 18th.*—The road from Perugia to the Lake <sup>1</sup> very rough ; the jolts were insufferable.

A very fatiguing journey of 9 hours brought us to Comania, which is composed of a few scattered houses at the foot of Cortona. Cortona is *en l'air*, at the top of a high, bleak, black, desolate hill composed of schistos interspersed with sandstone and mica. Cortona is one of the most ancient towns in Etruria ; there are still slight remains of the Etruscan walls. We set off from Comania upon *somarelli*. Our entry was in a grotesque style, a drunken *cicerone* conducted us to a mad *chanoine*.

Aforesaid *chanoine*, Celari, is the master academician of Etruscan antiquities ; he himself is the rarest and greatest curiosity in the collection. In person he resembled Gil Perez,<sup>2</sup> but was inferior in *charms*. His

<sup>1</sup> Trasimene.

<sup>2</sup> *Gil Blas'* uncle, ' three and a half feet high, with his head sunk well between his shoulders.'

dress was characteristic of the oddity of the wearer ; a triangular hat squatted as flat upon his head as a Prussian soldier's and about as greasy and rusty, under which a cotton night-cap vied in colour with it, jointly setting off the features of a jaundiced, paralytic visage ; his head tottering from disease and imbecility. The rest of his person in unison with his upper story ; a dropsical paunch gave him an uncouth waddle, his scabby hands disgusting from their leprous indication. A more disgusting assemblage I never met with before in a single object. He showed nothing remarkable but a bronze vase found in a sepulchre, a curious bas-relief round the rim. When I escaped from his clutches, I went to a very learned and civil advocate who has many chosen antiquities. A pretty Cupid in terra cotta, a shield embossed with figures, elephants' tusks found at Trasimene probably Carthaginian, a medal of Porsena, etc., etc.

We were too late to see anything in the cathedral. I believe Pietro di Cortona was disgusted with his native city, and preferred painting for Roman palaces.

Very late when we set off in the morn. Road rough and uncomfortable. We arrived at Arezzo at 12. I was in an agony for two hours and half after my arrival, as my children did not come. I fancied every terrible accident in the catalogue of travelling disasters, and had got into a post *calèche*, *alone*, to set off and meet them, when, God be praised, just as I was getting out of the town I met their carriage and found them safe and well.

We could only reach St. Giovanni at night, June 19th ; a most wretched inn, one scarcely ever frequented but by pedestrians with their wallets slung across their shoulders. The country to Florence through the famous Val d'Arno very charming. Reached that beautiful tho' gloomy town on the 20th. The Tuscan heavy,

massy, grand style of architecture spreads a solemnity over the buildings, and the streets are not so filled as those of Naples and Rome. I went in the eve. with Ly. E. Foster and Ly. Hervey to the Opera. David<sup>1</sup> sang.

I saw there for the first time the celebrated Baron d'Armfeldt.<sup>2</sup> He was the *ami de cœur* of the late King of Sweden.<sup>3</sup> Immediately on his being wounded in the ball room he sent for d'Armfeldt, who was not apprised of the assassination till he saw his friend and sovereign weltering in his blood. The King said, 'You, my friend, have been wounded too often to be shocked at this, but it is hard upon a man who never turned from an enemy to be wounded in the back.' He attended his last moments, and received every testimony of his regard and affection. The — was strongly attached to him; this rendered him obnoxious to the Regent, who has exiled him by giving him credentials to all the Italian states, with a *Chargé d'affaires* who is a spy upon his actions. He wears the silver sword embroidered upon his coat under the order, a badge the most flattering, as it is a testimony of good conduct and popularity. To be entitled to it a man must have the unanimous approbation of the whole army; a single soldier's objecting invalidates the choice of the others. He must have carried and raised a siege, and won a battle; not above two men in Sweden possess it. His manners are

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated Italian tenor (1750–1830).

<sup>2</sup> Gustavus Maurice, Baron d'Armfeldt (1757–1814). After Gustavus IV. reached his majority he was appointed Ambassador at Vienna. He retired to Finland in 1810, and held office under the Russians.

<sup>3</sup> Gustavus III. (1748–1792). He was assassinated at the instigation of certain nobles, who considered that he was interfering with the rights of their order. Gustavus IV., his son, was only fourteen years old at the time, and until 1796 the government was carried on by his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania.

mild and gentle, his person is like a soprano. He seems to be a great favourite with the Herveys.<sup>1</sup> T. P.<sup>2</sup> is here. D'Armfeldt is *toujours en fonction*, as the eternal Princess of Sweden<sup>3</sup> is frisking about.

21st.—I went with my friend Mr. Brand to see the Gallery, but I was not in spirits to enjoy anything. I have received letters giving me a melancholy account of my poor father's illness. He wishes me to return and see him. I am perplexed about my children. The weather is too hot for them to travel; the youngest has not had the smallpox; besides that, I like to have a pledge for my return. The Cascines very pleasant of evenings. Ly. Elizabeth wishes Mr. Pelham to escort her and the Duchess home. I think it is a bad thing for him, as he imputes his late long illness entirely to the worry he suffered from both of them in conducting them from Lausanne to Florence. I shall advise him to refuse, and persuade him to go quietly with Swinburne, who will consult his whims, and he, of course, not be impelled to consult the whimseys of two capricious ladies.

22nd.—Staid at home the whole morning to write. Dined at Ld. Hervey's. D'Armfeldt and Prince Augustus at dinner there. The latter is in a fidget to get to England, as Ly. Augusta is gone, and scandal says is

<sup>1</sup> John Augustus, Lord Hervey (1757–1796), son of Frederick Augustus, fourth Earl of Bristol. He served in the navy, and was Ambassador at Florence from 1787 to 1794. He married, in 1776, Elizabeth, daughter of Colin Drummond, of Megginch Castle, Perthshire. Lord Holland in his *Memoirs of the Whig Party* (i. 56) states that he was recalled for violently and indecorously insisting on the dismissal of La Flotte, the French Minister, and thereby causing the Grand Duke to commit a breach of neutrality. Lord Holland mentions that common report in Florence suggested that Lord Hervey's enmity to his colleague was not entirely based on public grounds.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Pelham, afterwards second Earl of Chichester.

<sup>3</sup> The Princess Royal of Sweden, who was travelling incognito as the Princess of Wasa.

with child. Went in the evening to Mme. d'Albany.<sup>1</sup> She is a Princess Stolberg, widow of the late Pretender ; she lives in a state of dubious intimacy with Alfieri, the great Sophocles of Italy. She is lively and good-humoured. She told us some curious anecdotes about Gaston,<sup>2</sup> the head of the Royalist party. She is anxious for the restoration of the King, as she has lost immensely, indeed all that she possesses ; yet she does not fall into the violent strain of invective she might be allowed to feel.

*Sunday, 23rd.*—I went to the Annunziata to see the fresco upon the cloister walls by *Andrea del Sarto*, 'Madonna del Sacco,' a fine picture, well grouped and coloured. In the evening Mr. Pelham set off with Swinburne for Genoa to Turin. Notwithstanding Lord Hervey's enmity towards Manfredini,<sup>3</sup> I availed myself of my letters to him, and the ceremony of a formal introduction to the Grand Duchess was waived ; in consequence of which, as there was a chariot race at which their Royal Highnesses were present,<sup>4</sup> I went into their splendid box

<sup>1</sup> Louise de Stolberg-Goedern (1753–1824). She married Prince Charles Edward in 1772, but after eight years of unhappiness left him, and went to Florence. There she became the mistress of Alfieri, and remained with him until his death in 1803. She subsequently formed an attachment for Fabre, a young French painter, and possibly married him.

<sup>2</sup> One of the insurrectionist leaders in La Vendée, formerly a hairdresser. He was killed at Saint-Gervois towards the latter end of 1793.

<sup>3</sup> Prime Minister of Tuscany. Originally tutor to the sons of Grand Duke Leopold, he accompanied the latter to Vienna on his elevation to the Imperial throne. He returned as Minister to Archduke Ferdinand, and continued in the same position in the Duchy of Würzburg, which the Archduke received from Napoleon as compensation for the loss of Tuscany.

<sup>4</sup> Ferdinand III. (1769–1824) became Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1790 when his father succeeded as Emperor. He was ejected in 1801, receiving the Grand Duchy of Würzburg in 1805, but finally returned to Florence after the battle of Waterloo. His wife was Luigia Amalia, daughter of the King and Queen of Naples.



and was graciously received. The Grand Duchess is an unfortunate little being, both in figure and understanding ; she is crooked, lame, and unhealthy. Being designed for a cloister, her education was neglected. Her extreme ugliness made her hateful to her mother, the Queen of Naples, but upon the death of an elder sister who was destined to be Empress the next succeeded to that rank, and this little wretch took *her* intended place of Grand Duchess. When Leopold, seeing how frightful she was, offered to send her back, the Grand Duke refused, saying he could not mortify her so much. Her good nature has conquered his disgust ; her being with child has probably helped. He rarely visits her apartment ; but Manfredini compels him. The Grand Duke is reserved and cold, his manner not near so good as his brother the Emperor. The chariot race is a stupid sport ; the form of the cars is antique.

24<sup>th</sup>.—The Portuguese Minister, M. de Lima, gave us a breakfast, that we might see the ceremony of the Grand Duke receiving homage from his subjects. I should like to have heard the deputies from Siena say, ‘*Soumise par force*’—*galanterie de certaine part* which I could easily dispense with. Nothing more distressing than that species of admiration that keeps one in a fever to bear, from the coarseness and indelicacy of the manner. In the evening went to Prince Augustus’ with Ly. Elizabeth to see the horse races—a stupid and a cruel sight. Went with Ly. H. to see the pretty opera of *I Due Gobbi*.

I asked d’Armfeldt why he wore the white handkerchief tied round his arm : I asked the meaning. When Gustavus made the revolution of 1772 he expected a popular insurrection, and he desired all those who were his friends to take their handkerchiefs and fasten them on their left arms ; most everyone present did. An



awful moment followed after his declaring his intention of effecting a total change in the Constitution, such as by levying taxes, abridging the power of the aristocracy, and enlarging his own prerogative. He finished by saying, 'I am either your prisoner or your King.' A dead silence ensued. A lieutenant and grey corporal exclaimed, 'Le Suédois est loyal. Oui, Sire, vous êtes le Roi'; the assembly applauded, and the revolution was confirmed. After the acclamations had subsided, he enjoined a solemn silence, ordered them to kneel, and uttered an extempore prayer of thanksgiving for the great event. Hugh Elliot by a mad freak extricated him out of a *mauvais pas*. He was at Gottenburg with a small force, defenceless walls, and 6000 Danes approaching to make him prisoner. Elliot, in his zeal, called out and told the Prince of Hesse that unless he immediately withdrew his forces, he should in the name of Great Britain declare war, send off couriers to bring a fleet to bombard Copenhagen, and others to fetch 30,000 Prussians. This foolish braggadocio frightened the poor Danes, and they slunk away.

The revolution is censured as being a direct violation of those oaths the King took at his coronation. The whole power was lodged in the four estates, Nobles, Citizens, Clergy, Peasantry. The kingly power was a nullity; the Sovereign a phantom. The late King was in the early part of his life in Paris, and Vergennes was supposed to have planned for him the Revolution. Russia harassed him by perpetual wars; contrary to her own practice, she espoused in his dominions the cause of liberty. Rasoumoffsky was very active in aiding the malcontents, and, being detected in bribing many who had leading voices in the Diet, he was ordered to quit Stockholm immediately. Upon his objecting, he was told that unless he went within twenty-four

hours he should be *made* to go on board an English vessel.

D'Armfeldt told me a good many *traits de chevalerie* of Sir Sidney Smith, alias Charles XII., who is now at Constantinople. If d'Armfeldt's stories may be relied on, his case is certainly a hard one, but he speaks imprudently in accusing the Regent in the manner he does. He evidently is in greater favour with the Court of Russia than a loyal Swede ought to be.

25th.—I passed the morning with Fontana.<sup>1</sup> He is a remarkable man, but below his reputation. The news is that the Royalists have been defeated with great loss. The English have taken Tobago. The Comte d'Artois is returned to Ham; he was not allowed to land in England, as he could not be protected against his creditors. Dined at Lord Hervey's: Prince Augustus, etc. I preferred the quiet of my own room to going to the Opera.

26th.—I went to the Museum. Fontana appointed me at ten. The institution was founded by the Grand Duke Leopold, and placed under the direction of Fontana. Thirty-eight rooms are filled with objects in every branch of Natural History, Philosophy, Physics, etc. The anatomical preparations in wax are very beautiful. The small representations of the ravages of the plague at Messina are admirably executed; the artist must have had a considerable portion of *sombre* in his imagination.

I asked the real history of the tarantula, whether he thought there was any foundation for the stories they tell in Calabria of its producing such violent irritation that motion, such as dancing, relieves the patient. He says such a malady exists, and is ascribed to the sting,

<sup>1</sup> Felix Fontana (1730–1805), originally Professor at the University of Pisa. He was appointed director of the museum at Florence by the Grand Duke Leopold.

whereas it proceeds from the imagination of young people. Those who suffer chiefly are adolescents, just at the period when the passions begin to develop themselves and agitate the frame. Those who believe in the reality of the disease tell the story of an incredulous bishop who, resolved to convince the people of the absurdity of the story, exposed his arm to the stings of five of these animals; the consequence was that the bishop suffered like a layman, and the tambourine was called to his relief to assist him cutting capers. Whether this dignified prelate was imposed upon, or whether he thought the superstition too valuable to eradicate, must remain a secret between him and his confessor.

Bishop Burnet records a similar anecdote of Lord Lanesborough, who upon the death of Prince George of Denmark requested an audience of Queen Anne. He obtained it, and advised her Majesty to dissipate her chagrin by *dancing*, as he had always found *that* to be a sovereign remedy against bodily and mental affliction.

Fontana has made numberless experiments upon the poison of a viper. It is a glutinous mass in which he has never discovered the noxious ingredient; taken into the stomach, it is not prejudicial, it only acts upon the nerves. He has published in several quarto volumes his opinions on the subject. He entered into a long philosophical dissertation on the vital principle. He has worms or eels in which life is suspended, but he can bring them to existence. They came in diseased corn from the Morea. He has drawn conclusions from his experiments which prove too much for the Church to allow him to publish. He is an apostle in the cause of atheism and democracy, hence it is not likely he will make the world happier or wiser.

In the evening I went to Lady Hervey's instead of the Opera. D'Armfeldt was, as usual, the hero of the

conversation and of his own story. He begs compassion so much that one is tempted to withhold it. The Regent, by this post, has withdrawn 1800*l.* of his appointments; but why does he expect favours of a man whom he accuses of an intention to poison the young King? He told several stories that prove him *dans les bons principes* for a soldier; he thinks every *bullet has its billet*. He told of a young man skulking from fear behind an ammunition waggon, yet killed by a random shot. He made great use of this to encourage his men not to flinch.

News of a bloody battle near Quesnoy: 6000 French killed 4,000 Austrians.<sup>1</sup> How dreadful! This conflict will not close until Europe is deluged with blood and society destroyed. The trial of Orleans, or, as he ridiculously styles himself, Egalité, is about: the chief accusation against him is his having voted for the King's death. Bad as that was, yet he did *poignard à la gorge*. Lyons is in revolt against the Convention. The poor Royalists have been defeated in Brittany.

27th June.—This fatal day seven years gave me, in the bloom and innocence of fifteen, to the power of a being who has made me execrate my life since it has belonged to him. Despair often prompts me to a remedy within my reach. 'To enjoy is to obey,' to be wretched is to disobey; if Providence interposes not for my relief, may I not seek it? Nature is assisted to relieve us in our diseases—why not to terminate those of the mind? My mind is worked up to a state of savage

<sup>1</sup> The war between Austria and France broke out on the Netherlands frontier in April 1792, and success in turn favoured each of the combatants. Dumouriez's treachery in March 1793 allowed the Austrians to pass the French frontier, and the scene of action was removed to that country. England declared war against France in February, and despatched a force under the Duke of York to assist the Austrians.

exaltation, and impels me to act with fury that proceeds more from passion and deep despair than I can in calmer moments justify. Oftentimes in the gloom of midnight I feel a desire to curtail my grief, and but for an unaccountable shudder that creeps over me, ere this the deed of rashness would be executed. I shall leave nothing behind that I can regret. My children are yet too young to attach me to existence, and Heaven knows I have no close, no tender ties besides. Oh, pardon the audacity of the thought !

*28th June.*—In the evening, Ly. Spencer, Duchess, and Ly. Bessborough arrived. They came the Perugia road : rather discomposed at finding T. P. gone, but it certainly was wise in him to decline the embarrassment of a tedious, troublesome journey with them. I went to the Opera ; it was the last night of the Pergola.<sup>1</sup>

*29th.*—Drew dined with *me*. He seems half discontented with his new friends. Supped with Ly. B. Three hundred cannon are playing upon Valenciennes. St. Leger is with the D. of York, and besieging it with the allied army. Marat has declared to the Convention that Gaston is advancing to Paris ; there are three Royal armies, and more than half France has declared itself in a state of counter-revolution. But these are but flying reports.

*30th June, Sunday.*—Dined at Ld. Hervey's: he appeared much agitated, probably at the prospect of his removal from this place, as it will be impossible for Ministers to allow him to remain after his behaviour to the Grand Duke. In those letters which he wrote remonstrating against the exportation of grain from Tuscany to France he calls the Grand Duke a fool and Manfredini a knave. I went to the Opera with Lady B.

<sup>1</sup> The Opera House of Florence.

and supped with her. She is much improved in her walking; but what cures may not be received from this delicious climate! She is to pass the summer at Lucca Baths.

1st *July*.—Lady Shelley has promised to take care of my children; her husband, Dr. Stuart, is a very good physician. Ly. Ann<sup>1</sup> is still invisible, at least to men. She is a frolicsome Irish widow bewitched, very pretty, very foolish, and very debauched. The French fleet is in force at Toulon: where is Ld. Hood? The Jacobin Club here is in full exultation at the bad news from the allies.

Armfeldt told us that Anckarström, as he was conducting him to execution, implored his pardon, saying he should die contented if he could obtain that, as he was the person most injured, for in his sovereign he lost a friend and a benefactor. The King refused to hear the name of his murderer. Armfeldt had the command of an army in a campaign against the Russians, in which service the King accompanied him and shared the hardships of the common soldiers. There was a victory obtained by the Swedes *upon the ice*. Dangers of every sort surrounded them; the sun was very ardent and the ice was cracking beneath the surface. The Swedes had a great advantage, their horses being shod; the Russians had not taken the same precaution. Armfeldt said that the King's aide-de-camps, unless they died of the plague or indigestion, need not fear death; they hid themselves in the moment of peril. The King would never settle a plan for retreat, as he would not allow it possible that he could be defeated. Such

<sup>1</sup> Lady Ann Hatton. Daughter of Arthur, second Earl of Arran, she married first, in 1783, Henry Hatton, of Clonard, co. Wexford; secondly, in 1800, John, first Marquess of Abercorn. She died in 1827.



courage as this is often ruinous to the country whose monarch is brave. Portugal smarted from Sebastian's<sup>1</sup> impetuosity; in vain his old generals remonstrated, he listened to his ardour. On his landing at Ceuta, the musicians, instead of striking up a cheerful air to encourage the soldiers, played a solemn dirge: in superstitious times what a *contretemps*! Besides this melancholy portent, he stumbled on a corpse as he got out of his ship.

A fine ball in the evening at Lord Hervey's: Mme. d'Albany introduced me to Alfieri. I took a final leave of d'Armfeldt. I was sorry to bid a farewell to my friends, but a very few months will bring us together, I hope. La Flotte, the French Minister, was not invited to the ball: this is a very marked insult at a neutral Court.

*July 2nd, Tuesday.*—I parted from my children this morning at eleven. I have left them comfortable, established in a good house with proper attendants, and Dr. Stuart and an Italian physician, Gianetti, to take care of them. The day was delicious, ardent sun, deep blue sky, everybody was gasping from the heat; I alone as cold as marble, but inwardly warmed by the glowing sun.

Prato is the first post, a pretty little town; put me in mind of La Bonneville in Savoy. It is situated at the foot of a range of calcareous hills forming the sides of a crater of considerable extent. We continued in this plain till we reached Pistoja. The heat being too intense to remain in the carriage, we stopped two hours at Pistoja. Two miles from Pistoja we began ascending the high chain of Apennines, which runs across Italy

<sup>1</sup> King Sebastian (1554–1578), who succeeded to the throne of Portugal at the age of three, and was killed fighting the Moors in Morocco.

and divides it from Cisalpine Gaul, or Lombardy. About half-way up the hill to the first post we stopped to look back upon the valley. Florence, Pistoja, Prato, the Umbrino meandering in the plain until it reaches the sea at Leghorn, made a lovely *coup d'œil*. The project was to travel all night, but my face pained me so much that by an extraordinary degree of complaisance I was allowed to stop at St. Marcello, a delightful little inn.

*Wednesday, July 3rd.*—I was enchanted with the prettiness of the environs of the inn: just opposite my window there is a steep verdant bank shaded by tall cypress. The hills above are studded with chestnut, ilex, beech, the wild cherry, and vast assemblage of pretty trees. Passed through a neat town, to which our inn was a suburb. Kept ascending for miles. A magnificent torrent roaring at our feet and the sharp pinnacles of the Apennines springing above our heads. The industry of the inhabitants is manifested by their cultivating every little spot that is accessible to the foot of man, and success warrants their enterprise, as the production is abundant, and the walls prop up the little field.

These mountains must have afforded a secure asylum to those numerous predatory bands which infested this delightful country in former days; the bold robber might bid defiance to the vigilance of the *Holy Brother*. Indeed, the wretched state of society about the Middle Ages must have rendered travelling a service of danger, from the perpetual wars between each petty State, the burdensome jurisdiction of the barons, and the outrages committed by outlaws.

We dined at the post-house within 300 yards of the top of the mountain which we had been crawling up all day. The summit is the boundary of Tuscany and the frontier of the Modenese State. We began descending this side

of the mountains ; much more beautiful than the other, springs of very clear, cool water afford a delicious draught to the exhausted, weary traveller. Torrents and cascades tumbling from the heights between thick groves of pines down the sides of the mountains till they reach the torrent in the valley, which is *there* called the Scoltenna, but soon after changes its name and becomes the Panaro. Snow is still lying in the crevices of the mountain ; the rays of the setting sun produce a pretty effect upon the white masses intermingled with woods and sharp rocks. The *chaussée* in these States as fine as any in Europe ; indeed, except those in the Austrian dominions, I believe no roads can be compared to those of Italy. The peasants work in their agricultural toils armed—a sad memento of the terrors of those times when such things were necessary. How dreadful that the most useful members of the community were exposed, whilst labouring for the benefit of mankind, to outrages that demanded self-defence !

At Barigazzo, a small volcano like Pietra Mala. A flame issues from the ground and burns without having anything to feed on, till extinguished either by a high wind or by water ; it is used to burn lime. Muscovite is found in large quantities in this mountain. To the S.-E. of the village, upon the top of the mountain, a large lake, called Lago Santo, because blessed by the Bishop of Lucca ; it has most miraculous properties. The night was heavenly : the splendour of the stars above and the millions spangled upon the surface of the earth formed by the Luccioli, produced a glittering scene that dazzled the eye ; to add to the brilliancy, a black cloud, distant in the horizon, emitted flashes of bright lightning. The vivacity of the light almost too much. Such must have been the splendour surrounding the God of Thunder when he showed himself *dans tous ses atours* to the

astonished eyes of the curious Semele. We travelled all night and reached Modena at 5 o'clock in the morning.

*Thursday, 4th July.*—I already feel the difference between the heat of Lombardy and the refreshing breezes of Florence. I am just going to see the Guercinos at the Palace. *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose*, the *custode* was eating, drinking, or sleeping; I could not gain admittance. Arrived at Parma about 6 o'clock. Slept there. I saw Parma last October. The 'St. Jerome,' the 'Madonna della Scodella,' the ceiling of a dome in a church, are some of the finest of *Correggio*.

Marat has resumed his functions in the Convention. We crossed a dozen ferries in the night, and reached Placentia soon after daybreak.

*5th July.*—Saw the Ducal Palace, the equestrian statue, Cathedral, and St. Augustin. Alberoni was a native of this city. Crossed the Po at the gates of the town. Very near meeting with an ugly accident in getting out of the boat; the banks were steep, the mud very deep, the carriage rolled considerably back into the water. Our cook we were obliged to pass as a Swiss, Frenchmen being refused admittance into the Milanese. Rice plantations and deep sands to Lodi. Arrived at Milan at 12 o'clock. The Palmerstons, Sir Benjamin Thompson,<sup>1</sup> and Sir C. Blagden here.

*Saturday, 6th.*—The heat unbearable; close suffocating feel, like a hot day in England. Miss Carter and Sir Benjamin dined with me. After dinner, instead of the custom of the country to take the siesta, I took a long-winded discourse from Sir Benjamin upon politics, happiness, morality, etc. He thinks Dumouriez was bribed by the Austrians throughout his career. Saw my old acquaintance Csse. Maxe. Her present *cavaliere*

<sup>1</sup> Count Rumford.

*servente* is her husband's brother, and her husband is the *bon ami* of his elder brother's wife, the Marchesina di Litta. One must learn not to stare at these connections in Italy ; they are not uncommon.

7th July, Sunday.—Left Milan at 10 o'clock. We intend, if the Grand St. Bernard is free of snow *and French*, to cross it, and get by that route into Switzerland. Crossed the Ticino at Buffalora ; it was very low compared to the floods of last year. Found letters pressing us to stop at Château de Masin in the valley of D'Aost on our way to the mountain. We shall there find the Trevors, T. P., and Swinburne. We slept at Vercelli, for though it was not late when we arrived, yet it was too far to Masin to attempt to reach it by their supper hour.

8th.—Set off at 4 o'clock in the morning, changed horses at Germano, and those horses conveyed us hither. This antique structure is a baronial castle upon the summit of a high, isolated rock, overlooking a rich plain in which the Dora Baltea meanders fantastically. To the north is the entrance into the valley D'Aost, backed by the Alps, among which is St. Bernard. To the east the Plain of Lombardy, with a distant view of Milan. Villages, towns, lakes, rivers, hills, and all the beauties of nature and art may be discovered from the lofty towers of this venerable abode. This castle has undergone many sieges from the French ; before the introduction of gunpowder it was impregnable, and even since its use it has held out. In 1554 Maréchal de Biron received just under my bedchamber window the wound which made him a cripple for life. The old walls in many places are loaded with the cannon balls which have been poured by volleys into them. The room we dine in is vaulted and bomb proof ; the ceiling and cornices are decorated by the arms of Masin quartered with those

of the greatest families. I saw those of Austria in several escutcheons.

The Count Masin is a well-bred man of a certain age, hospitable, and doing with dignity the honours of his house, where plenty and luxury are united. He is proud of his high descent and alliances. He showed me amongst the armorial bearings a stirrup with the motto 'Ferme toi.' An ancestor of his in battle lost all his weapons, desperate he took his stirrups and assaulted his antagonist, and his sovereign Lord in honour of the achievement allowed him to take the quartering as an emblem of his courage.

In the evening we drove about the alleys ; high, clipped hedges on each side defended us from the evening breeze, which in this high spot is more than a *breeze* generally, but was this evening insufferably hot, more from a stagnation in the air than from the positive degree of heat. The doubts increase about the passage of the St. Bernard ; at all events we intend going to Aost. In the evening the letters from Turin arrived. I had a letter from Ld. Henry,<sup>1</sup> and he writes out of spirits ; complains of solitude. He dislikes his appointment to Stockholm. A courier saw Mayence in flames on the 27th June ; if it has fallen it will facilitate our journey up the Rhine.

We retired early to our rooms. My apartment was curious and magnificent. It consisted of a bedroom, a dressing-room, a receiving-room, besides accommodation near for my *valet-de-chambre* and my maid. The bedroom is a bastion, which makes inside a delightful circular room ; a balcony goes round it, and from the spot where I was this minute, from it down to the fosse, is upwards of 100 feet. A private door opens upon a spiral staircase, which carries one to the *porte-de-secours*.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Henry Spencer.



I dismissed my maid, and sat me down to write, read, and think. The wind rose and made a most furious noise in my chimney, and in the vaulted rooms beneath. I could not help thinking that if an ancestor of Masin's were to appear and tell me some horrid tale of his unburied bones rotting in a dungeon in the towers of the castle, a more hideous noise and crash would not usher him in than what I have heard. In the midst of this reflection I perceived upon the large glass on the left of me, and which stands opposite to the doors of a long suite of apartments, all open, a glimmering light, and I heard at the same moment a noise from the rooms. I am no coward with respect to supernatural appearances, but I was out of spirits, and the solitude of my situation apart from the rest of the family contributed at that moment to give me a qualm. I looked at the glass, and perceived the light stronger and some white drapery flowing behind it. *Pour le coup* I trembled and hid my face. A minute brought Swinburne with a night taper, in his dressing gown, to my sight. I laughed at my fears. He came from Mrs. Trevor, who was ill, to get some camphor julep from me. I locked my door and was courageous enough to go to bed without rousing anybody.

*Tuesday, 9th.*—We were to have gone this morning, but our journey is deferred. Passed the day pleasantly enough. Trevor went to Turin to meet General Grenville. Mrs. Trevor crosses the mountain. We shall, if it is possible for any of us to go across.

How much I detest the prospect of a residence in England, even though it be but for a few weeks ; country, climate, manners, everything is odious to me. *Il faudra se résoudre à souffrir*. Patience, *pazienza*. Left the hospitable castle early in the morning. We descended the steep hill, upon which rises majestically the castle,

into the plain towards Ivrea, an ancient fortified town distant only five miles from Masin. The walls are now repairing, and the whole is getting into a state of defence with the utmost expedition. The King of Sardinia is now making a progress through this part of his dominions. *This* costs him 25,000*l.* in useless pomp, and he receives a subsidy from England of 200,000*l.* To the right a castle, very picturesque in its situation, called Mont'-alto; the hill upon which it stands is composed of calcareous earth from whence the lime used in the country is drawn.

We entered the Val d'Aost at a narrow pass at the Pont St. Martin, an old bridge across the Dora. The weather was delicious, the change of the climate very perceptible already. We dined at Donnaz, a small village placed in an excavation of the rock, supposed by some to be a work of the Romans. Our whole party met at dinner. Trevor defers his return to Turin until he has seen us all well over the mountain, as his interposition may be necessary to get us mules. Fort le Bard, about half a mile from Donnaz, a strong mountain pass, assisted by art. Nature has given it a rapid river and mountains; Vauban, ramparts and cannon. The mode of training the vines is singular. They are trailed upon a *treillage* horizontally placed upon stone pillars; they are from 4 to 5 feet and even higher from the ground. It is admirably adapted for catching the warmth of the sun. The valley is at the widest half a mile, but it is generally narrower. The oxen are very fine, and the manner of yoking them is very picturesque. We went on six miles beyond where their party slept to Chatillon, where M. Regis gave us very good accommodation in his house, and his company. He is a friend of Masin, or rather a dependant. On the road I got out at Monjovet, celebrated for fine

steatites and garnets imbedded in quartz; I obtained a few specimens.

The Piedmontese army are upon the Petit St. Bernard; the French are at the foot of it by the Isère. Each army has not more than 3000 men. The troops are very sickly, the hardships they have encountered are incredible; the barracks are absolutely upon the top of the mountain, a post which is not much benefited by the climate of August. Numbers are in the hospital at Aost, and we are alarmed by hearing of an epidemical disorder being among them.

*Thursday*.—Though the Trevors were six miles behind me, they were diligent enough to pass me before even I was out of my bed. The road from Chatillon lies by the Dora. The Dora Baltea is a rapid torrent, which runs into the Po near Turin. The Isère rises on the French side of the mountain, and finds its way into the Rhône. The Dora comes raving with great impetuosity and swiftness—a just emblem of time, that rushes forward and never is retarded. It gave me the vapours to think of the many misspent hours I have irretrievably lost. Half my time is spent in making resolutions to amend, but the precious moments escape when to begin, for as some ancient poet says, ‘He that leaves for to-morrow that may be done to-day is like the countryman waiting upon the banks of the river to cross when the waters have run by and left it dry.’ About five miles before we reached Aost we caught a magnificent view of Mont Blanc; the whiteness of it was dazzling.

Aost or the *Cité*, as it is called here, is an ugly town. We are lodged at the Baron d’Aviso’s. I have this instant heard that the distemper is contagious, and that the master of this house is dying of the epidemical fever. The intelligence is not pleasant, but I rejoice at my children being out of the way. I am kept up from the

melancholy that surrounds me ; the bell never ceases its doleful knell of death, the muffled drums announce under my window a funeral, and the stir in the room below where I sleep is a proof that the poor invalid is still alive, though probably in anguish. We are advised against going out of the house, a precaution that probably is very necessary. Mrs. Trevor fears we may be obliged to pass another day here.

*Friday.*—The whole morning in making arrangements about mules ; at last the Commandant gave an order, and we have obtained some. The price they ask is exorbitant, 70 louis for our carriages, both of which are very light—one at least is. I have stolen some of the Baron's specimens of minerals ; my conscience smites me almost for the plunder. At six in the evening we set off for St. Remy. My journey there was not pleasant as to my *monture*, for my own saddle was broken, and I was, after shifting from pack saddles, etc., obliged to submit to be chucked upon a sack of wheat on a *bête-de-somme*. The muleteer considered me as a bale of goods entrusted to his care to convey without damage, and so far thought of me, but not the least as to my ease or comfort. As much as I could see of the scenery by daylight very beautiful. La Cluse very pretty, but we did not reach St. Remy till twelve o'clock, all tired and cold, and such an inn ! But it did shelter us from the bleak wind, and that was a point gained.

We set off at half-past five o'clock to cross the famous mountain of St. Bernard. It has only been used by travellers since the Mont Cenis has been shut up by the neighbourhood of the French. I went in a *chaise à porteurs*. Our carriages were dismounted and placed by piecemeal on mules. We began ascending from St. Remy. The mountains are from their base bare and without much vegetation, the road so embarrassed with snow that I thought

it impracticable for the mules to bring the carriage. Just above St. Remy there is a forest of larches, which the inhabitants preserve with the most religious care, as their own safety is interested in its preservation, for it protects them from the avalanches or *chûte des neiges*, so fatal in these countries. The path is very narrow and rugged; here and there immense blocks of granite intercept the passage, difficult to be clambered over, but no precipices to terrify and make the head giddy. Little torrents running down like cascades, the snow in many places very soft, yielding readily to the pressure of the men's feet.

In about three hours from St. Remy I reached the Convent. The plain on which it stands is about two acres in extent; a black-looking lake adjoining it was frozen. Eternal snows surround this peaceful, melancholy dwelling, but the warmest charity issues from the bosom of its inmates. Distress is claim enough to rouse them to every action of spirited humanity. On a rock close to the lake stood a temple to Jupiter, dedicated, some say, by Hannibal in his passage across the mountain. Numbers of *ex-voto* are found here, a proof that it was considered as a perilous pass by the ancients. It is the highest habitation in the old world. It is 1246 toises<sup>1</sup> above the level of the sea. A strong sense of active benevolence can alone induce men to abandon the charms of the habitable world for this *triste séjour*. The *clavandier* or steward of the Convent offered us every refreshment. I accepted willingly some strong wine, and wrapped myself in eiderdown for a couple of hours. The fine dogs known for their sagacity in seeking the bewildered traveller lost under a mass of snow were not at home; they were ranging over the mountain.

<sup>1</sup> An old French measure. A toise is just over six feet.

I turned my back on Italy with regret. The men carried me backwards down the mountain. The snow on this side very deep, and they waded through it with great labour ; they often fell, but I was neither hurt nor frightened. My intrepidity is more owing to an indifference about life than to natural courage. I have nothing to love, so life is not to me invaluable. Half-way we stopped to look at the melancholy receptacle for the bodies of those who perish on the mountains. There is only one body ; it has been exposed for a year, but the rarefaction of the air was such that the putrefaction has not commenced. It was shrivelled, but the features were perfectly distinguishable. The sun set. We reached St. Pierre, a small village dependent on the monastery we had just quitted. I lodged in the house of a *curé* at Liddès, where I slept, who had formerly been a monk in the upper region, but growing infirm he was rewarded with half-freezing. He said he lived a happier life among the community than in solitude. The small house he has is pretty and fantastically covered with some creeping plant over the walls. Early in the morning I was awakened by the melody of the birds and the fragrance of the plants ; the sun shone into my bed by 5 o'clock.

On the 14th, early in the morning, I set off. The carriages were put upon the wheels, but the baggage was conveyed on mules. The roads exceed anything I ever beheld in point of danger. A narrow *corniche* without a *garde-fou*, upon the brink of a precipice of many hundred feet ; in some places I am sure the fall would have been 1500 perpendicular feet.

The Drance gushes with the violence and noise of a torrent in the valley. Orsières is the first village ; the houses are made of wood with immense high *treillages* to dry beans upon them. The next village was Sem-



brancher; about half a mile on this side of it the view is delicious—I was quite enraptured. We got close to the Drance, whose roar whitened its waters. We crossed it frequently; one of the bridges was very old and weak; they persuaded me to get out and walk over it. The valley is evidently opened by violence, as the angles of the mountains on each side correspond exactly. The sublimity of the scenery among these mountains inspires one with a notion of the grandeur of our world, but this thought is still dissipated on a starlight night, for then we behold what a speck we are in the creation—a twinkling orb like them.

We dined at Martigny, the capital of the Valois, a dirty town abounding in loathsome objects, *crétins* and bugs. The much celebrated cascade of the Pisse Vache was in full beauty, but even so it is much inferior to Tivoli and Terni. The Rhône is very fine and the adjacent country beautiful; we crossed it over an old Roman Bridge at St. Maurice. Just on this side of the bridge the Berne bear announced our arrival into its territory.

Upon my coming into Bex I met Prince Hatzfeldt and my tiresome Scotch lover, Mr. Douglas. We supped together at the inn, where I had a pretty terrace to walk upon out of my bedroom.

Early in the morning, Tuesday, 16th, I set off in a *char-a-bande* [*sic*] to see the *salines* of Bex. My *compagnon de voyage* was, as usual, ill-disposed and sulky, and spared me the torment of his company. I went into a subterranean gallery perforated for 3000 feet under the mountain; the smell of the lamps made me sick, and I was obliged to return without seeing the cylinder which is the film (?) of rock salt. The salt springs are fully impregnated with the saline matter.

Left Bex at one o'clock. Dined at Vevey. Hodges came out to meet us; he brought me a packet of letters.

My father continues ill, but less dangerously so than by my former letters. The last time I was in Vevey the Guiches dined with us in a pavilion belonging to the Count St. Leger. Ludlow's <sup>1</sup> house is on the skirts of the town ; the little rampart round it formerly planted with swivels is still to be seen. He lived in perpetual dread of being taken by the Royalist party ; he was often fired at. I felt melancholy at the sight of Lausanne now, deserted by all the cheerful band who had assisted in making me pass cheerfully some of the pleasantest hours of my uncomfortable life. Gibbon's house is abandoned ; he is in England. Poor Ly. Sheffield's apartment will never again contain her ; she is no more. Mde. de Juigné is again no more. All my friends are living in obscure poverty, or have fallen in the field of battle. The English here are the Cholmondeleys, the old Duchess of Ancaster, Ld. Morpeth, his friend who travels with him, and various other English, and the son of an Irish bishop.

The events in Paris are still disgusting and bloody. Biron <sup>2</sup> is impeached ; the charge is having conducted the war with *insouciance*. Those who know him say his disposition is to do everything so, but he is humane and gentlemanlike. He preserved all Lady Rivers' goods, etc., when he entered Nice. Lord Beauchamp, now Lord Yarmouth,<sup>3</sup> is at Frankfort upon some political mission ; hopes are entertained that it is to adjust a general Congress for the termination of these horrid scenes. Ld. Porchester is made an earl, as a reward for deserting Mr. Fox, whose party is breaking up apace ; some quit him from opinion, but most for the loaves and fishes which are promised to them for their desertion.

<sup>1</sup> He took part in the trial and condemnation of Charles I.

<sup>2</sup> Armand-Louis de Gontaut Biron (1747-1793). He was guillotined in December.

<sup>3</sup> Francis, afterwards second Marquess of Hertford ; at this time Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Berlin and Vienna.

Mr. Fox's debts are to be paid by a subscription among his friends ; he is to have an annuity of 3000*l.* per annum. As he is not popular, people think it a mean transaction, but formerly it was proposed as an honourable one. Ld. Cholmondeley tells me that party runs very high in England, disgustingly so.

I have heard that my dear children are well ; Lady Shelley has written me a satisfactory account of them. I went to Mde. Cerjat's. She is very unhappy about her sons ; one is besieging Valenciennes. From her gardens we saw across the lake to Evian, where the detested tricolor flag is flying on the tree of liberty ; we heard the drums distinctly.

18th, Thursday.—A small dinner at home, Hodges, etc. In the evening I went to the poor Duchess's, who has not, I fear, many weeks to languish. Lord Morpeth<sup>1</sup> is clever, very handsome, and very captivating. I see the Cholmondeleys<sup>2</sup> are trying to catch him for Miss L. ; he appears indisposed to the project. He is evidently *le mieux possible* with Mde. A. If I were addicted to coquetry I believe I could easily become her rival, but I never possessed a particle of the vanity necessary to such a character, nor is there anything in my eyes flattering in such proceedings. A pretty young woman is always sure of as many lovers as she chooses, but to *me* there would be more humiliation than glory in such a train.

I dined at the Cholmondeleys ; went to Casanova's ball, and amused myself the few days I passed at Lau-

<sup>1</sup> George, Lord Morpeth (1773-1848), eldest son of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, and Margaret, daughter of Granville, first Marquess of Stafford. He married, in 1801, Georgina, eldest daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, and succeeded to the titles on his father's death in 1825.

<sup>2</sup> George James, fourth Earl of Cholmondeley (1749-1827), who was created Marquess of Cholmondeley in 1815. He married, in 1791, Georgina Charlotte (1764-1838), daughter of Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster.

sanne. Marat has been assassinated by a young woman of the name of Charlotte Corday. She obtained admittance whilst he was in the bath and pleaded for some of the deputies, who are in prison ; she approached him, drew a poniard, and stabbed him to the heart. She was immediately seized, and the Convention are employed in devising new tortures for her. This death will occasion some change in their measures, as Marat was an intrepid villain who had attached a party to himself.

The news from Valenciennes is dreadful : in an escalade attempted by the allies 6000 men perished.<sup>1</sup>

La Fayette is still at Magdebourg.<sup>2</sup> His confinement seems both hard and unjust. The following lines are written by Lord Camelford :—

D'un fanatisme aveugle oser braver la menace,  
De ses vils oppresseurs oser punir l'audace,  
Oser aimer son Roi, vouloir briser ses fers,  
Protéger l'innocence, et dompter les pervers ;  
Au noirceur de l'intrigue opposer le courage,  
La constance à la mort, le mépris à l'outrage.  
*Favras*, ce sont là des crimes aujourd'hui,  
Le supplice est pour toi, et le laurier pour lui !  
Pour ce pâle tribun, le tyran et l'esclave,  
Le chef et le jouet du parti qui le brave.  
Conspirateur hardi, timide pour le bien,  
Étouffant les remords qui germent dans son sein.  
Ce *Cromwell* sans talents, ce Brutus de la Foire,  
Qui par ses crimes au moins se consigne à l'histoire,  
Qui sait fouler aux pieds les autels et les lois,  
Ensanglanter le trône et le lit de ses Rois ;  
Par de lâches complots accabler l'innocence.  
Ce sont là de nos jours les vertus de la France.

<sup>1</sup> Valenciennes was invested by the allied troops under the Duke of York, and capitulated after a siege lasting forty-three days.

<sup>2</sup> La Fayette had broken his connection with the Jacobins after the execution of Louis XVI., and was forced to take refuge in neutral territories at Liège. He was there taken prisoner by the Austrians, and was kept in confinement at various places for five years.

Poor La Fayette, it overdoes his errors. I believe he was compelled to go beyond his wishes, for as Dr. Johnson somewhere says, 'However faction finds a man, it seldom leaves him honest.'

Dumouriez<sup>1</sup> went to England; immediately upon his arrival he informed Ld. Grenville, and begged to know whether he might be permitted to remain. Ld. G. told him he applied to the wrong person, as Mr. Dundas was the proper one to address, but he would venture to assure him permission would *not* be granted, and implied the sooner he went the better.

I was extremely irritated to find a few miles from Lausanne that Mr. Douglas had followed me. I knew that a timely check might rid me of his company for the journey. I therefore stopped the carriage, spoke to him with cold civility, and gave him a message to Ly. C., as I would not allow him to suppose I could imagine that he meant to join me in travelling. He looked embarrassed, took the rebuff, and returned back.

The Convention have satisfied themselves with ye guillotine for Charlotte Corday. She behaved with the utmost intrepidity to the last sad scene. Women have appeared at the Bar of the Convention begging their infants might take the name of Marat, adding that they renounced any other *évangile* than his works, all creeds but the Constitution! Great reports of the success of the Royalist army; it is said to be within sixteen leagues

<sup>1</sup> Charles François Dumouriez (1739-1823). At the outbreak of the Revolution he was closely connected with the Girondist faction, and held for short periods the offices of Foreign Minister and Minister for War. He was appointed to the army of the north as Lieut.-General, and inflicted a severe rebuff to the allies at Valmy in 1792. After the execution of Louis XVI., however, he became lukewarm in the cause, and when defeated by the Austrians at Neerwinden he seized the opportunity of joining the Austrians, with a small portion of his army. He lived at Hamburg for some years, but finally settled in England in 1804, and was granted a pension of 1200*l.* by Government.

of Paris, but I confess, for one, that I am incredulous, as the stories about it vary so much. Nantes was in counter-revolution for thirty-six hours; Lyons is hostile to the Convention, but the inhabitants are arrant Republicans. I believe General Ferraris will defeat my wish of seeing the siege of Valenciennes, as he will take it before I get thither.

Slept at Avenches. There is a curious mosaic pavement, a vestige of it belonging to the Romans. *Ld. Northampton*<sup>1</sup> has lived here for fifteen years. The old town stood a mile further eastward. Some inscriptions besides the tessellated pavement still remain, but the corroding effect of time, and the still more destructive hand of man, have left little to prove its former splendour.

*24th July*.—Set off at half-past seven o'clock. Just before we entered the town of Morat we passed the chapel which contains the bones of the Burgundians who fell on this spot in 1476; which finally closed the long contests between the Swiss and the Duke of Burgundy. The awful sight of these remains at once raises melancholy and pleasing thoughts, for here were doomed to fall by the folly of a tyrant several thousands of our species, and here also the courage arising from a true spirit of liberty secured the independence of this country.

Charles the Bold was defeated at Grandson and at Morat. At this place he lost the famous diamond, known since by the name of the Sancy diamond. It was found on the field of battle by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a priest for a florin, who sold it again for half a crown. It then fell into the hands of Antony, King of Portugal, and from him the Baron of Sancy obtained it.

<sup>1</sup> Spencer, eighth Earl of Northampton (1738–1796). He was twice married, and died at Berne. The *Gentleman's Magazine* records that he originally retired to Switzerland to recover from the expenses of a Parliamentary contest at Northampton, for which he sat 1762–63. He succeeded to the peerage in the latter year.



This diamond afterwards served as a pledge for a sum of money lent by the Swiss to Henry III. of France.<sup>1</sup>

We came here (Berne) at about two o'clock. This is the neatest, duldest, coldest town I ever knew. I am sitting in a south room on the 24th of July, and I protest I am half frozen. This is the capital of the canton, and is a far more magnificent city than might be expected in a territory whose extent does not exceed much an English county. It is situated on a hill, round which the Aar winds its course, and protects the town from sudden surprise : it might easily be destroyed by a bombardment from the surrounding hills that command it. The streets are wide, clean, and well paved. The houses, like those in dear, dear Italy, built on arcades, an admirable convenience for the foot passengers in the rains of winter or the heats of summer. I think it must fill the mind of a true John Bull with envy to see the town of a province like this, or a small capital like Turin, surrounded with public walks, extensive avenues, and magnificent approaches, whilst their own metropolis can be approached only by shabby, narrow turnpike roads. *Ld. and Ly.* Robert Fitzgerald live in the faubourgs ; I shall call upon them, and then pay my respects to the *bears*. I suffer pain from the intense cold.

Leaving Berne at 9 o'clock on Thursday, July 25, the travellers took the road to Hindelbank. Of the country Lady Webster records :—

The soil continues the same ; hills covered with firs and forest trees, rich pasture, clean farming. As wood is more plentiful than stone, houses are principally built of it ; the projecting roofs are useful for barns and outhouses, but for habitations of human creatures they

<sup>1</sup> It was sold in 1830 for 20,000*l.* to the Emperor of Russia, and is now in England.

must be unwholesome by excluding the rays of the sun, and confining the smoke of the wood fires. Every step that approaches me to England lowers my spirits. Oh! how I abhor the thoughts of living in that country. No friends, few relations!

We slept at a little village the name of which I cannot write. Set off at an early hour. The small Swiss inns are delightful, so convenient, so well furnished with excellent provisions. The people are *passively* civil, which is all one requires; they have neither the cold neglect of a French inn, the indifference and clamour of an Italian one, or the insupportable officiousness of an English one. The Swiss have more *junketing* parties than any other people. Arrive at any hour, day or night, and one finds the inns crammed and the people stuffing their bellies.

We dined at Lutzburgh;<sup>1</sup> at the top of an isolated hill there is an old castle, which commands the town. This route is better calculated to please the farmer and the quiet landscape painter than the mineralogist or poet. The country is flat and rich, and the scenes are pleasing and tranquil: not a study for the pencil of a Salvator. About a mile from Lutzburgh we entered the canton of Lucerne. The line of demarcation between the Catholic and Protestant canton is more strongly marked by the manners and habitations of the peasants, than by any fictitious boundary prescribed by law. Poverty, dirt, and misery are the visible attendants of the former, a manifest and glaring contrast to the characteristics of the latter, where wealth, cleanliness and ease abounds. The politician must explain the causes of this melancholy difference between the adjoining countries.

The road led past Mellingen to Baden, where they passed the night. 'M. Barthélémy, formerly Secretary to

<sup>1</sup> Lenzburg.

the Embassy in London and now Minister from France to the Swiss Cantons, resides at this melancholy place.'

On July 27th they crossed the Rhine at Kaiserstuhl and went on to Laufen.

*Sunday, 28th.*—Schaffhausen is a melancholy, *triste* town. The tinkling of the bells of the church close to my room and the abominable psalmody distracted my ears and shattered my nerves. I got up many hours sooner than I intended, as *rest* was unattainable. I like rather the bells of convents; there is something cheerful in Catholicism, but these dull Protestants make religion frightful in their way of following it. The nasal melody of these devout Schaffhauseners, who are at this moment screaming themselves hoarse to chant the praises of God, would have met with little mercy if the heathen mythology were in force, as Apollo would have dispatched their discordant souls to the regions below. We went to the proper place to see the famous cataracts; they are tremendous, the noise is more powerful than artillery could make, I believe. I think the fall is about 100 feet. The river does not recover its stillness for some time after the *chute* ruffles its waters.

*Monday, 29th.*—Set off at 5 o'clock, and bid adieu to the clean cottages and bold, craggy mountains of Switzerland. We were advised against the Basle road, as it approaches so very near the French frontier that we might unwillingly have seen some skirmishes. Here the dwellings of the inhabitants resemble those of Lincolnshire, mud walls, and the inhabitants as filthy as the ground they tread on. The circle of Swabia is reckoned to be a fertile and well-cultivated country and its population proves that its peasantry are well fed. The hills are well covered with fir and oak, the remains of the old Hercynian Forest that once overspread this part of Germany from the Danube to the Rhine. The wild boar

and the wolf are the only savage animals that inhabit these regions. The clearing of the forest has very much influenced the climate of Italy; Kirwan thinks by its destruction Lombardy is become warmer. We crossed a ridge of sand hills; on the top of them I observed the rills of water to run in different directions, forming small rivulets to the north and south sides. These continue their course from their original direction. A lively imagination might fancy their lamentations at the impossibility of their ever meeting again in their native country. 'I go,' says the northern drop, 'to join the slow-flowing Danube, and quench the thirst of the heavy-paced, mechanical German, the proud, independent, but crushed Hungarian, and the lazy, ignorant, slavish Turk. In my way I shall wash the walls of Vienna, Presburg, and Belgrade, and then in company with the waters of Poland and of Russia will try to live in harmony with the waters of the Euxine Sea.' 'And I,' says the merry southern drop, 'will rush on to the rapid Rhine, wash the coast of the brave and hardy Swiss, will then avoid the once cheerful Frenchmen, and frisk down to the North Sea,' and, if he is of my mind, will avoid the chalky coast of England.

Arrived at midnight at Pallingén; I slept in a billiard room, a *meuble* neither ornamental, comfortable, nor useful.

*Tuesday, 30th.*—Hechingen, the first post from where we slept, the seat of the King of Prussia's family, the Counts of Hohenzollern. They possess a small principality, the revenues of which are 7000*l.* per annum, yet the great Frederick was descended from a younger branch of this petty prince. A lively Frenchman said, 'Parbleu, voilà un cadet qui a fait fortune.' The castle stands upon a high and steep hill. They tell a story of one of its princes seeing from its terrace the rich country of Würtemberg, and saying, 'What an addition would

the *petit* canton of Würtemberg be to the territory of Hohenzollern.' We dined there. Just entering Tübingen the country pretty : woods inclining to a valley, watered by a little rill. Tübingen appears to have been new built, but still in that terrible taste which prevails all over Lower Germany. Black beams placed crossways and the interstices filled up with plaster, high roofs, gable ends, and two or three stories of garret windows in the roof ; the whole gives a mean appearance and disfigures a town as much as the style of English architecture, though this has the superiority, as the houses have the advantage of being *spacious*. A filthy, disgusting practice prevails here, that of placing the dunghills precisely in front of their houses. In the towns they are in a line with the bench before the house, on which they sit smoking and regaling themselves after dinner ; in the villages, they are in the middle of the streets, and it requires some skill in the postillions to steer safely between them. Beyond Tübingen a noble forest of immense extent, part of the Hercynian ; it is full of fine oaks. I cannot make myself in the least understood in the language of which Pope says :—

Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,  
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

I cannot connect two words so as to form the simplest sentence. We reached Stuttgart at 12 o'clock at night.

Lord Mulgrave passed in his way to Milan : some official business carries him. Custine is sent to the Abbey [*sic*], which is the first step towards the scaffold.<sup>1</sup> Mayence fell on ye 25th.

<sup>1</sup> Custine was placed in charge of the northern army after Dumouriez's defection, but found it in such a state of disorganisation that he was unable to cope with the enemy. Condé and Valenciennes fell without him being able to give them any assistance. His ill success cost him his life.

31st July.—A Scotch gentleman of the name of Stuart, brother to Mrs. Hippisley, showed me everything to be seen. The Academy, a noble institution for young military. The Duke <sup>1</sup> was very extravagant formerly, but he has adopted many salutary reforms. The palace is very grand : it was made in his days of splendour. He has now abandoned this place and Louisbourg <sup>2</sup> and lives totally at Hohenheim, a *château* upon which he has also spent immense sums. His cruelty is checked by his Duchess, a good woman ; but his marriage with her was a *mésalliance*.

Mayence surrendered upon capitulation : ye 22nd the Prussians marched in. They endeavoured to persuade the Elector to return, but he was afraid to trust himself among his loyal subjects. Beauharnais had a bloody battle with the army of observation. He was trying to succour Mayence : victory was wavering for some hours, but he did not attain his object, consequently was defeated. We slept at Louisbourg about twelve miles from Stuttgart ; the palace and gardens are sumptuous, the Opera house is the largest in Europe. Here in former times Vestris and Noverre tripped upon the light fantastic toe to the admiration and gawky imitation of the clumsy German. To-morrow we shall reach Heidelberg.

1st August, Thursday.—Left Louisbourg at 6 o'clock. Heilbronn, a free Imperial city, very dull, and declining ; the Neckar runs by it. Open corn country. I did not visit the Tun, so extolled for its size ; I passed a most restless night on account of the myriads of little white bugs. Got to Mannheim at 12. The whole town is animated, a garrison in the town of 6000 men, bodies of

<sup>1</sup> Charles Eugène (1728–1793) who succeeded his father as Duke of Würtemberg in 1737. He was twice married, his second wife being Franziska de Bernardin, Comtesse de Hohenheim.

<sup>2</sup> Ludwigsburg.



troops passing through, couriers coming and going. All too evidently proves the vicinity to the seat of war, but though a *little* alarming, yet one feels hurried on by an interesting curiosity. The town is beautiful ; large stone buildings, fine wide streets, and all the objects cheerful and pleasing. The Gallery contains many fine pictures, some charming *Murillos* ; and good Flemish artists have contributed. The Cabinet has some beautiful specimens of mineralogy. At Valenciennes poor Tollemache <sup>1</sup> was killed in the trenches. He is Ly. Bridget's only son ; a spent bomb struck against his bowels and he expired the next day. We go to-morrow to Mayence, which I expect to find a heap of ruins.

*Saturday, Mannheim, 3rd August.*—I have been reading the *sommission* and articles of capitulation of Valenciennes. The allies have accorded the garrison in it to return to France but to be considered prisoners of war, with a promise that they will not serve until they have been regularly exchanged for other prisoners.<sup>2</sup> It is very unlikely that they should abide by this convention, and, to say the truth, were I the Government of France they *should not*. Lord Yarmouth told me a *trait* of French *légèreté* that amused me. After the D. of York's *sommission* there was a parley, during which many people came out of the town. The first intimation the Duke had that the terms were accepted was by the director of the Theatre coming to ask what piece H.R.H. would order the next day.

We left Mannheim at 10. The Elector's carriage went out of the same gate with us ; it was going to Turk-

<sup>1</sup> Lionel Robert Tollemache, grandson of Lionel, fourth Earl of Dysart, and son of the Hon. John Tollemache and Bridget, daughter of Robert, first Earl of Northington. He was in his nineteenth year.

<sup>2</sup> They were not to serve against the allies for a year. This condition, however, left them free to serve against the insurgents in La Vendée, and there they were sent.

heim to bring the King of Prussia here. Turkheim is the capital of the States of the unlucky Count of Leiningen who was seized in his palace by the Patriots, who keep him as a hostage for Camus, Beurnonville, and the other deputies delivered by Dumouriez to the Austrians. The road is all alive ; troops, recruits, baggage waggons, ammunition waggons, sick and wounded, stragglers, cavalry, all proclaim the direful din of arms is at hand. At Worms we were forced to stop ; three long hours have we already waited, not a horse to be had. The Cathedral is a large, ugly brick edifice, in which a few months ago 3000 patriots lodged. During their predatory excursion they levied hard contributions upon the townspeople to the amount of 12,000 florins.

4th August, Sunday.—Quitted Oppenheim at 6. Followed the course of the Rhine : the roads almost destroyed by the quantity of heavy artillery that had passed to the siege of Mayence. A long file of ammunition waggons looked very pretty at a distance. I was gratified with sight of *pontoons* to make a bridge. I shall become very skilful in military tactics if I remain amidst the clangour of war. A mile from Mayence upon the road a small *fascine* battery to prevent succour getting to the city. The faubourgs totally destroyed, not a house with a roof on it. Cortheim is a complete ruin ; out of 180 houses and two churches not a vestige except the stones remain. The works at Cassel, the other faubourg, are surprising. They were raised by the French, who seemed as if they meant to fix there, as they had begun to face the works with stone. A thick *abattis* remains all round the fortifications still. The town is very much damaged : the Cathedral is almost a heap of ruins, the front tower remains tottering without an atom of roof. The Electoral Palace is converted into a hospital where many victims to the folly and ambition of

their employers are languishing. *La Favorita*, a *maison de plaisance* of the Elector, is razed to the ground. We drove to Cortheim. It was a melancholy sight ; scorched walls, fields of self-sown corn grown up with weeds, unpruned vines trampled by cavalry, a houseless town, and every symptom of desolation and solitude. During the siege the French devoured horseflesh, and have consumed so many that they are really scarce ; we can get none to go on with. I talked with an *émigré*, who seems well acquainted with many of my friends. His prejudices are absurd ; he is as violent against the first Assembly as he is against the atrocious Convention.

5th of August, Frankfort.—The bridge of boats out of Mayence would frighten a timid person to cross with frisky horses ; ours did not answer that description. We took the *voiturins* to Frankfort. We met a troop of French prisoners, who looked more as if they were going to take possession of the city than of its prisons. I sat up very late from downright low spirits. I cannot bear up whenever I am alone ; there is a desponding feel that steals over my mind and prevents me from occupying myself in any way. ‘ *La mort ne vient jamais à propos,*’ someone says ; I want to die, but I do not, and I shall die (most likely) when I could dispense with it. The *Maison Rouge*, a vast pile of buildings. The whole town has a *bourgeois* air about it. It has not suffered by the French. I do not care if it does or not. Custine only took one million of florins : they can bear much more squeezing. It is said that the English fleet is at length in the Mediterranean : I have heard the report so often that I doubt the truth of it.

6th August, Frankfort.—Obliged to stay dinner, as horses were out of the question for some hours. The common route is by Hattersheim, but we were advised to

go by Königstein, as the other had been destroyed to retard the progress of the French. The road we went was dreadful ; several times I thought the carriage would have been upset. Obligated to sleep at this place (Königstein) for the old reason—want of horses. This place has been destroyed by military rage ; the houses are burnt and gutted. The French maintained themselves here two months against the allies, and then only yielded to famine. It was quite touching to see some of the hoary sons of St. Francis lamenting over the ruins of their solitary cells, their untenanted convent, and degraded altars. The hill upon which the fortress stands is isolated, and commands a fine view of the plain of the Rhine. The French surrendered to the Russians. The common people detest their old masters, and long for the return of their democratic friends, whose principles are captivating to the lower classes : every man enjoys the prospect of placing his humble cot on a level with the proud palace, forgetting that the equality can only be maintained by lowering the palace to the cot. My companion in a paroxysm threw the book I was reading at my head, after having first torn it out of my hands.

*7th August.*—Set off at 7 from Königstein ; the road insufferably bad. Austrian soldiers marching from Linz into Brabant. One poor fellow was lying on the ground roaring from the torture of a colic. I gave him money, and as we were going the same road had him placed upon the second carriage, that took him on till we overtook a baggage waggon : he was a poor Croat not twenty years old. Slept at Montabaur.

*8th August.*—Passed through a noble forest of enormous extent. Coblenz is charmingly situated upon the Rhine. We crossed the river on a *pont volant*. The *émigrés* are no longer allowed to remain in the

town ; this *foyer* of counter-revolution is at present very dull and democratic. Just out of the town we crossed the Moselle, which there falls into the Rhine. We followed the course of the Rhine to Bonn, the country rich and populous. Just before we entered Bonn, I was delighted at the sight of a very magnificent ruin of a baronial castle, with a high tower, upon a solitary rock. We slept at Bonn, which is now the residence of the Elector of Cologne, who is the uncle of the Emperor.

9th August.—Stopped at Cologne, an ugly, dirty town ; everything looked black, houses, water, faces, trees. Road to Donningen <sup>1</sup> deep sand and bad. Three miles from Dusseldorf crossed the Rhine, which is very wide and begins to lose its transparency, on a *pont volant*. The gates of Dusseldorf were shut, and we were compelled to take refuge under a very comfortless roof ; I lay upon the floor a prey to every sort of vermin, bugs, spiders, earwigs—filthy. I never was really annoyed at any *gîte* before this.

10th August.—The gallery contains some excellent pictures.<sup>2</sup> *Rubens*, *Vanderwerfs*, and some Italian masters. Twenty-five *Vanderwerfs*. Small cabinet pictures his finished, detailed style suits, but he fails when he attempts history pictures. His pendant to *Raphael's* 'St. John' shows that he did not understand *effect* ; the figure of Magdalen looks like a carving in ivory, and the hair like a flaxen wig. A game piece by *Sneiders*, a single figure in it done by *Rubens*, a *chef d'œuvre*. In general a picture painted by different hands either fails in harmony or in composition, but not this one, as each are perfect. *Sneiders*' high finishing forced *Rubens* to give more force and less glare. This

<sup>1</sup> Dormagen (?).

<sup>2</sup> The collection was removed for safety in 1805 to Munich by Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, and was never returned.

picture makes one regret that Rubens had not always some reason to paint in this energetic style. Two fine *Boths*. Fine *Berghem*. The 'Charlatan,' by *Gerard Dow*, a charmingly executed Dutch picture, as fine as the celebrated 'Femme Hydropique,' by the same hand, at Turin. The evening was rainy, and the weather very unpromising, but the whim was to go on, and on we went to Furth. When we arrived there were no beds; I and my maid sat up in a small room, and Sir G. and the servants slept as they could in the carriages.

*Sunday*.—In the road to Juliers there are works upon the road made by the French whilst they were in possession of this country. Juliers is an ugly town belonging to the Elector of Bavaria. At Aix-la-Chapelle heard the melancholy tale of the Queen's being sent to the Conciergerie. Unhappy woman! there is little hope of peace for her in this life. Gaston continues successful in Brittany. He appears to rise by magic, suddenly he advances at the head of thousands, and then as suddenly they dissolve into air. It is a pity the emigrants are not sent to succour him, but I confess I begin to fear the *liberal*, generous, and gallant Englishman looks at France with a mercantile, suspicious eye. Slept at Aix-la-Chapelle.

*12th August*.—The road to Maestricht in a shocking state. The town surrounded by works thrown up by the French when they besieged it under Miranda, early in the year, while Dumouriez invaded Holland. During the siege the *émigrés* worked the guns, and were as brave as this nation have always been. The besiegers gave up the attack. The strength of the town is prodigious. It was the work of Crehorne [*sic*], a great military tactician; it now belongs to the Dutch, always garrisoned by 8000 or 10,000 men. It is a pretty town, large, well built, and paved. Dined at Maestricht, and should



have reached St. Trond, but want of horses compelled us to stop at Tongres.

13<sup>th</sup>.—Straight long avenues and fertile country. Stopped at Louvain. In the courtyard saw English carriages, belonging to some young men who are going to Italy, Mr. Amherst, Beauclerk, and Cornwall. Near this town were fought the battles that expelled the patriots from Flanders—*Neerwinden* and *Louvain*.

*Bruxelles*.—Found a budget of letters, from T. P. and my father. Ld. H.<sup>1</sup> talks of coming to meet me ; he can be absent from the Hague only by stealth. Wrong as it will be, my inclination would get the better of my reason if I had the measure to decide upon, but as I have *not*, it must take its chance ; only I do not think he can arrive before I go. My children are perfectly well. Everything in this town is as it was *nine* years ago, when I, a little harmless innocent, used to meander among the groves of this delicious park. My father lived a year at this pretty place when I was a very young performer in life. I went to see the desolation made a few days ago by a dreadful accident in the suburb. Some ammunition waggons, to the amount of eight in number, suddenly blew up. The explosion was fatal to 100 persons ; a gentleman, lady, child, and three servants were travelling past, and must have perished, as no vestige of them or their equipage remains.

Madame de Balbi very friendly to me ; all the *beau-monde* of Paris assembled here. Ld. Elgin<sup>2</sup> is the Minister here ; he is *bien fat*, civil like a Scotchman, but on the whole I liked him better than I expected. Poor Ld. H. has a great prejudice against him. A gossiping

<sup>1</sup> Lord H. Spencer.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin and eleventh of Kincardine (1766–1841), the collector of the ‘Elgin Marbles.’ He was at Brussels from 1792 till 1795.

man, a Mr. Merrick, told me the scandal of London. He says Carlo Dolce is annoyed at the violence of Mrs. Potiphar's passion for him : she is vehement even in public.

M. de Fersen, the lover of the unhappy Queen, came to see me. He is tall and stately, and has the pretension in his manner of a favourite : *au reste*, his devoted attachment to the Queen, even more in her prison, makes him interesting. On the 6th of October he disguised himself as a *démocrate*, and cried out with the mob, 'Vive la nation,' merely that he might keep close to her carriage and protect her from any personal violence. He planned their flight from Paris to Varennes and rode postillion to the immense berlin ; had his advice been followed the whole family would have been safe.

I called upon Madame Ferraris ; she thought me grown since Vienna. Her husband is with the Duke of York. She says the Duke submits to the advice of his generals very readily, but there are two different stories upon that subject. I dined with Ld. Elgin, etc., and passed my time pleasantly among the French.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—I rose in the morning fully persuaded that I should sleep at Bruges. Ld. Elgin (who I have grown to like) very good-humouredly did his utmost to facilitate my wish of seeing Valenciennes. He gave us quantities of passports, and very *sullenly* we set off. Saw A. St. Leger. He came over, as have done many English, Mr. Windham, etc., to see the armies.

*21st. Mons.*—Passed over the plain where the dreadful battle of Jemappes was fought, which obtained to Dumouriez the full possession of Flanders. The plain is covered with newly made graves ; no skeletons, except those of a few horses were stretched about. The whole country covered with waggons and ammunition. The feeding and clothing of a great army requires skill and

combination, to the full as much as leading it on to combat. Just out of Quievrain we entered part of *old* France. The corn was standing, and did not appear to be in the least damaged. About a league from Valenciennes lies the wonderful machinery that destroyed it, a magnificent park of artillery, with immense magazines of balls, etc., guarded by a small party of Austrians encamped. A pretty sight enough.

Valenciennes is in a deplorable state, many streets are quite uninhabitable; scarcely a house standing that has not been shattered by bombs. The streets are choked up with rubbish; beams of houses half-burnt lying across. The quarter of the town through which we passed first is the most destroyed; it was the part nearest to the *globes of compression*.<sup>1</sup> The concussion occasioned by their explosion finished what forty-two days incessant fire had begun. The city walls and ramparts are crumbling from the shattering made in them with ball. We were shown very exactly by an intelligent officer the military posts, and the chief occurrences at them. The French went into the *fossée* when they abandoned the hornwork; the allies pursued them. The panic created by the explosion of the globes of compression made the assault very little perilous. The danger was when the French recovered themselves and found that all the mischief was done, they might have blown up the hornwork, as by some oversight the besiegers had not undermined them there. Sir John Shelley served as a volunteer, and gained himself credit by his gallantry. In the camp of Famars, close by, is a rude monument erected in honour of Dampierre, the citizen general, who was killed. It consists of the tree of liberty decorated with military trophies. If his fame

<sup>1</sup> Three of these were fired from covered mines, and the assault was delivered at the same moment, during the confusion caused by them.

does not survive the effigies, it will be but short-lived, as they are withering already.

The loss of *bourgeoisie* in the town during the siege is calculated at about 2,500 men, women, and children. Thousands were crammed into the vaults of the general hospital, and guards posted to prevent them from going out that they might not by their complaints and sufferings dispose the active *bourgeoisie* and the garrison to yield. The house I am now in is above two-thirds of it untenable ; the walls are perforated with balls and bombs, and there is not from top to bottom a whole pane of glass in the house. The appearance of the inhabitants denotes what they must have suffered from famine, confinement, terror, and the whole accompanying train of diseases. Yet they regret the Carmagnols, and would to-morrow assist their return. Mr. Hobart and Mr. Meyrick joined us at dinner ; they brought news of an engagement at Tourcoing, for the Duke of York was getting on to Ypres without suspecting he could meet with any impediment from the *Camp de la Madeleine*, but he found to his cost that he was interrupted. His vanguard, composed of Dutch, were attacked and forced to *replier* ; the detachment of Guards sent to reinforce them were defeated with the loss of 200 ; Colonel Bosville was killed, and many others wounded.

Whilst I was walking on the ramparts at Valenciennes, an Austrian grenadier intended to make a well-turned compliment by wishing I was his wife for the sake of a fine race of grenadiers. I received a similar compliment from one of his description at Prague. Mr. Hobart laughed mightily at the *Swager's* gallantry. When I look at the scenes around and reflect that it is the deed of man to man, how far more cruel does he appear than the lion or the tiger. We saw smoke from Le Quesnoy ; as it was invested we concluded it was a bombardment,

but as the trenches are not yet opened it could not be, therefore it must have been the French employed in burning their suburbs ! Prince Coburg is before it.

22nd.—Quitted Valenciennes at 3 o'clock. All the villages partake of the ruinous ravage of war. About a league is the superb *ci-devant* Abbaye de Vicoing, which alternately belonged to the allies and the French ; there are *breastworks* and *embrasures* in many parts round it. It serves now as a *garrison* for Austrian hussars. Very near it are the Baths of St. Amand, near which the English were unwarily surprised and beat unmercifully from a masked battery. Every cottage that fronts the road has its walls perforated for muskets. Poor wretched people ! What a condition is theirs ! friend or foe must be equally to be dreaded by them.

The road between St. Amand and Tournay was covered with baggage waggons and troops. In the dark, about 8 o'clock, I had an alarm that produced a sensation of terror far beyond any power of description to express. Just upon the plain where the battle of Fontenoy was fought, I saw about a quarter of a mile before me ten or twelve horsemen gallop across the road and range themselves under the trees of the avenue. They came from the French side of the road, and in the dusk and indistinct manner in which I saw them more than satisfied me that they were French hussars. I gave myself up for lost, and in an agony of silent despair hid my head. We approached, when, lo !—my hussars proved to be gleaners. The immense bulk of them on the horizon and their quiet motion, aided by imagination, made me see an enemy instead of a harmless band of suffering countrywomen. When we reached Tournay we found the inn full of English soldiers. Lord Huntley in the house very dangerously ill.

It is very true that the nearer one approaches the

scene of action intelligence becomes more imperfect and contradictory. Every other man we met gave us a different account ; some said the D. of York was at Ypres, others that he was at Furnes, and yet it is possible that he has been at neither place. We met the Dutch troops who ran away on the 18th ; they are going to garrison towns, as they cannot be trusted in the lines. At Menin I saw Colonel Doyle walking upon the Grande Place. He has a deep wound in his arm and a contusion on his knee. An old Dutch acquaintance of Pierrôt's<sup>1</sup> caressed him, the *greffier* Fagel's son, a great friend of Ld. Henry's. The officers advised us against going on to Ypres, as a severe cannonade had been heard that way the whole morning, but we must either have returned or gone on : I felt *queer*, not to say frightened. We passed within *two* miles of the French lines, and that is the distance for half a dozen desperate hussars to gallop to plunder. We met a Mr. Lodge, an Englishman ; he has just left Furnes, near which the armies are encamped, but he reported that they were filing off to lay siege to Dunkirk. I hear the Cabinet of Vienna are displeased at the D. of York's terms of capitulation for Valenciennes, especially as he gave up two of the deputies who had voted for the King's death, and the troops, they say, so far from abiding by their engagement of not serving again, are hurrying down towards Dunkirk. At Ypres the Austrians brought in twelve French prisoners, chiefly lads from 14 to 20 ; one of them was quite a stripling, he had been a button-maker at Lyons, but was forced to serve as a *Volunteer*. It is astonishing when we see their troops how it is they contrive to fight so well, against the bravest and best disciplined armies in the world. From Ypres the road to Furnes is within 100

<sup>1</sup> Lady Webster's spaniel.



yards of the French territory. We went close to the advanced Dutch pickets ; their disposition to run away did not allow me to rely much upon their protection. At Rousbrugge, a small village, whilst we were in it, the drum beat to arms for an outpost being driven in, and the alarm spread of the enemy. In an instant all the soldiers turned out ; a fine regiment called Loudohn Verts [*sic*].

At Furnes the town was so full that I was obliged to sit in the carriage in the middle of the Grande Place, and had no prospect of other shelter for the night. Fortunately, however, a charitable old woman who kept a little tallow-chandler's shop agreed to let me pass the night in a little sandy parlour, that literally had no other furniture than a walnut great chair and a cupboard decorated with Delft cups. There was a *bedroom*, but to keep my companion from becoming outrageously discontented I yielded it to him, and lay upon blankets, etc. upon the floor. The room was really so small that when I was extended my maid could not sit in the great chair ; she therefore passed the night in the carriage.

The evening was very agitating : we heard very plainly the roaring of the cannon at Dunkirk ; couriers were perpetually arriving with some intelligence. The whole day had been passed in attempting to dislodge the French from a wood just before the town. The news came of the death of General Dalton and Col. Elde. At night I mounted the belfry of the church ; the light from the cannon at Dunkirk was very strong, no less than five villages near it were in a blaze, the horizon was deeply dyed with a mixture of deep red flames and smoke. I never passed a more wretched night ; the idea of the bloody tragedy near, the recollection of the haggard countenances of the dying soldiers, and the possibility, even probability, that many of my friends were expiring,

made me so nervous that I could not obtain a wink of sleep. I got up unrefreshed and weary both in mind and body.

Major Doyle and all the officers I have seen express themselves with discontent at the prospect of the campaign; they think the measure of acting without the Austrians very injudicious.<sup>1</sup> They much doubt the practicability of the capture of Dunkirk. With the utmost difficulty we procured a vehicle, and with as much we waded through the deep black sand to the British camp. The distance was about six miles in all. The road is a high, narrow *chaussée* with the dunes between it and the sea. The first encampment is that of the artillery, prettily placed on each side of the canal. Thirteen dead horses lay stretched upon the road, victims of the engagement of the day before; we were obliged to stop till they were dragged away, to let the carriage pass. It was just thereabouts where Dalton fell; he was endeavouring to take a well-defended redoubt. The English camp is making; they only took the ground yesterday. I slept in the tent of Capt. Cerjat, of the Blues. I went to see the corpse of Dalton: he was lying on his side with one pale hand upon his head and the other upon his bosom, great expression of placid benignity on his countenance.

The Duke of York, on hearing of my arrival, sent to beg me to go to his tent and dine with him at headquarters. I saw poor Malbrouk, who was looking mighty well. I dined with the Duke; I felt odd being the only female among such a party of men. All the staff dined with him. The place we dined in was a large grange; his own tent he kept for his private use. He is highly

<sup>1</sup> The English army was engaged at Dunkirk, while the Imperial force besieged Quesnoy. A very large force was also required to preserve the communications between them.

incensed against the D. of Richmond<sup>1</sup> for not sending the ordnance, and to complete his vexation the artillery officers at Ostend have sent down the canals the carriages in one vessel, and the cannons in another, so that they do not arrive together. His language of censure is unqualified, and he is never much disposed to praise the D. of Richmond. After dinner I attended with H.R.H. the funeral of Col. Elde: it is an affecting sight. I was at first startled at the firing in platoons over the grave, but after the first discharge I did not mind it. There was another English officer buried, but I was low-spirited and would not go.

The Duke bid St. Leger show me the different camps, and sent me in one of his light cabriolets. In the course of the drive we were overtaken by the chaplain, who galloped and called as fast and as loud as he could. It was to make us return, for we had passed by several hundred yards the spot where a Hanoverian *vedette* had been killed by a shell, a proof that we were within reach of danger. We returned as fast as we could, and were grateful to him for his friendly interposition. We got out and walked upon the dunes, but were speedily recalled, as the *vedette* advised me not to venture, the French riflemen being such excellent shots that I might be aimed at. I should not have dreaded French cruelty to a woman, had I not the melancholy instance of the poor Queen.

I went and sat some hours with the Duke in his tent; M. de Bouillé was there. I heard a pattering noise, like rain, upon the canvas of the tent, but the

<sup>1</sup> Charles, third Duke of Richmond (1735-1806), Master-General of the Ordnance 1783-1795. 'The Duke of Richmond quitted the Ordnance, ascribing the failure to the Duke of York, and the Duke of York, or at least his friends, insinuated that it had arisen from the neglect or the malicious delay of the Ordnance' (Lord Holland's *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, i. 68).

eagerness of M. de Langereau to tell news soon destroyed that tranquil belief, for he came out of breath to say that the outposts were fighting, and were driven in, and a general attack might be expected. The Duke, who knew perfectly well what was going on, but had prudently and considerately concealed it from me, was quite angry at his indiscretion. I was panic-struck, and fairly clung to the Duke for comfort : I have wondered since how he could endure my tiresomeness. Whenever an officer whispered him and he gave an order I was in a tremor, upon which he said nothing should be done but openly, and he really gave his orders in a way that I might hear distinctly. He asked me to give the watchword, which I declined, and he with great gallantry gave *Elizabeth and Success*, or something to that purpose. The firing continued, and to prevent me listening to every volley, he ordered his band to strike up ; they played till I went. He sent me an escort of several light dragoons ; I reached Furnes safely some hours after midnight.<sup>1</sup>

*Dover, 1st December, 1793.*—Occupation and vexation prevented me from keeping anything like a journal during the whole of my stay in this odious country. I shall collect from memory all I can, whilst I sit watching the weathercock, for we are detained here by adverse winds and waves.

From Furnes we went to Ostend ; we embarked with

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to compare a letter of Mr. Elliot, of Wells, quoted in Lady Minto's *Life of Sir Gilbert Elliot*, and written on Nov. 2, from Tournay, after a visit to the Duke's headquarters. 'Almost all the persons immediately about the Duke are very young men, and as they live at headquarters, they fill his table and prevent him from inviting the general officers and colonels of regiments as frequently as it is usual for a Commander-in-Chief to do. This is one source of disgust. The youth of the circle which surrounds him occasions also a levity of manners at headquarters, hence arises a lamentable deficiency of discipline among the officers. The Duke feels this, and sometimes expresses himself hardily, when he ought to act with severity.'

Messrs. Hobart and Meyrick, and had a good passage of about twenty hours. Arrived at Grenier's Hotel on the 1st of September, and from thence went to my father's at Windsor. I had the happiness of finding him better, tolerably cheerful, but very weak. After staying a few days with him, I went to my little friends at Bignor,<sup>1</sup> all well, and happy to see me. From thence I went to Stanmer, where I was received with cordiality; Mr. Pelham was there, and of course enchanted at seeing me.

From thence I went across the country to Battle, that detested spot where I had languished in solitude and discontent the best years of my life. I lodged at the Deanery, as I had a superstitious feeling as to passing another night within the same walls which confined me so long. I saw without a particle of satisfaction all the well-known objects, and felt restless until I got out of the place, for I felt half afraid of being detained by some accident. I found Sheffield Place dreary without my old friend; her corner and chair was occupied by her old favourite, Gibbon. The whole family were affected at seeing me; towards evening we grew more comfortable.

Gibbon came out with some of his very tedious witticisms. His joke was that Lady Beauchamp<sup>2</sup> was the most unfortunate woman alive. She was for a day or two wife to the most profligate man in the world, for she was Lady Rochester; she then was wife to a traitor; and was finally become an old German Countess, declared

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Wyndham's house.

<sup>2</sup> Better known as Lady Hertford. Isabella Anne, second wife of Francis, Lord Yarmouth, who succeeded his father as second Marquess of Hertford in 1794. The first Marquess, whose stepmother was a daughter of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, was created Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford in 1750, and was raised to a Marquisate in 1793. Lady Beauchamp was daughter of Charles Ingram, Viscount Irvine, and married in 1776. She died in 1834, at the age of seventy-four.

mistress to the King—the Countess of Yarmouth.<sup>1</sup> All these changes arose from Lord Yarmouth finding a difficulty in the choice of a second title upon his father's being made a Marquis.

I went to Brightelmstone ; the Prince chose to *combler* me with every attention and civility. He gave me breakfast in his tent to show me his regiment, of which he is extremely vain. In London I passed all my mornings and evenings with the Duchess of Devonshire. In the morning we attended chemical lectures from Higgins, and in the evening I passed my time at Devonshire House.

I went to Court with Lady George Cavendish. The Queen spoke very crossly when she heard I was going to return to Florence. The King talked about Dunkirk and his son. I dined with Burke at Lady Elliot's. He was full of delight at the capture of Toulon, and burst forth in a grand strain of eloquence at the prospect of our having again the *Cocarde blanche* and the standard of royalty raised in one of the chief cities of France. He said the allies were annoyed from a little fort still held by the Republicans, but that once taken they should become masters of the country. This fort was called the Heights of St. Anne's. 'Aye,' said he, 'St. Anne's is always in the way,' alluding to Mr. Fox's opposition to the war, and his residence being at St. Anne's Hill, near Windsor.

I heard from Lord Henry, very miserable at not being able to catch me anywhere on my return, but ordered to repair immediately to Stockholm.

Lord Sheffield consulted me about marrying. I recommended him to marry Lucy Pelham ; he begged me to sound T. P., who appeared much pleased at

<sup>1</sup> Madame de Walmoden, George II.'s mistress, was created Countess of Yarmouth.



the possibility of such an event.<sup>1</sup> I think it will happen. Our parties at Devonshire House were delightfully pleasant. Lady Melbourne<sup>2</sup> is uncommonly sensible and amusing, though she often puts me in mind of Madame de Merteuil in the *Liaisons dangereuses*. The Duke of Bedford is attached to her; he is quite brutal from the *brusquerie* of his manner. He is magnificently generous to his younger brothers, and indeed to all who are in distress. He is decidedly with Mr. Fox, a circumstance that displeases the staunch courtiers. Mr. Grey is the *bien aimé* of the Duchess; he is a fractious, *exigeant* lover. Sheridan has lost his lovely wife. We made friends; he did behave abominably to me without any question two years ago. I lived also a good deal with the Duchess of Gordon; supped with her, and went to the play. I was really very much admired, improved in my manner, and a sort of fashion and novelty by coming from abroad.

My old acquaintance Sir Gilbert Elliot<sup>3</sup> is appointed joint Commissioner with Lord Hood and General O'Hara for arranging all civil concerns at Toulon and any other towns that may offer to put themselves under ye protection of the English or allies.<sup>4</sup> This Commission has

<sup>1</sup> Lord Sheffield married Miss Pelham, Thomas Pelham's sister, in December 1794. She died early in 1797.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. She married Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne, in 1769, and died in 1818. Her second son, William, succeeded to the titles, and became Prime Minister.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards first Earl of Minto. As a follower of the Duke of Portland he had ceased to co-operate with the Opposition when his leader joined the Ministry.

<sup>4</sup> Toulon was handed over by its inhabitants to Lord Hood on the condition that it should be held in trust for Louis XVII., and given back to the Royalists on the restoration of the monarchy. It was soon afterwards besieged by the Republicans under General Cartaux, who appeared before the walls on August 30. Large reinforcements swelled his force to over 30,000 men, while the numbers of the allies never exceeded 12,000. After several sorties, in one of which General O'Hara, the commander of the land forces, was taken prisoner, it was

occasioned much discussion. It is an event to engage the attention of the public, for the surrender of Toulon and the fleet in the harbour gave the allies the entire command of the Mediterranean, and it was the first place in which the standard of royalty has been raised: for at Valenciennes and other places that had been taken by force of arms, there were no declarations in favour of any party or description of that in France.

Sir Gilbert's former connection with Mr. Fox exposes him to *some* animadversion upon this occasion, for though I think *myself* that every person ought to show a readiness to resist innovation, to which Mr. Fox seems disposed to incline, yet such a disposition would be manifested with equal, if not *more* effect by a disinterested support of Ministers, than adding to that zeal the *encumbrance* of office. Fox's friends impute wholly to Sir Gilbert the rupture of the Whig party, as he used the D. of Portland's name in supporting an opinion that went against Fox; from whence the schism sprung. The D. of Portland assured Mr. Fox that Sir G. was not warranted by his consent to quote what he did. Sir Gilbert, on the other hand, declares that he was expressly desired to do so by the Duke. That there is a *lie* somewhere is certain, but whether it is from the Duke or Sir Gilbert is only known to themselves. Sir G.'s enemies say that it most probably is in him, as the D. of Portland had his eldest son, Ld. Titchfield, in the House, who had several times spoken the opinions of his father from written instructions, and that in a point of so much importance he would again have been employed in preference to Sir Gilbert, who had no other connection with the D. of Portland than that of

decided to evacuate the town, and the design was successfully carried out after burning the majority of the stores and ships in the harbour.

belonging to the party as an adherent of Mr. Fox's ; and also that it was so advantageous to Sir Gilbert to usurp the post of delegate from the D. of Portland, as it gave him a weight in the House, and entitled him to a *grateful recompense* from Ministers, in being the first to announce the disapprobation of the D. of Portland to the scanty Opposition, a point very material to them towards obtaining the public opinion, both in and out of doors. Thus has the celebrated Whig party ended to the ruin of Mr. Fox, and probably to the disadvantage of the country.

Grey is a man of violent temper and unbounded ambition. His connections were Ministerial, but on his return from abroad both parties entertained hopes of him. His uncle, Sir Harry, is a rich, old, positive, singular man, leads a retired life, but was always eager upon politics, particularly against the Coalition—an infamous thing, by-the-bye. His father, Sir Charles Grey,<sup>1</sup> is attached to Government as a military man, and is intimately connected with Col. Barré and Ld. Lansdown, who at that time supported the Ministry. Grey was elected whilst abroad, therefore not pledged to any particular party. The fashion was to be in Opposition ; the Prince of Wales belonged to it, and he then was not disliked ; all the beauty and wit of London were on that side, and the seduction of Devonshire House prevailed. Besides, Pitt's manner displeased him on his first speech, whereas Fox was all conciliation and encouragement. Grey's talents were never fairly tried till the question about the Regency ; the speeches he had made before were

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Grey, a distinguished general officer and K.B. (1783), was created Baron Grey of Howick in 1801. He was raised to an earldom in 1806, but died the following year at the age of seventy-eight. His elder brother, Sir Henry Grey, died unmarried in 1808, and the baronetcy devolved on Charles, second Earl Grey, the commencement of whose political career Lady Webster here relates.

prepared declamations. He had shown his powers of debating. Fox's illness prevented him from attending so constantly as he would otherwise have done, and Grey was frequently obliged to enter the lists with Pitt, and on that occasion he showed the strength of his understanding and his powers as a Parliamentary speaker. Notwithstanding this great success, Grey was not generally popular; his manner was supercilious, and like his rival Pitt, they both considered their abilities so transcendent that they seemed to despise experience, and treated their elders with contempt and sarcasm. Grey had often shown his ambition and impatient temper; he grew every day more violent against Pitt, and in 1791 he brought forward his plan of Parliamentary reform, conceiving it to be a measure that would be more peculiarly distressing to Pitt than any other he could bring forward.<sup>1</sup>

Grey had contracted a great friendship with Lord Lauderdale, who is one of those active, bustling spirits that will rather engage in perils, and even mischiefs, than remain in a state of insipid tranquillity. At a dinner at Lord Lauderdale's, after having drunk a considerable quantity of wine, a sort of roll of enlistment was signed, by which they pledged themselves to bring forward the reform of Parliament. Lord Lauderdale, Grey, Maitland, Francis, Courtenay, Piggott, and others were of the party. This was the origin of the *Friends of the People or Association*. Two or three attempts had been made for a reform; ye first was by Lord Auckland, but his apostacy put an end to it. This society was previously formed upon the same plan as that in which Pitt took such a conspicuous line in the beginning of his political life, at the Thatched House.

<sup>1</sup> Pitt brought forward his plan for reform in 1785.

Grey was to make the motion for reform in the House of Commons, and was weak and sanguine enough to imagine he was to have the same success; but the times were different. Ye Administration was strong and popular, and the extravagance of French patriots had alarmed all English ones, and Pitt became as popular in resisting Grey's motion for reform as he had been some years before in proposing one himself. Pitt, who knows what is called the people of England—a very different thing from knowing mankind—better than anybody, did not rest here, but determined to crush his rival by sounding a general alarm and issuing a proclamation, which indirectly was levelled at Grey and the *Friends of the People*. Grey was alarmed and vexed at the failure of this scheme and the loss of popularity. Fox was professedly kept out of all concern in this wild project, under a false and foolish idea, that if it failed he would not be involved in any disgrace that might attend its failure. However, when the motion was made and the discussion upon the Proclamation was brought forward, Grey and his friends were so overpowered in the House, that they were obliged to fly to Fox for protection, and some of them, particularly Erskine and Sheridan, excused themselves from any bad intention by saying they had professed no more than Fox had done on other occasions, and were unfair enough to say that though he had not signed his name with them, he had done more, for he had pledged himself to the public to support their principles.

These debates and those which followed upon the progress of the French Revolution and its effects on the minds of men in England, increased the schism in the Whig party, which Pitt endeavoured to take advantage of by proposing a coalition. Ld. Loughborough and Dundas were the principal negotiators.

William Wyndham, by dint of frequent applications to Ld. Egremont to get him a foreign employment, is named to Florence, in lieu of Ld. Hervey. Frederick Hervey<sup>1</sup> is very unhappy at the suddenness and mystery of the proceedings, and has set off to travel by day and night to Florence. He is with us at this moment, and to the full as impatient for a change of wind. I left town on the 29th of November, on Friday. Although I was going to my children, yet I own I felt some severe pangs at leaving behind me many to whom I am most sincerely attached.

30th.—Dined at Canterbury; Captain Thomas dined with us. Got late to Dover. We hear so much of French privateers that we have sent off an express to Admiral Peyton for a cutter to protect us.

Sailed on Monday, 2nd December, bad wind and bad day. Towards night the sea grew rough and I grew frightened. After a blowing passage, we got safe to Ostend in fifteen hours.

Tuesday, 3rd December.—Tormented by the impertinence and exactions of the people at the *Douane*. Set off at five in the evening, a *winter night*, for Bruges, which we reached with difficulty very late at night.

Wednesday.—We dined at Ghent, arrived at Bruxelles at three o'clock in the morning, cold and uncomfortable, and unnecessarily made to travel at these hours. We could get no other accommodations but the same bad ones we had before at the Belle Vue.

Thursday.—This place is crowded with people of my acquaintance, the Cholmondeleys, etc. She is in a low state, and really affected by the death of the Duchess,<sup>2</sup> who died at Lausanne. I passed the evening there. Lord Yarmouth gave us some curious details about the French

<sup>1</sup> Lord Hervey's brother, who survived him, and became fifth Earl of Bristol upon his father's death in 1803.

<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Ancaster.



prisoners ; 4000 are marched into Hungary to work in the mines. He declaimed against the obstinacy of the French who will not accede to any *cartel*, although the Austrians have offered three French in exchange for one Austrian.

The hatred between the soldiery is so great that in the hospitals the sick will not share their food, or lie in the same room. He thinks Toulon quite untenable. I went to supper at Ld. Elgin's. Nobody would credit that W. Wyndham was appointed Minister to Florence ; 'Comment donc, ce petit polisson, ce petit Jacobin.' He passed last winter here, and belonged to the Jacobin Club at Paris, and was very much slighted here. Ld. Elgin frankly told me he doubted my story, it was impossible that *such* a man could be employed.

I had a long conversation with Ld. Malmesbury,<sup>1</sup> who is going to Ath to meet the D. of York. I desired him to deliver my message, which was from T. P., to say that he would obey his instructions in Parliament, what to say about Dunkirk, etc. Ld. M.'s private opinion is that the Duke's friends ought to be silent, and leave Ministry to fight for their own measures, as they alone can be responsible. Whether the proposal originated with the Duke or at home is not material for his public character. I saw Ld. Darnley,<sup>2</sup> he is less *farouche* than he was. He has married Miss Bourke [*sic*]. I asked him how the Dss. of G. let him escape her ; he said he was naturally obstinate, and the pains she took to prevent his marrying hastened it. He is going to Berlin with Ld. M.

<sup>1</sup> James Harris (1746-1820), created Baron Malmesbury in 1788, and raised to an earldom in 1800. He was originally a friend of Fox and the Whigs, but severed his connection with that party in 1792. He was at this time on a special mission to King Frederick William at Berlin.

<sup>2</sup> John, fourth Earl of Darnley (1767-1831). He married, in 1791, Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. William Brownlow, of Lurgan.

Barnave is executed ; I am disposed to be sorry, as he latterly showed great humanity about the Queen. When condemned he spoke like a philosopher, ' Citoyens, la Revolution tue les hommes, mais la postérité les jugera ' ; but he died like a coward, he scuffled when they tried to fasten him to the fatal plank. Ld. Moira is sailed to take the command of the army.<sup>1</sup> Lord Howe is out, and probably gone very far to the westward, as a frigate was brought in that had been taken off Ushant. Ld. Malmesbury thinks he shall not succeed in his attempts to obtain La Fayette's release. He *has no instructions whatever from Ministry*, and all must be done through his own influence. The Duchess of Devonshire suggested the measure to him : she did not intend writing a letter herself to the Empress of Russia to beg her interference on behalf of the poor captive, but all will be fruitless. I went in the evening to the Baron de Breteuil's.<sup>2</sup> He is in excellent spirits, and very sanguine about Lord Moira's expedition. He praises d'Hervilly, who is the chief instigator of the scheme.

*Saturday.*—I had a narrow escape of being burnt in my bed last night. A very strong smell of burning made me uneasy, and I examined the room ; upon taking up some of the floor we discovered that the beams near the hearth were burnt to cinders.

I dined at Ld. Elgin's. Just as the dinner ended Ld. Malmesbury returned from Ath with Lord Herbert.<sup>3</sup> I went and passed the evening in Ld. M.'s apartments ;

<sup>1</sup> He was appointed to command the expeditionary force sent to assist the Royalist insurgents in La Vendée. The undertaking was a failure, and the troops returned without effecting anything decisive.

<sup>2</sup> Ambassador at St. Petersburg and afterwards Louis XVI.'s Minister for the Home Department. He emigrated at the time of the Revolution, but returned under the Empire.

<sup>3</sup> George Augustus, afterwards eleventh Earl of Pembroke (1759–1827). He was at this time in command of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, but returned home on the death of his father in 1794.

I wrote by a messenger just going off. It was odd enough that Ld. Herbert sat *tête-à-tête* with me from 8 to 12. He joined with me in lamenting the Duke's unpopularity, which he ascribes partly to his ungracious manners, and partly to the bad character of many who are about him. He is the first man I have yet seen who seems to speak with candour about French armies, neither with extravagant praise or censure: that they may be hated is fair, but no military man can despise them.

*Sunday*.—Wrote letters home and saw company; dined at the Cholmondeleys—very dull. Saw Prince Coburg at the play—a heavy hero. Supped at Mde. de Balbi's.

*Monday*.—Left Bruxelles. Slept the first night at St. Trond. Ld. Darnley passed through and left me a letter from T. P.: there is no official news of Lord Howe's successes. The *pavé* is intolerably rough; I could not hold a book to read in the carriage.

*Saturday, 14th, Remagen*.—Set off at 8 o'clock. Six hundred Carmagnol prisoners had slept in the town, and quitted it about the time we did. I never beheld more miserable objects; many of them were boys of fifteen and sixteen years old, crying from cold and nakedness, walking upon the hard flints barefooted; others, sick and wounded, were huddled upon each other in small carts. I tried to convey them some money, but the *impitoyable* Austrian corporal took all for himself. Reached Coblenz to dine; uncommonly well lodged at the Hôtel de Trèves. This place, which was enlivened a year ago by the residence of the Prince and all Versailles, is now tranquil, even to dulness. The situation of the town is pretty, and the fortress of Ebreinstein<sup>1</sup> is finely placed.

<sup>1</sup> Ehrenbreitstein.

15<sup>th</sup>.—My early exertions seldom succeed: I was up in time to rouse the lark. It was scarcely light when we got into the carriages, but by the laziness of the people at the *pont volant* we did not leave the city until 9 o'clock. Unfortunately, in quitting the town we took the road to Nassau. I verily believe since the Creation no four-wheeled carriage ever went upon such a road, unless Pluto conveyed his reluctant bride in his infernal car, for it seems to lead to his dominions only. The country is ugly; the want of population, so unlike every other part of Germany, is remarkable. Since I saw the Sussex downs I have seen nothing more disconsolate. Upon a bare hill an immense flock of sheep were feeding; they relieved the eye from the hopeless sterility around. The breed of sheep is remarkably small; they are even less than those in Wales, and it equals the Welsh mutton in flavour. After many hairbreadth escapes we at length re-entered the habitations of men: we descended a very steep hill upon a narrow road, which was very slippery nor had it the protection of a *garde-fou*, till we came to a smart little town, charmingly situated upon the Lahn and surrounded by fantastically shaped hills covered to the summit either with vines, or what in summer must form thick foliage.

Just entering Nassau there are ruins of two such picturesque castles! How I longed for a pencil to sketch their mouldering walls ere the rude blast of winter shall destroy their antique forms! Perhaps they may have been the residence of a haughty baron with a proud line of ancestry enough to make Dan Prior say:—

Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?

But, alas! with the heroes he commemorates they are gone by. Their ruined walls scarcely afford a shelter to a wretched goatherd and his shaggy flock.

The night of the 15th was spent at Neustadt, and from thence the road lay by Schwalbach to Mayence.

17th.—We determined to go on to Mannheim without resting, but I believe the lot of rash determinations is to be controverted, for before we reached Oppenheim, ye first post, the spring of my carriage snapped, and I bumped into the town in that *delabré'd* state. That place is now the *Quartier-Général* of some Prussian officer. There are stores in abundance, and a bridge of pontoons across the river for the facility of transporting the troops. We tied up the springs and got to Worms.

18th.—Reached Mannheim early in the day. The fortifications are put in the most trim state, the embrasures cut sharp and neat, the walls new-faced, and the ditches filled. The prettiest toy in grown life is the whole apparatus of military preparations, and I am not astonished at all young sovereigns liking war. If they have any sense, the evil is soon manifested, and they get cured by it. The Palatines have made an alteration in their dress: the *crinières* to the helmets were formerly white, but at the siege of Mayence when they worked in the trenches at night the white betrayed them to the enemy. Sir Benjamin <sup>1</sup> has certainly adopted many saving schemes in his system, but he has dressed the Bavarian officers like paupers.

19th.—So fatigued from the roughness of the roads that I lay down till dinner. The news from Toulon (if true) is very bad. The French beat the allies in a sortie, killed many English, and made prisoners of General O'Hara <sup>2</sup> and the Spanish Lieut.-Colonel. Poor O'Hara will end his merry life under the guillotine, as the *savages*

<sup>1</sup> Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford. See *ante*, p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> General O'Hara was wounded and taken prisoner in the attack on Fort Mulgrave. He was taken to Paris, and imprisoned in the Luxembourg until his exchange for General Rochambeau in August 1795.

will retaliate upon him the murder of one of the deputies from the Convention or army commissioner taken in Toulon. Ld. Moira and the emigrants are waiting at Jersey. It is yet a secret where the descent is to be made in France. People are grumbling at Ld. Howe's inactivity. The garrison of Landau, so far from intending to capitulate, replied to the summons, " Que les Français ne cèdent jamais."

Met Mr. Nott, whom I formerly knew in Switzerland. He came with an Irish Lord Longford; they are going to pass the winter at Neufchâtel.

*Brucksal*, 21st.—The roads extremely bad from Heidelberg. It was merely perverseness that made us come on them, for we knew the road to Heilbronn to be good.

22nd.—Met 800 Austrians, fine strong men, though rather, for Germans, undersized. The interesting and brave little army of Condé have done wonders, but they are compelled to go into winter cantonments. Three hundred gentlemen fell in the course of two months, and nine out of one family are wounded. The Duc de Bourbon distinguished himself, and his son, the Duc d'Enghien, proved himself a worthy descendant of the *grand* Condé. Alas, what strange vicissitudes in their fortunes! Reached the post before Stuttgart early.

23rd.—Detained at Stuttgart: the horses were all employed with the army. The Duke of Würtemberg died since I was last here. His successor<sup>1</sup> is wrangling with his excellent widow about jewels, etc. The late Duke's life would, if it were written, make an extraordinary romance. His amours were numerous, and to make them notorious he made the ladies who had

<sup>1</sup> Louis Eugène, brother of the preceding Duke. He only lived until 1796, when he was succeeded by a third brother, Frederick Eugène.



received his *homage* appear at his Court in *blue shoes*. Mr. Stuart read me some letters he has received from France. The situation of the English at Nancy is quite deplorable. They were much frightened about a month ago ; there was an alarm about the French ; the inhabitants ran off. The finest old hock might have been purchased for four florins a bottle.

23<sup>rd</sup>.—Left Stuttgart with the intention of reaching Ulm at night ; rather an arduous undertaking in December, without a moon, and the distance of four and a half *German* posts. We travelled on prosperously until eleven o'clock, when I proposed stopping, as I suffered much pain from my chest in consequence of a blow, and it was sore from a blister Farquhar had put on. But the fates were adverse and such good fortune as *rest* was not my lot. Even though we could not get post-horses, we set off with those belonging to some peasants, poor wretched animals exhausted by the labour of the day ; it was really cruel to drag them out of their wretched shed, but it was as hard almost upon me. The consequence was that they could hardly get on ; those to the servants' carriage fell from weakness every five yards. At the top of a bleak hill *l'essieu* of our chaise, from a violent jolt, was broken. All hopes of advancing were useless, so we adopted the only method of getting on : we got into the servants' carriage and left Josephe with the broken vehicle, and got on with the other as well as we could to Ulm. A smart frost came on, and the road, which was before soft mud, became a hard incrustation of ice. Got to Ulm at seven in the morning.

The twenty-fourth of December I passed in my bed ; as I only got into it at eight o'clock in the morning, I thought myself entitled to a full twenty hours' repose.

From Ulm they took the road to Memmingen, which they reached on the evening of the 25<sup>th</sup>.

A very neat, pretty town ; the inhabitants are free and rich. The *aubergiste* had lived seven years at Lyons. With tears in his eyes he said upwards of forty of his friends had been guillotined.

The next night was passed at Kempten.

The town is odd and pretty, and I have a fancy that it resembles the German towns in America and other colonies. Enclosures for cattle between the houses like early settlers, and an air of frugality and neatness throughout the whole. The houses in the neighbourhood are very Swiss-like, being chiefly constructed of wood, with shingle roofs, on which large stones are laid to prevent their being carried off by high winds. So much wood grows in the country that the inhabitants employ it in building their cottages and fencing their enclosures. The Bishop is a Prince of the Empire, and assists at the Diet of Ratisbon. Flax grows in the neighbourhood, and linen is manufactured. Much of what the soil produces must be consumed by the inhabitants, as they have no navigable rivers to transport their productions to a distance. Perhaps they are happier without the facility of intercourse ; for commerce introduces luxuries, and they again create new wants, which to supply commerce must be extended, and the love of gain soon destroys the love of ease. This goes to the destruction of morality and that charming simplicity of manners.

Passing Füssen, they entered the Tyrol, and reached Innspruck on the 28th.

I have been very negligent in my journal ; the intense cold benumbed my faculties in the Tyrol. I was much shocked at Roveredo by hearing rather suddenly of the death of the Duchesse de Polignac. She fell a victim to her attachment to the Queen. Even her

rivals—for enemies she had none—admitted that her affection was most disinterested; that she loved the person, not the dignity, of her unhappy friend. The death of the King threw her into violent convulsions that brought her into such a state of debility that three attempts to quit Vienna were ineffectual. The murder of the Queen filled up the measure of her grief: she sank under it, and only languished in horrible sorrow a short time. She expired in the arms of Vaudreuil. At Vienna when I saw her she gave me the idea of a person labouring under the weight of woe, which she struggled to conceal that she might spare her friends the anguish of seeing she suffered. She was lovely, features and countenance perfect, figure short and not light; her manner simple and serious, character rather grave. The brilliant situation her intimacy with the Queen put her into was always repugnant to her inclinations, and she oftentimes, and with sincerity, regretted that the difference of rank prevented her the enjoyment of retired, unsuspected, and unenvied friendship.

Upon the road we heard rumours of the capture of Toulon, but I could not and would not credit them. However, at Trent it was confirmed with many particulars. At Verona we found Ld. and Ly. Henry Fitzgerald;<sup>1</sup> she was suddenly brought to bed there.

Hervey passed us in the night on his return; he carried back with him the dispatches relating to the loss of Toulon. On the 18th the French made a general attack; the outposts were abandoned, and the allies forced to fly. In the evacuation 8000 of the inhabitants were saved and conveyed to the combined fleets. Previous to their quitting the town a train was laid to blow up the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Henry Fitzgerald (1761–1829), fourth son of James, first Duke of Leinster. He married, in 1791, Charlotte, Baroness de Ros in her own right.

ships of war ; many were destroyed, but still many remain.

Just beyond Mantua we met three English officers who had been at Toulon, Messrs. Mathews, Wemyss, and Featherstone ; they complained (as all English officers do) of hard duty and bad commanders. They said, what was likely to be true, that the retreat was ill-conducted, and that not a fifth part of what might have been destroyed has perished. O'Hara was taken prisoner from his own inactivity and despondency. He was deceived in his expectations : everything at Toulon was represented in the most favourable light—the valour, zeal, and unanimity of the allies, the strength and excellence of the British forces, the loyalty of the natives, etc. But how different was the truth ! The allies all quarrelling ; the British army (if such a word is not a satire upon a few hundreds) brave but refractory and headstrong, as they all are when they have arms in their hands ; the inhabitants so disaffected that at every sortie great care was taken to prevent their shutting out the allies whenever the Carmagnols gained an advantage ; the peasantry equal Republican ; nor did the allies possess an inch beyond the glacis of the town.

*Florence, 10th January.*—On the 8th of January I arrived here, and found to my supreme delight both my dear children perfectly well. Webby surprisingly improved. The baby is as perfect a *lazzarone* as the Chiaia ever produced : in the first place, he has the appetite and digestion of a Neapolitan. He is a nice child, but far from pretty. I found no less than five letters cautioning me strongly against going to Naples with the baby, as there rages in the town a malignant species of small-pox, to which 7000 infants have fallen victims, and amongst them poor Lady Plymouth's infant.

In consequence of these warnings I have determined

upon performing the operation of inoculation here, and Dr. Gianetti did it this morning. The consciousness of being under the same roof with my dear children gives me a sort of tranquil delight, that my mind and spirits are quite calm : I even feel happy. The siege of Landau is raised. The French are successful everywhere, and will not be conquered by our vain taunts and boasts ; they verify what they say of themselves : ' Que la France ne sera jamais domptée, que par la France.' This opinion is in the first page of my political creed, hence I was sanguine when I heard they had raised the standard of counter-revolution *themselves*.

The alarm here is very great ; in the same proportion as that increases so does hatred and contempt for the English, whom they justly accuse of having compelled them to break their neutrality, and then promised support.<sup>1</sup> Manfredini told me that England will cause the ruin of Italy, whereas *he* could have saved it by temporising measures.

14th January, Florence.—The accounts from Paris make one shudder. The guillotine is active, and hundreds daily perish by that horrible machine of death. It is reported that a body of 25,000 men are advancing to meet Lord Moira. In consequence of this intelligence, the transports that came into Portsmouth are to sail immediately, and the officers have received orders to re-embark. The army that had taken possession of Noirmoutier have landed on the Continent and are marching up the south side of the Loire. Prince Coburg is marching towards Landrecies and Maubeuge to keep the army of the north in check.

Pondicherry is besieged and soon will fall into the hands of the English.<sup>2</sup> No official account from the

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, pp. 47, 55.

<sup>2</sup> As soon as the news of the outbreak of war between England and France was received in India, the English took possession of all the

West Indies since the first landing at St. Domingo.<sup>1</sup> It is said that the Spanish proclamation is totally different from ours, in which they offer to take the island for Louis XVII. The jealousy between the English and Spaniards at Toulon was glaring, and violent enough to impede the success of any undertaking that required mutual exertions. As far as my feeble judgment carries me, I do not think the allies are taking the most effectual means to obtain their object. The want of vigour and consistency in our Ministry forces an opinion of their feebleness upon the princes, and must make them distrust their intentions. The declarations at St. Domingo and at Toulon are certainly very different, and I hear that Lord Moira's is different from either. He declares in favour of monarchy, professing not to interfere in internal arrangements, at the same time disclaiming that monarchy which was established by that '*Risible Constitution*' in 1789. Why call *that* constitution *risible* which Lord Hood made in some measure the ground of a negotiation at Toulon? This declaration Lord Moira read at dinner at Portsmouth, together with a declaration from the British Army to their *confrères d'armes* in Brittany.

The inoculation has not taken effect, therefore the poor baby is again to undergo the operation. He is too pure to be corrupted.

*Sunday, 19th January.*—Ld. Hervey lives a good deal with me. He seems to dislike his recall, and talks of going again into the Navy, where, by-the-bye, he is small French factories. Lord Cornwallis, the Governor-General, also made preparations to besiege Pondicherry, but the fortress capitulated to the troops under Colonel Braithwaite before he arrived upon the scene. The town was restored to France in 1816.

<sup>1</sup> St. Domingo was taken over in September 1793, by a force from Jamaica, at the request of the inhabitants of Jeremie and other towns, to be held under British protection until the conclusion of a general peace.



very unpopular. W. Wyndham's appointment is not much relished, as the Court want a steady, reasonable man, disposed to soothe matters, and, God knows, poor W. is not capable of filling that post.

Ld. H. implies his love for Ly. B. I shut my ears, as I abhor those sort of confidences.

24th January.—Caught a violent cold, which confined me to my bed several days.

3rd February.—Henry has passed through the small-pox very prosperously. The Austrians have been forced to abandon Fort St. Louis, which they took in conjunction with the Prussians last November. In less than eight days the French have regained the whole extent of territory the allies fought for inch by inch for this whole campaign.

Pondicherry has surrendered, and shortly the French flag will not fly in India. These distant successes alter very little the public opinion. Great alarms are entertained about Flanders; the Carmagnols are gathered in a point ready to invade it again.

Ld. G. Leveson-Gower<sup>1</sup> and Ld. Holland came here the day before yesterday. The first I knew at Dresden. He is remarkably handsome and winning; a year or two ago he created a great sensation at Paris, when Ly. Sutherland introduced him as her *beau beaufrère*; she also initiated him in the orgies of gambling, an acquisition he has maintained. *Les mauvaises langues de Paris* said she was in love with him; but that was a

<sup>1</sup> Lord Granville Leveson-Gower (1773–1846), afterwards created Viscount and Earl Granville, son of Granville, first Marquess of Stafford, by his third wife, Lady Susannah Stewart, daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Galloway. He was Ambassador to Russia in 1804, and married, in 1809, Lady Henrietta Cavendish, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire.

His half-brother, George Granville, who succeeded to the titles on Lord Stafford's death in 1803, and was later created Duke of Sutherland, married, in 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right.

calumny. Ld. H. is not in the least handsome; he has, on the contrary, many personal defects, but his pleasingness of manner and liveliness of conversation get over them speedily. He is just returned from Spain, and his complexion partakes of the *Moresco* hue. He is now in better health. He has a very complex disorder, called an ossification of the muscles in his left leg. Fontana says it is a malady of which there are many instances in the brute as well as the human race. It arises from the calcareous and phosphoric matter, designed for the formation of the bones, being deposited on the flesh and muscles. The original cause of the malady is unknown, but it is probably from the weakness of the vessels destined to secrete this substance from the blood. When the ossification becomes general it is, of course, fatal. There are instances of the brain being indurated. A dissolution of the bones is likewise a very dreadful thing. La Condamine died of it.

They dined with us, as did Capt. Montgomery, a natural son of Ld. Pembroke's. We all went to the Cocomero, and returned here to supper. Ld. H. quite delightful; his gaiety beyond anything I ever knew; full of good stories. He seems bent upon politics, and, with his eagerness, I think it is lucky he is out of the way of saying foolish, violent things.

5th.—I went this morning to the Cabinet Physique with Fontana. He showed me the details of his astonishing *homme de bois*. It is composed of 3000 pieces of wood that take off from the surface; beneath there are a variety of others which mark the veins, arteries, etc. In all there are 250,000 different pieces of wood.<sup>1</sup> Prince

<sup>1</sup> Lord Holland, in his *Miscellaneous Reminiscences (Further Memoirs of the Whig Party)*, states that the work was said to be that of Fabroni, the Sub-Director of the Museum, though Fontana always exhibited it as his own.

Louis d'Arenberg passed the evening with me ; he is very amusing.

6th.—An order is published this day that expels all the French domiciliated here who have arrived since the 15th January, 1793. The pretext is a scarcity of corn, the price of which has been considerably augmented since the great exportation to France last year. Fontana dined with us ; he tired me so much upon French politics that I quitted the room from downright *ennui*. In the evening Ld. Hervey brought Sir G. Elliot ; they are just come from Leghorn. Sir G. was shipwrecked in sight of port, but assistance was so near that no danger ensued.<sup>1</sup> He was on his return to Toulon. He is trying to obtain from this Government a permission to allow the poor Toulonese emigrants to reside here.

12th Feb.—The Toulonese are permitted to reside in Tuscany. The King's speech is very warlike, though nothing declaratory about the restoration of monarchy in France. The Duke of Portland supports the war most strenuously. Mr. Windham withholds himself from office, much as his friends urge him to accept a post that he may share the responsibility of measures which he promotes and supports. This is the stale plea of those who accept places and profess disinterestedness. Windham, Tom Grenville, and Pelham, when I left England, called themselves the *Virtuous Triumvirate*, and determined not to take office, from the idea that they could more effectually serve the Government by convincing the public that they quitted Opposition merely from a conviction of the wisdom of maintaining the

<sup>1</sup> The *Amphitrite* frigate was wrecked on its passage from Porto Ferraio, in Elba, to Leghorn. Sir Gilbert writes on January 31, 1794, to Lady Elliot, 'I was yesterday shipwrecked, but nevertheless I arrived at Leghorn without even having wetted my feet' (*Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot*).

measures of Administration than from the inducement of holding a place.

14th.—Surprise and embarrassment have completely overset me. Oh ! what vile animals men are, with head-strong passions. Now ! I have heard from the lips of one who affects morality and domestic virtues maxims that would revolt all but the most depraved. ‘*Pécher en secret, n’est point pécher.*’ I told him it savoured of his Jesuitical education. His justification was that a singular combination of events arose to create a passion, where, in truth, so little could be expected in return. His long absence from home, perfect seclusion, and the strong impression of delight at meeting a countrywoman who brought back the remembrance of past scenes—this complicated feeling made him deck the object who revived the recollection in glowing colours, and in him created a violent and, I hope, a transitory alienation from sense and propriety. Distress, awkwardness, and good-nature united made me act like a fool, but I was obliged to be peremptory latterly, as he proceeded to downright violence. One night coming from the Pergola I was compelled to get out of the carriage to avoid his pressing importunities. However, his last words were, ‘Be *kind and discreet.*’ He is in great alarm at his wife’s knowing this *écart*, as he affects great conjugal felicity.

According to Sir G. Elliot’s account the retreat from Toulon must have abounded with affecting situations of distress and wretchedness. In the midst of the conflagration of the ships in the harbour, houses, magazines, etc., three small boats heavily laden with women and infants approached the *Victory* (Admiral Ld. Hood’s ship), near which they tossed up and down in speechless agony, not daring to ask the relief which they needed so much, but expressing their entreaties with uplifted hands and deep groans. What anguish ! A merciless

enemy behind, a vast expanse of dreary sea before, and not a friendly shore to land upon. Although the ship was already filled by hundreds of refugees, yet Sir Gilbert persuaded Ld. Hood to admit these. He landed at Corsica, which he describes as being in a curious situation, unlike any country in civilised Europe. The whole country up in arms, without discipline or officers, yet alert and obedient. Paoli is their chief, who without possessing any superior abilities has the talent of conciliating and governing the people. His word is a decree, his power patriarchal, a compound of sovereign and parental authority. The natives have offered to put themselves under the protection of England, and Sir G. is occupied in promoting this, as he wants to be made Governor. They offer to expel the French if they can gain assistance. They are a hardy, bold, and intrepid race, every Corsican esteeming himself equal to his companions. This notion gives them a bold freedom, especially when political affairs are discussed, when they look upon themselves as entitled to be auditors at least.

I have again heard ——'s last words, 'I love you, for my passions are stronger than my reason: your being good, gentle, and handsome justify me: for the sake of others be discreet.' I will indeed! Rochefoucauld lay upon my table: he opened it at the 514th maxim, which he observed was fallacious, and gave himself as a contradictory proof, 'On passe souvent de l'amour à l'ambition; mais on ne revient guère de l'ambition à l'amour.'

On February 15, 1794, the Websters left Florence on their way to Rome, taking the road which passes Siena and Lake Bolsena. After a stay of two days at Rome, they left on the 22nd for Naples.

*Florence, June 10th.*—Reached Naples on the 26th February. Lodged at Severino's. For the whole six

or seven weeks I passed in that lovely spot I had not activity enough to occupy myself in any way but in lounging and talking. Ly. Bessborough and Ly. Spencer were there. A numerous band of young Englishmen from college; gambling and gallantry filled up the evenings and mornings. My favourite, Ld. G. Leveson-Gower, used often to come to me in the evening, as I sat at home a good deal on account of my *grossesse* and disliking the card parties. His companion, Ld. Holland, is quite delightful. He is eager without rashness, well bred without ceremony. His disposition and turn of mind are reckoned very like his uncle, Mr. Fox: his manner resembles his maternal uncle, Colonel Fitzpatrick. His politics are warm in favour of the Revolution, and his principles are strongly tinged with democracy. It is the brilliant side, and apparently the honest one; all young men are hit by it at first, but when they see more of the world they cure of their honesty and love of liberty. But he would lament with all the reasonable men should revolutionary doctrines obtain in England, as he thinks the actual form of government the best suited to the country. Though so zealous, he is totally without any party rancour; in short, he is exactly what all must like, esteem, and admire. His spirits are sometimes too boisterous, and may occasionally overpower one, but he is good-humoured enough to endure a reproof.

His bosom friend, Mr. Beauclerk,<sup>1</sup> is far from resembling him in any one amiable point of view: he is silent and sulky, and when he opens it is to tease his friend.

<sup>1</sup> Charles George Beauclerk (1774-1846), only son of Topham Beauclerk and Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough. He married, in 1799, Emily Charlotte, daughter of William Ogilvie, Esq. and Emilia Mary, widow of James, first Duke of Leinster.



I am told, however, that he is remarkably sensible, good-humoured, and pleasing to those who know him, but this must be taken upon trust, as he is the counterpart of Lord Burleigh in *The Critic*. He is deeply in love with Ly. B., and abhors Ld. Granville, who is his rival. I understand that I am odious to him; *je me venge* in feeling as much against him as he possibly can towards me. Mr. Marsh<sup>1</sup> is very sensible; he is one of the very few *rational* beings I met with. I carried him to Italinski one day, who was mightily pleased with his scholarship and conversation: he also lived much with me. Ld. Morpeth improves the more he is known; I always liked him.

I never saw Lady Ann Hatton before, and to my surprise found her in company with Ly. Plymouth, who is the great retailer of anecdotes against this slippery Hibernian, and whom she declared against receiving. Her face is not regularly handsome, her figure enchanting, an airy nymphlike form as youthful as a Hebe. She is, however, past thirty considerably. Her sister, Ly. E. Monck, is divinely beautiful; her head is angelic.

Ld. Digby<sup>2</sup> fell in love with Ly. Bruce, who only coquets with him. He is good-humoured, and full of good useful sense. There was a bad lot of drinking Irish, with Ld. Tyrone and Mr. Jefferies at their head, but I knew little of them. Mr. Brand continues his *belle amitié* for me, rather sentimentally tiresome when he gets upon that topic. Italinski as usual. Drew delighted to see me. He is discontented with the Bess-

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Matthew Marsh, a great friend of Lord Morpeth and his family. He took orders in 1799, and became Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury and Rector of Brinkworth, and later of Winterslow, in Wilts.

<sup>2</sup> Edward, second and last Earl Digby. He was born in 1773; succeeded his father in the titles in 1793; and died unmarried in 1856.

boroughs. Ld. Berwick behaved shockingly to poor Ly. Plymouth : she is very unhappy. He speaks to her and of her with the most disrespectful familiarity. The Hamiltons were as tiresome as ever ; he as amorous, she as vulgar.

I made an excursion to Sorrento with Ld. Holland and Italinski : we slept there. I was terrified at crossing the bay. On my return I was foolish enough to get out of the boat on the Portici shore, and return home in a *calecino*.

A book just published by Sir William Hamilton. He got Italinski to correct the English, upon which Mr. North said, ' He has made the Knight as clear as day.'

Ld. Henry took his seat in Parliament, and made a maiden speech which I hear from other quarters was esteemed very good. He said he was terrified at the silence of the assembly. His friend Canning has decidedly abandoned his patron and friend Sheridan, and is coming into Parliament under the auspices of Mr. Pitt. Ld. H. regrets this precipitation ; though he of course likes him to act on his side, yet he thinks the law would have been a more certain friend to him than the favour of a Prime Minister. Wallace<sup>1</sup> has totally failed in speaking, and his principles out-Herod Herod, for the Ministers could not support him in some assertion he made as to the King's power of landing foreign troops without the consent of Parliament. This heresy to the British Constitution was in consequence of some Hessians landing from the Isle of Wight.

During my stay at Naples I went, as I was told, at the peril of my life, to see Baron d'Armfeldt, who it seems

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Wallace (1768-1844), created Baron Wallace of Knaresdale in 1828. He was a supporter of Pitt, and at this time member for Grampound.

is pursued by the Regent of Sweden, the Duke of Sudermania. He is accused of having formed a conspiracy to murder him, and obtain the keeping of the minor King's person. Be this as it may, he has been demanded of the Court of Naples by that of Sweden formally to be delivered up as a fugitive rebel, but the Queen is interested about him, and has him concealed. The Swedish emissaries are active in their search, and have several times fired at him, and once at a person getting out of his carriage, whom they mistook for this supposed delinquent. The accusation is black, but the truth of it uncertain. Ld. Henry laughs at me for calling him 'The Victim': he is at Stockholm, and can judge of the story. I passed a pleasant day at Cumæ with the Palmerstons. I took Italinski, Mr. Marsh, and Ld. Holland in my carriage. We were joined by Count Rumford, etc.

At Rome, which I reached early in May, or, I believe, towards the middle of April, I lived in the Villa di Matta, a charming situation upon the Pincian Hill overlooking the city, and commanding a grand view of the distant hills and Campagna. Almost the whole of our Neapolitan set was there, with the exception of Lords Digby, Boringdon, G. Leveson, who for reasons best known to themselves fled the enjoyments of Italy to fulfil some dull, unimportant duties in England, where nothing short of compulsion shall ever drag me.

We all made an excursion to Tivoli, Bessboroughs, Ld. Grandison, and the young men. I conveyed Ld. Holland, Mr. Marsh, and Beauclerk. We lodged at a nobleman's villa, took our own provisions and cook, and passed our time with jollity. Lord Bessborough grew very cross, and from a fit of jealousy about Mr. Beauclerk, compelled us all to return to Rome, and disquieted our mirth. We got back late at night. I had seen

Tivoli the year before : a charming group of cedars in the garden of the family d'Este. In the course of our evenings Ld. H. resolved to make me admire a poet, of whom I had heard but little, Cowper : he is excellent, and amply repaid the labour of reading many hundred lines in blank verse, many of which are inharmonious. Mr. Marsh used to read to me Murphy's translation of Tacitus. A sharp fit of gout, brought on by drinking Orvieto wine, did not increase the good temper of my companion ; decorum, not inclination, made me keep at home. My evenings were agreeable ; *he*, however, did not mar my comfort by partaking of my tranquil society, Went out every morning with Ly. B. Ld. Holland's delightful spirits cheered us so much that we called him *sal volatile*, and used to spare him to one another for half an hour to enliven when either were melancholy.

I saw the Pope<sup>1</sup> give his benediction to a kneeling and believing multitude. The sight was imposing. He is an excellent actor ; Garrick could not have represented the part with more theatrical effect than his present Holiness. I was grievously disappointed at the *Miserere*, the composition of Pergolesi, sung by differently modulated voices in the Sistine Chapel. The illumination of the great cross inside St. Peter's was very striking : the effect of the light upon the monumental effigies raised the painful recollection of death, the *sombre* of the objects and the locality inspired melancholy. We went about to various chapels, where we found many a debauched fair one in the comely attire of matronly humility, expiating in penance and prayer many a dear sin, for the sole purpose of beginning a fresh catalogue of the cherished crimes. I saw occasionally the old Santa Croce, Cardinal Bernis, etc., etc., but Ly. Bessborough,

<sup>1</sup> Pius VI.

Ld. Holland, Messrs. Marsh, Brand, etc., were those I lived habitually with.

I became very eager to get to Florence, as I received an account from Mrs. Wyndham of her arrival, and her being installed in her diplomatic functions. I parted with regret from Ly. Bessborough, who is to return by Loreto to England. I went the Perugia road to Florence, and arrived late in the night at Florence.

My first impulse was to seek with eagerness my little friend, but to my surprise I found her in a state of despondency that checked my joy. She abhors the prospect of residing here, and looks back with regret to England, and even to Bignor, which, whilst there, she detested. With some difficulty I contrived to make my house tolerably comfortable. It is a palace belonging to the family of Ginori, but not calculated for English habits, as it contains only three fireplaces, and *I* have not one of the three; my tormentor has one, the nursery and a sitting-room the others. Lord Holland and Mr. Beauclerk passed a few days here on their way to Venice. Ld. H. assured me he came merely to make me a visit. The Palmerstons and Ly. Spencer came for a few days. Sir G. Elliot came over from Corsica to pass a few days.

On the twelfth of June I was brought to bed of a little girl, christened by Mr. Penrose at Wyndham's: her name is Harriet Frances.<sup>1</sup> Lady Bessborough, Mrs. Wyndham, and Wyndham were the sponsors. A few days before her christening Ld. Holland returned from Venice; he came to await the arrival of Lord Wycombe,<sup>2</sup> who joined him a few days after. Lord

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lady Pellew.

<sup>2</sup> John, Lord Wycombe (1765-1809), eldest son of William, first Marquess of Lansdown, by his first wife, Lady Sophia Carteret, daughter of John, Earl Granville. Lord Wycombe became second

Wycombe is a very eccentric person. For the welfare of himself and family it is to be hoped that his actions are directly opposite to his sentiments ; if not, he must be a scourge. Ld. H. tells me that the ladies who live with Ld. Lansdown, Miss Vernon<sup>1</sup> and Miss Fox, call him, 'A Lovelace without his polish.' His style of conversation is grand and declamatory, his humour excellent. He is very gallant : he began by making love equally to me and Mrs. Wyndham. We half thought of a project of playing him a trick, and treating him as Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page did the humorous knight, but Ld. H. said it was playing with an edged tool.

The months of July, August, and September were passed very pleasantly. Early in September I set off on a solitary expedition to see Lucca Baths. I went through the town of Lucca, and arrived at the Baths in time for dinner. I dined with Ly. Rivers : I got up early in the morning, and went in a *portantine* to see the hills, etc. The Prato Fiorito was too distant for a morning excursion ; I went from thence to —, where I lodged in the house of a Marchese ; they gave me a very good supper, good bed, and received me with cordiality. I spoke no Italian, and knew none of the party, which was very numerous ; however, I got through the evening tolerably. They must have thought me a strange person, young, pretty, and alone, travelling merely to see the quarries of Carrara ! It was perhaps an odd freak.

I dined the next day at Massa. I had a letter to a

Lord Lansdown on his father's death in 1805, and married the same year Mary Arabella, widow of Sir Duke Gifford, of Castle Jordan, in Ireland.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lansdown's second wife was Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory, and Evelyn, daughter of John, Earl Gower. After Lord Upper Ossory's death his widow married Richard Vernon, and by him had three daughters. The one here mentioned was the youngest, Elizabeth. Miss Fox, Lord Holland's only sister, was Lord Lansdown's niece.



descendant of the Greek Emperor Paleologus, his name is Paleologo. He is a single man ; to avoid a *tête-à-tête* with a perfect stranger, the visit to whom was whimsical in itself, I admitted my maid *en tiers*. I was in high spirits and very jolly. I went in a *chaise-à-porteurs* into the quarries at Carrara. They produce the finest marble after that found at Paros. My royal Greek was very careful of me. He escorted me through all difficulties, torrents, chasms, precipices, etc. Upon the whole I expect he took me for an *aventurière* ; indeed, he well might, though my suite rather imposed upon him, for I went in my own chaise, my maid with me, and on the seat my cook and a footman, and André was on horseback. I am sure he thought there was something *mysterious*, at least, about me.

I went from Massa to Pisa, where to my surprise I found Lords Wycombe and Holland, and my *farouche* companion ; they had not found a favourable wind to cross to the Isle of Elba, and were on their return to Florence. I walked about Pisa in the morning. It is a beautiful town, and the quay has perhaps the advantage of Florence in beauty. The Campo Santo, the Campanile, and the church are very beautiful. The leaning tower is still a problem among the curious, whether its deviation from the perpendicular was accidental or intentional. Monsieur de la Condamine measured it with a plumb line, and found that when let down from the top it touched the ground at the distance of thirteen feet from the bottom of the tower.

Lord Wycombe read us a sonnet he had just composed ; it was very ingeniously written. I went to the famous Vallombrosa, a Benedictine convent, about sixteen miles from Florence. The road for the last six miles is through a thick forest of chestnut ; the ascent is steep. The monastery is placed on a verdant lawn

round which the mountains form an amphitheatre ; the darkest pines surround the whole building, and hanging woods of that tree only decorate the steep sides of the hills. No woman is admitted within the convent walls ; I dined at the Mill House close to it. After dinner the *Padre Abate* and many of the monks came out and joined us. He is a lively, middle-aged man, with apparently little love of devotion and a strong love of pleasure.

In the month of October Lds. Wycombe and Holland went to Rome and Naples ; the latter was unwell, and wanted to consult with Dr. Thompson. My tormentor went to Milan and Turin for some months. Mr. Amherst <sup>1</sup> and Mr. Cornewall <sup>2</sup> stayed some time at Florence. The first is a quiet, sedate young man, full of proprieties and all sorts of good things. The latter is good-humoured and weak. Mr. A. fell in love with me and Mrs. W. ; he was most in love with the one he saw last. We went to balls, and were very gay. I quitted my house in the Via Maggio, as it was too cold for winter, and took a delicious residence within the walls of the town, but in the midst of gardens called the Mattonaia or Shuileries.<sup>3</sup> The fitting up of the house was magnificent ; one room cost four thousand sequins. It was made of rich japan,

<sup>1</sup> William Pitt Amherst (1773-1857). He succeeded his uncle in 1797 as second Baron Amherst, and was raised to an earldom in 1826. He was Governor-General of India from 1823 till 1828. He married, first, in 1800, Sarah, widow of Other Hickman, fifth Earl of Plymouth, and daughter of Andrew, Lord Archer. She died in 1838, and he married, secondly, in 1839, Mary, widow of Other Archer, sixth Earl of Plymouth, and daughter of the third Duke of Dorset.

<sup>2</sup> Probably George Cornewall (1774-1835), who succeeded his father as third Baronet in 1819. The latter changed his name from Amyand on his marriage to Catherine, daughter of Velters Cornewall, of Moccas Court, Hereford.

<sup>3</sup> Near the Porta alle Croce, at the south end of the town. Probably it is a house still extant, the Villino Ginori, just inside the walls.

fine black and gold, and the ornaments were appropriate and superb.

I read as usual a good deal. About that time, *October*, I began to relish the Italian poets, particularly Ariosto. Read the *Pucelle* in a castrated edition. Voltaire evidently imitates the *Orlando*, especially in the beginning of his cantos; there are some poetical descriptive passages quite good. Targioni gave me a course of experimental chemical lectures.

I rode about the environs of Florence; nothing can be more lovely than the villas. My children lived on Fiesole till about October.

. . . . . like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening, from the top of Fesolè.<sup>1</sup>

Milton describes Tuscany often, and seems to feel a proper love for it. They told me at Vallombrosa of his having resided several months within their monastery, and of his having written Italian sonnets—bad enough they were, the critics say.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
High over-arched embow'r . . .

Early in November Lords Wycombe and Holland returned from Rome. The latter gave us a great ball on the 21st November (1794), the day he came of age. Ld. Carmarthen and a few other English added novelty to our parties. The Gallery afforded me a constant source of delight, the Tribune, &c. About Christmas Sir G. W. returned from Milan. The masquerading at the Carnival diverted me. In March, Ld. H., on my birthday, wrote the following lines. 'To a lady at Florence, on her birthday, 1795.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Paradise Lost*.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix A.

I went to Vallombrosa alone to pass a day or two. I meant to live in solitude. I lodged at the *hospice* of the Convent, a building made for the accommodation of travellers, and used as a residence for the sick monks during the rigour of the winter, but the overstrained politeness of the *Padre Abate* defeated my projects of quiet. He no sooner heard of my arrival than he came from the sequestered cloister, and brought with him six or seven of the Fraternity to keep me company ; thus I never had a moment to myself, and was fairly compelled to go to bed at seven o'clock to escape from their civilities.

The French have taken possession of Holland this winter, and compelled the Stadtholder to fly to England with his family.<sup>1</sup> The terror of the Republican arms spreads everywhere.

I lost my poor father ; a nobler, better man he has not left behind him. Towards me he was always fond and affectionate. His only failings arose from an excess of goodness. He was weak in character, as he idolised my mother and was completely subjected to her dominion. His death puts me into the possession of great wealth, upwards of ten thousand per annum. Detestable gold ! What a lure for a villain, and too dearly have I become the victim to him.

My health was alarmingly bad, and I was liable to sudden and frequent losses of blood. Not satisfied with Gianetti's opinion Mrs. W. wished me to get better advice, and as Dr. Thompson was at Rome I went there to consult him in April.

As I had never seen the Spada Palace I determined

<sup>1</sup> The French gained a foothold in Holland early in January 1795, and so rapid was their advance that before the end of the month Amsterdam and the Dutch fleet, frozen into the Texel, were in their hands. The Duke of York had been recalled in November, and was superseded in the chief command by General Walmoden.

upon seeing it, and went with Ly. Plymouth and Amherst. The great ante-camera contains the statue of Pompey, supposed to be the one at the pedestal of which Cæsar fell, a retributive justice admired by superstition. In the gallery, a charming *Guido*, the 'Rape of Helen,' beautiful colouring and composition. It represents the moment of her flight from Sparta; Paris is conducting her to the ship. She appears modest and apprehensive; he bold and encouraging. Among the female attendants there are several pretty faces, particularly one with a blue head-dress; also a pretty figure of a Cupid in the corner. A 'Death of Dido,' by *Guercino*; the agonies of death upon a lovely face finely rendered. The rest of the picture bad, the sword thrust through the body is pitiful, but the composition was sacrificed to pay this pitiful compliment to the Spada arms.

Returned by the Siena road as I came. My health did not allow me to engage in travelling, and to say the truth I made as much as I could of that pretext, that I might not be forced to return to England, as I enjoyed myself too much here to risk the change of scene. In May Sir G. W. set off to England, as he affixed an importance to his own appearance there that I own I did not strive to convince him against. In June I set off with my children and Gely to Lucca Baths, where I had taken Ly. Bessborough's former habitation. The situation of the Baths is pretty, but the heat in the middle of the day is intense, and at sunset the cold and damp begin. It certainly is unwholesome, and I am surprised at it being sought as summer residence either upon the score of health or coolness.

Soon after I arrived Mrs. Wyndham came to make me a long visit. She left her children at the Villa Careggi in Florence, a villa built by Lorenzo di Medici, and



*Richard Nassell*





inhabited by him until his death.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hodges came and resided in my house also. Soon after, Lords Wycombe and Holland came and lived near. They dined and supped with me every day regularly. I went to the illumination at Pisa, a festival in honour of the patron saint of the city. I took up my abode at Wyndham's at the Baths of Pisa, about two miles from the town. Some trifling dispute happened between us, which was not explained, and we have not yet spoken and perhaps never may. From Pisa Mrs. W., Ld. H. and myself went to Leghorn; we were lodged at Udney's house, the consul's. Lady Elliot and family stayed at Lucca Baths. Wyndham came and had a serious *éclat* with Mrs. W.; she behaved romantically, and what in a novel would be called feelingly delicate, but like a very silly person for her worldly concerns. She is determined to separate and quit him.

In July I set off from Lucca Baths to see Genoa, with Ld. H. and Mr. Hodges. I left Gely with my children and their nurses. Slept the first night at San Marcello, a small village upon the new road to Modena, half-way up the Apennines. The second night at two posts beyond Modena, and the third at Parma. *Correggio's* 'St. Jerome' struck me this time as far more beautiful than when I first saw it about three years ago. Whether a more intimate acquaintance with the great masters had taught me to appreciate their merits with more judgment, or that I had not given myself much trouble in the examination of this charming production I will not pretend to say, but I beheld it with all the charms of novelty.

The last post to Genoa is beautiful; every step denotes the splendour and riches of that tottering

<sup>1</sup> Vasari, in his *Life of Jacopo da Pontormo*, mentions that the villa was built by Cosimo de Medici the elder.

republic. Magnificent villas, ornamental gardens, and thick population, the houses of the meaner class intermingled with the stupendous habitations of a haughty aristocracy, mark strongly the immense difference power and riches have placed between them, they being wretched to an unusual degree of penury, most of them being without the necessary accommodation of windows or glass. The daily reinforcements arriving to the Austrians, the fair, and the arrival of a Spanish flotilla, crowded the town so much that I found it difficult to get a lodging ; indeed the hotels were full, and we were obliged to take up our quarters in a kind of *restaurateur's*, where lodgers never had been. Such a hell ! Only two small garrets.

The Strada Balbi and the Strada Nuova are the finest streets in Europe, from the stately palaces on each side and their not being disfigured by any shabby dwellings. The style of architecture is not chaste, but too much crowded with heavy ornaments. The roofs are high and filled with garret windows, much in the taste of those buildings the style of which was introduced into England by William III. The palaces of Genoa are more like what one expects an Italian palace to be than any I have ever seen in other parts of Italy—open corridors, porticoes, arcades, terraces, fountains, orange groves, &c., &c.

The Durazzo Palace unites all these beauties in perfection. . . . There was a dispute about the genuineness of the famous 'M. Magdalen,' by *Paolo Veronese* ;<sup>1</sup> the family in consequence bought the other at Venice, and considering their own as the original, keep the other rolled up. In the same street is the Palazzo Balbi, a spacious and grand mansion, evidently declining

<sup>1</sup> Now in the Turin Gallery.

from its past splendour. Many fine pictures, a catalogue of which would be tedious.

Genoa is not to be compared with Naples, and is superior to Nice; the *fanal* has a pretty effect jutting into the sea. I stayed only four days in Genoa, and set off with Mr. Hodges, &c., to go across the Corniche to Sarzana in *portantines*. I lent my carriage to Ld. Holland, who went round by Turin, and was to rejoin me at Lucca Baths.

Mrs. Wyndham joined me in a few days, as did Ld. Holland. Amherst and Cornwall passed a few days at Lucca. Wyndham came over, and the rupture with me was final; he would not make me a visit, but sent to my *maître d'hôtel* for some dinner, a cavalier mode of proceeding which I would not gratify him in, and he had no dinner, as there was no inn, and provisions were scarce, unless provided beforehand.

The end of August I returned to the Mattonaia. Ld. H. had a set of Maremma ponies, and used every evening to drive me out, either to the Cascines or elsewhere. I went to see the Pratolino, a country house belonging to the Grand Duke. There is an immense statue of *The Apennines*, represented as an old man, a colossal figure. The waterworks must have cost a prodigious sum, and, though contrary to the present taste of gardening, I confess I admire the *jets d'eau* and even the childish tricks which are made to catch and surprise the unwary observer. I lived very much with Mde. d'Albany and Alfieri. Don Neri Corsini, Fabroni, and a few others composed my society. Ld. H. read to me Pope's Homer, *The Iliad*. I was delighted with parts of it, but the *Odyssey* I could not listen to.

*Florence, October 4th, 1795.*—The first and strongest sensation one feels on entering Italy is the recollection of those historical events that from childhood are

impressed upon the mind, and those classical sentiments that one strives both from vanity and taste to bring back to memory ; but when the turbulence of the imagination subsides, and a long residence in the country familiarises one with objects so attractive, modern Italy, her poets, historians, and artists, arrest the attention very justly by the admiration to which they are entitled. Florence of all places is the most calculated to inspire a taste for the pursuit of modern literature. Every step reminds one that it was the seat of the Medicis, which is synonymous with the arts, the sciences, and taste ; its splendid monuments and useful works all evince the beneficence of those patrons and restorers of literature. . . .

I meant to have continued some anecdotes of the Medici, but I have undergone too much affliction since writing the above. I was brought to bed of a lovely boy in October, but owing to the neglect of the nurses he fell into convulsions and died. Never shall I become mother to such an infant. Lord Macartney<sup>1</sup> came and dined several times with me on his way to Rome.

*November 22nd, 1795.*—Set off at one o'clock past midnight from my house, the Mattonaia, to accompany Mrs. W. as far as Bologna, on her way to Turin ; Ld. H. went with us. The weather was coldish, but when we got upon the Apennines amidst the snow it was insufferably rigorous. The road was very rough, being spoilt by ye frosts and thaws. We accomplished the journey in twenty-three hours and a half, arrived at the Pellegrino, where Lord Wycombe was waiting to join our party.

<sup>1</sup> George, Earl Macartney (1737-1806). Ambassador to Russia in 1764 ; Governor of Madras 1780-86 ; Ambassador Extraordinary to China, 1792-94 ; and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, 1797-9. At this time he was on a confidential mission to Louis XVIII. at Verona, and remained in Italy until the following year.

As soon as I had refreshed myself with a few hours' rest, I visited the Zampieri Palace. It is undoubtedly the best and most valuable collection here, not eked out like the others with trash.<sup>1</sup> 'St. Peter Weeping,' by *Guido*, reckoned the first of his works and the most faultless picture in Italy. It is in his strong manner, and in the highest preservation. Two hoary-headed old men, one crying and the other upbraiding, inspire but a small portion of interest, and one is glad to quit this *perfect* picture to contemplate the work of a more faulty painter, who, however, eludes that censure in this charming composition. Abraham, in compliance with envious old Sarah, dismisses his youthful handmaid Hagar and her son Ishmael: *Guercino*. *Agostin Caracci* is nowhere so great as in his mellow picture representing the 'Woman taken in Adultery.' A lovely little *Guido*, 'A Heavenly Concert,' done when he was eighteen. . . .

25th.—Ld. Holland and Mr. Wyndham set off for Turin. Lord Wycombe, M. Gely, Webby, and myself remained at the Pellegrino. Lord W. dined with me every day, and several learned Bolognese, among them a lady who was reckoned a very good Greek scholar. She wrote an impromptu Greek epigram upon me, but for aught I know it might be as old as Homer.

'St. Agnes,' in the chapel of the monastery of that name.<sup>2</sup> It represents the martyrdom of that saint, but fails in the effect that the principal object ought to produce. It is taken at the moment when the executioner is plunging the sword into her bosom; the countenance is insipidly livid, without the dignity of resignation nor the anguish of pain. This group is not enough

<sup>1</sup> Most of the pictures formerly in this palace are now in the Brera Gallery at Milan.

<sup>2</sup> The picture is now in the Pinacoteca.



distinguished, as it falls in with a heap of dead saints. Three women and a child form a pretty group on the right-hand side. The upper part seems a separate composition, and very likely is done by a scholar of Domenichino's. Ld. Holland read me a passage out of a letter from Charles Fox, from which it appears that he reckons this picture almost the best in Italy, and the masterpiece of Domenichino.

I visited all that was remarkable in the neighbourhood, and saw much more than I did the first time I was there. I read the *Tragedies* of Crébillon; the horrible subjects affected my imagination, and several nights of restlessness and groundless terror I owe to their perusal. He said to a friend who was lamenting the *sombre* of his taste, that Corneille had exhausted all historical subjects, that Racine had taken heaven, and *l'enfer seul* remained to him. Ld. Wycombe left me the day before Ld. Holland returned from Turin. Ld. Bristol,<sup>1</sup> with some wretched dependants, came to my inn; he dined one day with me. He is a clever, bad man. He asked me to let him have a copy of my picture, the one done by Fagan, and belonging to my friend Italinski.<sup>2</sup> I hesitated much, and implied, without giving it, a denial. He told me of Ly. Louisa Hervey's marriage to Mr. Jenkinson, a son of Ld. Hawkesbury's.

On our return to Florence we met with some difficulties on account of the deepness of the snow. When

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Augustus, fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry (1730-1803), who succeeded to the titles on the death of his brother in 1779. Father of Lady Webster's friend Lord Hervey, for some years Minister at Florence. Lady Louisa, who married Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards second Lord Liverpool and Prime Minister, was his youngest daughter.

<sup>2</sup> The picture is now at Holland House. It was painted in 1793, and was bought in Rome by Henry Edward Fox (afterwards fourth Lord Holland) for his father in 1828. It belonged at that time to Prince Gargarin, a Russian. See Frontispiece, vol. i.

we got to Scaricar l'Asino, a small inn used only by the *vetturini*, we found Gely missing; after great anxiety for thirty-six hours on his account, he overtook us at the Maschere.

I passed a delightful winter. About three times a week I had dinners, to which I invited Fontana, Fabroni, Don Neri Corsini, Baldelli, Fossombroni, Pignotti, Delfico, Greppi, besides the various English who passed.

Fontana is a man known among the scientific of Europe; his chief work is a treatise upon poisons. His political principles are suspected. He is an intolerant atheist, and is as eager to obtain converts to his own disbelief as bigots are to make proselytes to their belief. Fabroni<sup>1</sup> is a physician, and a sort of rival to Fontana. Don Neri Corsini<sup>2</sup> is the brother of the Prince of that name; he is a pupil of Manfredini, and supporter of the Tuscan neutrality. He is accused of being inclined towards the French faction. Fossombroni<sup>3</sup> is a profound mathematician; he has given in a report full of learning and science in favour of draining some parts of the Val d'Arno. Pignotti<sup>4</sup> is a priggish little Abbé, attached to the House of Corsini; his fables are well known and have much merit. Delfico<sup>5</sup> is a Sicilian; he has written

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni Fabroni (1752-1822), Sub-Director of the Museum at Florence under Fontana, whom he succeeded as Director. He was appointed Overseer of the roads and bridges by Napoleon. The commencement of the Corniche road was chiefly due to his exertions.

<sup>2</sup> Don Neri Corsini (1771-1845), a leading politician in Tuscany under the Grand Dukes Ferdinand III. and Leopold II. His brother was Don Tommaso Corsini, Prince of Sismano.

<sup>3</sup> Vittorio Fossombroni (1754-1844). In addition to his scholastic acquirements he was an active politician, and was Minister for Foreign Affairs in Tuscany for many years.

<sup>4</sup> Lorenzo Pignotti (1739-1812), Professor of Physic at Florence and Pisa, and afterwards Rector of the latter university. He wrote poetry, though his fables are the best known of his works.

<sup>5</sup> Melchiorre Delfico (1744-1835). Historian and statesman with liberal views which he openly avowed. He was President of the State Council at Naples in 1806, and President of the Provisional Junta in 1820.

a dissertation upon the Roman law. His conversation strongly savours of the new principles. Greppi<sup>1</sup> is a Milanese. It was of his father that Arthur Young said as a public collector of the revenue the course he took in that country conducted him to wealth and titles, but would in England have brought him to the gallows. He is a lively, mischievous man, full of laughable stories against the governments he has lived under.

The evenings I generally spent at home. Ld. Holland used to read aloud. He read me Larcher's translation of Herodotus, a good deal of Bayle, and a great variety of English poetry. Madame d'Albany's society was a pleasant relief from the sameness of the Italians. Alfieri, when he condescended to unbend, was very good company.

*Feb. 9th, 1796.*—Set off with all my children, Gely, and accompanied by Ld. H., to Rome, with the intention of seeing Loreto. Slept the first night at Levane, dined the next day at Arezzo. The effects of the recent earthquake were not so apparent as the exaggerated accounts of it at Florence had taught us to expect; the alarm had been great, the injury slight—indeed none but the fright occasioned to some old nuns, who ran out of their convent, glad even to see the world upon such terms. A few walls in the building were split. I went to see the picture of the 'Martyrdom of St. Donato,' by a young Aretin called *Benvenuto*,<sup>2</sup> who studies at Rome, and is admired and protected by the old *compère*. The picture is well coloured, but the artist is the most barefaced plagiarist, for not content with taking from pictures, he has pilfered arms, legs, and *torsi* from half the statues in Rome. Reached Rome 18th. Ly. Plymouth had

<sup>1</sup> Carlo Greppi (1751–1811), dramatic author and poet.

<sup>2</sup> Pietro Benvenuto (1769–1844), Director of the Academy at Florence at the time of his death.

taken lodgings for me in ye Palazzo Corea (?), Strada Pontifice.

The following day I went with Ly. Plymouth, Amherst, and Ld. H., to see my old acquaintances in the Museum Clementinum. Even since last year there are alterations in the dispositions of the statues. The *Laocoon* seems even grander than ever. The *Apollo* is always miraculous, though it may be criticised, but its defects are mere artifices to give more spirit to the attitude, but nevertheless are deviations from correct truth. The legs are allowed to be faulty, if not of modern restoration. The new *Antinous*, discovered by Hamilton, and destined for the D. Braschi's [*sic*] Palace, is among the finest things in Rome. It is of colossal size, and almost perfect ; the restorations are very judicious, particularly the drapery. It is at present at Sposino's, the sculptor, a man who has made a lasting monument of Ld. Bristol's bad taste, and the merit of originality of thought is not his. Pitt is represented as the infant Hercules strangling the serpents, the heads of which are the portraits of Mr. Fox and Ld. North, the Coalition ; Pitt's head is of the natural size upon the body of an infant. The whole performance is like some of the uncouth decorations in the middle ages of our English cathedrals. The idea was taken from a caricature. The English artists all to a man refused to execute this puerile conceit. I went with Ly. Plymouth and Amherst to Tivoli ; we stayed a couple of days.

St. Peter's contains a statue I never observed before, but which for beauty is equal to any representation of female perfection ; indeed, the effect it produced upon an enraptured artist was such as to demand *drapery*. The sculpture is not remarkable : the artist was Della Porta, a scholar of M. Angelo's.<sup>1</sup> There is also another

<sup>1</sup> The figure is evidently 'Justice,' one of the two allegorical figures on the tomb of Pope Paul III. by Guglielmo della Porta. After

female saint whose cold charms roused to passion the imagination of a French artist.

Ld. Macartney came, and Ld. H. and I saw a good deal of him. The first day of March, 1796, I set off to go to Naples, merely to see my friend Italinski. I conveyed Smith, the American, an *ennuyéux*, in my carriage. Slept the first night at Velletri, and the second at Terracina, where both on account of the measles which prevails at Naples, and the want of passports for the French persons with me, I left Gely and my two youngest children and my cook at the pretty inn, and pursued my journey accompanied only by Smith, Hortense, and Webby.

The principal object of my excursion was to see my old friend Italinski, who in consequence of the bad conduct and dismissal of Cte. Golophin was appointed sole Chargé d'Affaires. I had the pleasure of finding him well, and sincerely rejoiced to see me. The four days I passed were totally with him. Ld. Bristol was there dangerously ill. As soon as the physician declared him in danger he sent to Italinski for my picture, adding that though he had refused him a copy, he could not deny a dying man anything. Italinski was embarrassed, but sent the picture. As soon as it came he had it placed upon an easel at the foot of his bed, and round it large *cires d'église*, and for aught I know to the contrary he may still be contemplating my phiz. What makes this freak the more strange is, that it is not from regard to me, as he scarcely knows me, and never manifested much liking to me; probably it reminds him of some woman he once loved, and whose image occupies his mind in his last moments.

The change in the figure of Vesuvius is very disadvantageous to it in point of beauty. It is now lower

the sculptor's death ' his son Teodoro was employed to cover the body with a bronze tunic ' (Perkins's *Italian Sculptors*).

than Somma, and the crater is apparently flattened.<sup>1</sup> Torre del Greco presents a curious spectacle, both to the naturalist and ye moralist. The stratum of fresh lava has raised the coast near fifty feet above its former level. The lava is of a peculiar texture, more charged with metallic particles than any of the other strata from Vesuvius, though not equal in specific gravity to that at Ischia. In many places it is still smoking, and the cavities are filled by little beggars who seek warmth there. After a fall of rain the evaporation is curious, for the density of the atmosphere marks the course of the lava. The infatuation of the people is wonderful; they prefer rebuilding upon that spot to accepting lands offered by the King, and not content with that absurdity they add to it by immediately commencing, and I actually saw myself a house just finished, which was built within three inches (for I measured them) of a hole from whence the smoke issued, and upon which I could not bear my hand from the excessive heat. This surely is verifying that curious, novel, and true maxim of Adam Smith's, that every man believes to a superstitious excess in his own good luck.

The collection of Capo di Monte has undergone various changes in the disposition of the pictures. The Queen sent to desire I would visit her at Caserta, but she told me the measles was in the palace among her children. I therefore declined the honour, on account of exposing Webby to the danger. I dined at Caserta with the Hamiltons. I found *Mullady* altered, and Sir William seemed more occupied about his own digestion than in admiring the graceful turn of her head. I returned

<sup>1</sup> This eruption commenced in February 1793, and lasted almost continuously till the end of June 1794. It reached its worst on June 15, 1794. The cone lost height, and became flattened, as was the case in the recent eruption of 1906.



day and night from Naples to Albano, where I found Ld. Holland and Mr. M. waiting for me. The next morning I went to see the lake and the *emissary*. The emissary is an issue from the lake to carry off the superabundant waters. It is perforated through the hill. In the evening we drove through the villas at Frascati, and returned to Rome.

I quitted Rome, and went back to Florence by the Siena road. Nothing very remarkable occurred during my short stay at Florence. I set off from thence on April ye 11th. I bid adieu to that lovely spot, where I enjoyed a degree of happiness for a whole year that was too exquisite to be permanent. Ld. Holland drove me in his phaeton the first post to Prato: he returned, and I pursued my journey upon the Modena road.

For some reason, unrelated in the text, Lady Webster seems to have changed her route. On reaching Bologna, instead of turning west to Modena, she took the road to Ferrara, which she reached on April 18th.

Ferrara is but the skeleton of its former grandeur; it is now deserted and thinly inhabited. The tomb of Ariosto naturally attracted my veneration; it is in the Benedictine convent. The architecture of it is bad, and the bust but moderately executed; it represents him very much in the decline of life. His house, in which his grotto, chair, and inkstand used to be shown, is now pulled down and destroyed by the rapacity of the owner. The public library is small, and contains no books of value. There they preserve the original manuscript of most of the books of the *Orlando*, chair, and inkstand. The manuscript is written by himself, and in the margin there are numberless emendations; thus we discover that those verses that seem so easy and to flow without exertion, are precisely those that have undergone the

most alteration. At the bottom of one of the pages I perceived written in pencil :—

Vittorio Alfieri vede e vennerò.  
18 Giugno, 1783.

He might venerate, but the harmony he can never imitate.

Early on ye 19th I set off and crossed the Po at Lagoscuro, and from thence got to Rovigo, a dreadful road and two bad *barques*, one over the canal Bianco, and the other across the Adigio. Rovigo, the birthplace of Manfredini, a wretched, straggling town. We reached Padua at night. I have been there before, but I possess a very faint remembrance of the place. I have just heard that the unhappy phantom of royalty, Louis XVIII., has been compelled to quit the Venetian territory. I remained at Padua several days. Miss Bowdler and Lady Herries lodged in the same hotel. Ld. Holland overtook me from Florence.

We went to the monastery of Praia, a rich Benedictine order. The heat of the weather and badness of the road had fatigued us, and we asked permission to enter the sacristy and refresh ourselves. The lay brother, who is the porter, repulsed us with harshness, and refused us admission within the walls, adding that water was the only hospitality afforded by the monks. On my return to Padua I wrote a letter of complaint to the Abbot, who answered it with civility, and promised to reprimand the insolence of the porter.

I went the next evening to see the Villa Quirini, remarkable for possessing some of the oldest Egyptian monuments in Europe if not coeval with the Pyramids at least so Dancarville, the learned antiquary, assured me. He pretends to be so much *au fait* of them, that he even shows a mark made by a soldier of the army of Cambyses ;

but the reveries of antiquaries are absurd. The French have broken into the plain of Piémont by way of Nice, and have gained a great victory over the Austrians. Buonaparti [*sic*] is the French commander.

They left Padua on April 24, and took the road to Trieste.

From Trieste we went through Carniola, Carinthia, Styria, by way of Laibach, Marburg, Gratz, and Bruck to Vienna. I stayed a few days only at Vienna, dined at Sir Morton Eden's,<sup>1</sup> and saw some of my old acquaintances. Met Clairfait,<sup>2</sup> who seems a mild, gentlemanlike man. From Vienna I went to Znaym, Iglau, across the famous field of battle at Kolin, to Prague; from thence to Dresden. The two posts at Aussig and Peterwald were just as bad as they were the last time I went. I met Lady Plymouth at Dresden, and dined with ye Duchess of Cumberland.

From Dresden I went to Berlin; tiresome deep road through sands and thin forests of pines. At Berlin I came in time to see a review. I dined with Ld. Elgin,<sup>3</sup> and at his house I saw the celebrated Pitt diamond,<sup>4</sup> brought from Paris upon sale. Hugh Elliot insisted upon bearing me company to Hamburg. Great difficulty of accommodation at Hamburg: the town so filled

<sup>1</sup> Sir Morton Eden (1752-1830). Diplomatist, Ambassador at Vienna in 1793 and 1794-99. In the latter year he was created Baron Henley.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Joseph, Comte de Clerfait (1733-1798), a Belgian, who entered the Austrian service and rose to high command in the army. His successes and popularity, however, became too great for the court, and he was superseded in his command by Archduke Charles two years before his death.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Elgin had been sent to Berlin as Envoy Extraordinary in 1795.

<sup>4</sup> The Pitt diamond was bought by Mr. Pitt, Governor of Madras in 1702, for about 20,000*l.* He resold it in 1717 to the Duc d'Orleans, for Louis XV., for 130,000*l.* It was sent at this time to Berlin, but appeared a few years later in the hilt of Napoleon's sword of state.

with emigrants. Went to see General Dumouriez. I was afraid of crossing the Elbe to Harburg, so went up where it was narrow. Went through Harburg and Stade to Cuxhaven : detained there some days on account of contrary winds.

The 4th of June I quitted Hamburg. Crossed from Cuxhaven to Yarmouth in six days and half. Came straight to London.

An interval of a year here takes place in the Journal, which Lady Holland, to use her new name, again resumes in July 1797.

My wretched marriage was annulled by Parliament on the 4th July. On the fifth I signed a deed by which I made over my whole fortune to Sir G. W., for our joint lives, for the insignificant sum of 800*l*. Every mean device, every paltry chicane that could extort money from us was had recourse to.

I was married at Rickmansworth Church by Rev. Mr. Morris to Lord Holland, on July 6th, 1797. Sir Gilbert Affleck,<sup>1</sup> my father-in-law, gave me away. As soon as the ceremony was over we went to Richmond, where I found my mother and my son Henry. They came to this house the next day and stayed a week. I was twenty-six years old. Ld. H. was twenty-three. The difference in age is, alas ! two years and eight months—a horrid disparity. All his family behaved to me with the utmost kindness ; they came, those in town, and those in the country wrote to me. I went to Bowood in July, where I met with his two aunts, Misses Vernon, and his sister, Miss Fox ; they were kind and cordial. In the autumn I went to Margate.

---

<sup>1</sup> Sir Gilbert Affleck was Lady Holland's stepfather ; he married her mother, Mrs. Vassall, in 1796. He succeeded his uncle as second Baronet in 1788, and died in 1808 at the age of sixty-seven.

Having a very bad memory, and many odd irregular half-hours, it has occurred to me to assist the one and occupy the others by writing down any events, conversations, anecdotes, etc., that may interest me at the moment ; and though my nature is too lazy to allow me to hope that I can act up to anything like a systematic pursuit, yet whilst the fit is upon me to be so employed, I will yield. As I care too little about politics to talk of them, I certainly shall refrain from discussing them upon paper, nevertheless this moment is critical and anxious even to my indifference. The second negotiation is just broken off ; <sup>1</sup> hostilities beginning in Italy ; Mr. Fox decidedly seceded from Parliament, and the session on the point of opening ; fresh taxes, discontents, and the Dutch fleet destroyed.<sup>2</sup> My own individual happiness is so perfect, that I can scarcely figure to myself a blessing that I do not possess—indeed, the having such a companion as I have is, in itself, everything without the accessories of other advantages.

The 14th October (1797), Mr. Fox, D. of Bedford, etc., dined here, and it was then finally concluded among them that none of the shattered remains of their party should attend the meeting of Parliament. As to the measure of secession there are many different opinions as to its expediency ; but all their discussions end in the loss of time and temper, for Opposition are too unpopular to have anything left to hope for, and the system of party is obsolete. It seems astonishing to me that amidst the number of very able men who still rally round the standard of Whiggism, not one should have discovered that the temper of the country requires another species of

<sup>1</sup> The Treaty of Campo Formio, concluded between France and Austria, embodying the preliminaries of Leoben, was signed on October 18, but at the same time the negotiations between England and France were broken off.

<sup>2</sup> At the battle of Camperdown.

resistance to Administration than the old scheme of a regular Opposition with a Cavendish or a Russell at its head. There is a bigotry in their adherence to their ineffectual principles that borders upon infatuation.

Mr. Fox appears sincerely to rejoice at the prospect of being able to give himself up to those pursuits that amuse and, notwithstanding his powers as a statesman, occupy him most. Literature, and especially the metaphysics of grammar, and the cultivation of his plants, are objects that engage the wonderful activity of his mind. He has lately revived his Greek, and daily gets by heart a given number of lines in Homer. Having seen so little of him, my opinion of him is chiefly taken from public report and the very partial picture drawn by his nephew; however, his very enemies admit that he possesses more estimable qualities as an individual than falls to the share of scarcely any other. Perhaps to a harsh observer his facility might be termed a weakness and his good nature an indolent foible, but if extremes are bad his bent is on the most amiable side. One cannot but regret that such a man is lost to society, for so may his retirement at St. Anne's be called, and the habits of his life when there. Mrs. Armstead,<sup>1</sup> I understand, possesses still those merits which, when united to the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fox married Mrs. Armstead in September 1795 at Wyton, near Huntingdon, but the fact was not announced till 1802. She died in 1842, at the age of ninety-two. Lord Minto, writing in 1805, says of her: 'She has grown fat, and not younger, nor softer flavoured, but her manner is pleasing and gentlewomanlike. I perceive that Lady Holland does not admire her, and would willingly indulge herself now and then with a fling at her.' And again: 'Mr. Fox has been shopping with Mrs. Fox, an amusement they say he is very fond of; they had been buying china—cheap china, I mean, for they seem great economists.' Miss Fox's (Lord Holland's sister) account of Mrs. Fox's conduct in 1806, written to Lord Ossory, is also interesting, to show the bias of Lady Holland's description. 'Mrs. Fox's patient fortitude, her gentle piety, endear her to me every minute, and loving her as I do for his sake, still I must do so for her own, for she deserves it.'



attractions of youth, a degree of beauty, and much celebrity, placed her above her competitors for the glory of ruining and seducing the giddy youth of the day. She has mildness and little rapacity, but those negative merits, when bereft of the other advantages, constitute but an insipid resource in solitude. Besides, as she still retains the immoderate love of expense which her former life led her into, she may almost be called a pernicious connection, as disadvantageous for his comfort as for his reputation ; for after all that has passed, fresh pecuniary embarrassments will be discreditable to him. But I have often remarked that very superior men are easier satisfied with respect to the talents of those they live with than men of inferior abilities. Whether it springs from a movement of vanity, that they despair of meeting an equal and are therefore contented with gentle accommodation, or that they are conscious that they have little to learn, I cannot determine, but the fact is certain.

I do not mean to compare Dumouriez to Mr. Fox, but nevertheless I was astonished to find, in a visit I made him (last June, '96), that the partner of his solitude was much the most trifling, insignificant personage I had ever beheld. He was living in a wretched Westphalian hovel or barn near Hamburg, with little money and less estimation, and yet, contrary to what might have been imagined from his inordinate ambition and vanity, happier (I believe) there surrounded by his brood of well-disciplined ducklings than after the battle of Jemappes. I never saw him but once, and that in a way that might have offended a man less vain. Hearing from his relation, Chateauneuf, a bookseller at Hamburg, that he lived in the neighbourhood, I proposed making him a visit, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing one of the most conspicuous characters that had flourished

in the Revolution. The motive excused the intrusion, and he was flattered. He is short and fat, and in person very unlike a Frenchman, but the deficiency in figure to prove him one is amply made up the moment he speaks. He is full of vivacity, *esprit*, and *agrément*, expressing himself pointedly and even energetically; and he may be very justly placed among the best specimens that remain of the genuine character of a Frenchman under the Monarchy. His pecuniary circumstances are very narrow—he is going to publish a 4th edition of his works, from which he hopes to obtain a maintenance. I believe he heartily repents the unlucky adherence to the Constitution that causes him to be out of his country, and prevents his rivalling Hoche and Buonaparte, for he could not conceal the envy excited by their glories. He is a man of an enterprising genius and undaunted courage, and would never incur the satire of Mr. Burke's application of the story of the two generals, one of whom used to say upon a service of danger, 'Allez, mes amis,' and the other, 'Allons, mes amis.' He would always be for the latter.

The unfortunate La Fayette and his family are just liberated from the dungeons of Olmutz, and mean to embark at Hamburg for that country from whence he imbibed those principles that have since deluged his country with a sea of blood.<sup>1</sup> Whatever his errors might have been by risking such a revolution merely to distinguish himself from the common crowd of courtiers, or to try to practise the theory of virtue and patriotism, his cruel captivity has extinguished rancour even in the breasts of his bitterest enemies. M. de Bouillé,<sup>2</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> La Fayette remained in Europe and took up his residence at Wittmold, in Holstein. After the *coup d'état* of 1799 he returned to France, but lived in retirement on his property until 1814.

<sup>2</sup> François Claude Amour, Marquis de Bouillé (1739–1800). He distinguished himself against the English in the Antilles during the

his Memoirs just published, mentions his intentions as pernicious and his conduct as weak, but never represents him as meaning evil ; and upon the whole the impression given is more that of pity than any other. Poor man ! his faults are expiated in his sufferings. His character is that of a phlegmatic, cold-hearted man, with much vanity and slender abilities.

His cousin Bouillé is of a very different turn : he is quite the *tête chaude* of the Royalists, full of that *fougue* and courage peculiar to his nation. Misfortunes have softened his mind, and he allows his reason to conquer his passion ; he is candid and impartial to others and himself. I believe him to be very zealous and honest. I first became acquainted with him amidst the noise and tumult of a camp. In '93, returning from Italy to spend a few weeks in England, I went from Bruxelles to see Valenciennes, which had just fallen, and in that tour I made a visit to the Duke of York, who was then besieging Dunkirk.<sup>1</sup> After dining at headquarters I attended the funeral of General Dalton, who had been killed the day before on the very spot over which I passed. The melancholy scene and the noise of the artillery discharged upon those occasions quite overcame me, and I declined attending the funeral that followed, of Col. Elde. The D. of York very politely excused himself from returning to headquarters with me, on account of his duty requiring his presence, but gave me to the care of the Marquis de Bouillé, who accompanied me to the Duke's tent. Our conversation naturally fell upon those events in France in which he had had the greatest share, and he gave me a very interesting narrative of the King's flight to Varennes, and the whole scheme as

War of Independence, and after Louis XVI.'s arrest at Varennes left France and went to England, where he died.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 92.

conceived by him which he describes in his Memoirs. He finished with tears, showing me his *cordón bleu*, which was part of his ill-fated Sovereign's wardrobe that had reached Luxembourg, and had been received by the Marquis. He said it was the last and only relic he had of a master from whom he had received favours that demanded his eternal gratitude and tenderness.

I saw him once afterwards at the Drawing-room, and upon my asking him the name of a tall, gaunt figure in the circle, he smiled at the singularity of a foreigner showing to a native the Prime Minister of the country : for the person was no less than Mr. Pitt himself. There was afterwards a scheme in the city among the West India planters and merchants for giving him a pension on account of his noble behaviour in the islands during the last war. My poor father promised to subscribe, but I left England, and by hearing no more of it I presume the affair dropped.

Just before the departure of Lord M. from Lisle,<sup>1</sup> the Trevors, my old friends, or rather intimate acquaintances, came through France. He is in a sort of way driven from his post of Minister at Turin, as that Court exhibited a curious jumble of bigotry and Jacobinism, which must make a residence there awkward to a punctilious courtier like Trevor. It was rather whimsical that the morning she visited me was the precise one chosen by Mr. Fox to come from St. Anne's, so the first object that presented itself to her view upon entering the gallery was her old admirer. Save a little blushing and stammering the old lovers conducted themselves very ably. The malicious say *nous autres femmes* get out of a scrape of that sort with great ease ; this instance confirmed the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Malmesbury had been sent to Lille in July to negotiate for peace. His efforts were fruitless owing to the ascendancy of the Jacobin party in France, and he left for home on September 18.

calumny, as she possessed the greatest portion of the *sang froid* of the two.

Mrs. Trevor's life has been singularly passed, and the latter part judiciously, circumstanced as she was. She was the daughter of a rich canon, and was married partly for her beauty and a little for her wealth. Soon after her marriage she conceived a most insurmountable disgust towards her husband. She was admired by Mr. F., and, flattered by his preference, allowed great scandal. She detained him one night at Ranelagh, whilst the House was assembled and waiting for him to speak upon a motion he had made: this gave an *éclat* which perhaps she did not dislike. But the moment came that was to separate her from the fashion of London. Trevor's foreign missions drew her upon the Continent, where she has remained mostly for these last eighteen years. The first thing she did was to live apart from him, and keep up a love correspondence with him; hence to the world they appeared enamoured of one another. She is a little mad, and parsimony is her chief turn. She is good-natured, and a little clever. Trevor has no judgment and slender talents. His foibles are very harmless, and his whole life has been insipidly good. His *ridicules* are a love of dress coats, *volantes*, and always speaking French. *Au reste*, he is very like other people, only better.

His sister-in-law, Lady Hampden,<sup>1</sup> is a woman of a most extraordinary character, and a melancholy proof

<sup>1</sup> Catherine, first wife of Thomas, second Viscount Hampden, and only daughter of General David Graeme. She died in 1804. Colonel Graeme was appointed Secretary to the Queen in 1761, and Controller of her household in 1765. These posts he held until 1774, when he left the Court and retired to Scotland. Jesse, on the authority of the Rev. A. Carlyle, states that he became too presumptuous and arrogant, and thereby forfeited the favour of the Queen. He became Major-General in 1763, General 1783, and died in 1797.

of how much we depend upon others even for our virtues. Her father was the man who first mentioned the present Queen to Lord Bute, and was employed by him afterwards to arrange the business, and he was, by-the-bye, neglected by the upstart Majesty merely because he knew the obscurity and poverty of her native Court. Ly. H. was his only child, and was extremely young and beautiful when first married. For ten years their marriage was perfectly happy—the old Lord was living ; they lived in retirement and were poor. His death gave them riches, and the fond, domestic husband was lost in the dissipated gambler. His house was amongst the first where a faro bank was kept. Unfortunately this has become prevalent, and many hold a share at those houses where every allurements is held out to attract and seduce. It was in this country that a man first dared to deal at faro without a mask, so infamous did they esteem the office upon the Continent.

It would be a curious subject to investigate and write a book upon, to trace back the little points and hazards upon which the fate of the world, its manners and opinions, have depended. Had Carthage triumphed, and Hannibal been a second Alexander, how different in all probability would have been the genius and customs of the world ! Commerce would have stifled the glory of arms, and crushed the taste for the fine arts. Their industry would have spread civilisation into the heart of Africa, and that extent of country, now only a barbarous land, might have satisfied the wants of society, and these miserable Northern latitudes might still have been left to their Odins, their Druids, their fogs, and their frosts. What a blessing to have been confined to go no farther north than the Pyrenees ! I may be justified in this wish, whilst at the moment of making it I am wrapped up in flannels, and roasting by a fire, to keep



my blood in sufficient circulation to carry on the economy of animal life. Another epoch that would have operated even more powerfully upon the character of mankind and their usages was the chance of the battle in France between the Saracens and the Christians.<sup>1</sup> What would have been the effect had the former succeeded? One good would have been certain, the human mind would not have been priest-ridden as it is, and the fear of death would have been checked and not encouraged. The worst part of the Christian dispensation is the terror it inculcates upon a deathbed. The wisest dread it; no person who is strictly brought up in the principles of Christianity can ever thoroughly shake off the fear of dying. The Catholics supply instances of this every day; from infancy to manhood their minds are debased by superstition in every terrific shape. When capable of reflecting they shake off their shackles, and become from bigots atheists. So they live, but in fact the evil is but suspended; a fit of illness throws them back into the bosom of credulity, and like Gresset<sup>2</sup> they die in sackcloth.

The claims of the Romish Church are stronger upon the imagination than those of the more purified sects of Protestants. The priests found it so much to their interests to pervert the understanding, that the love of power made them hold their empire beyond the grave—hence their Purgatory.

The Christian priests, with all their subtlety and policy, from vanity gave the staff out of their own hands. Proud of the praise centred upon them for being the preservers of learning, they weakly taught the

<sup>1</sup> Charles Martel's defeat of the Saracens near Tours in 732 A.D.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Gresset (1709–1777), French poet and writer of plays. Educated by the Jesuits, he became well known for his satires against the priesthood. Later in life he gave up his literary work under the influence of the Bishop of Amiens, and retired to a monastery.

laity the valuable treasures they had preserved, and by enlightening them the progress has been such as we see. Had they, like the priests of Egypt, confined all knowledge to their own body, society would still have been dependent upon them, and whilst there was no contention, they might have been a harmless theocracy. Certainly during the middle ages they were serviceable even to the cause of humanity, for those very Crusades eventually benefited Europe. They drew forth many turbulent spirits, who, had they remained at home, would have fallen into intestine broils, and kept up the feudal governments. Whereas, though two-thirds of the vast armies that issued out never returned, yet the one-third that did introduced a taste for foreign productions to which commerce became the consequence, and the manners of every country in Europe by degrees softened and civilised. Yet this good they did was severely bought by the horrors of the religious wars after the Reformation in Germany when Gustavus Adolphus was called in. That embraces a horrid period in the annals of history: it was an awful struggle between reason and bigotry. Fortunately for the advantage (perhaps) of mankind the former conquered to a degree, and but for the absurd excesses which have disgraced morality in this French Revolution, the cause of common sense would have completely succeeded. But we are nearer a relapse into old errors than a reformation.

Had the Saracens been masters of Europe the lot of womankind would have been but indifferent, for it is a very remarkable circumstance that all the institutions in Southern countries are very degrading to the sex. Morally and physically we are treated as beings of an inferior class, and though it is not quite demonstrable that we are supposed to be without a claim to immortality of soul, yet the reward is but trivial, and we are

excluded the Paradise of men. On the contrary, the natives of the North hold even the feminine gender in respect, so great is their veneration for us : they fought with us by their sides as tutelary angels, and submitted to the government of a female chief. They called the Sun the greatest luminary, to honour it with a feminine name, and the moon, which is inferior, by a masculine one. This spirit melted into chivalry, and it is to the *preux chevaliers*, the Arthurs, the Orlandos, and the Round Table, that we owe our present situation in society. However, the Saracens were a great and enlightened people, and till lately literature and science have never fairly been grateful for what they owe them, and half the world to this day even confound them with those savages, the Turks. It is true that at first they fought with the sword in one hand and the Alkoran in the other, but once conquerors they cultivated the milder virtues. Where is there a better government than that under the Caliphs in Spain ? The University of Granada educated our first *literati*, Friar Bacon, etc. It would be endless to enter into their merits : Andrès,<sup>1</sup> a Spanish Jesuit who lives at Mantua, has written an excellent book in Italian about them.

I have had so strange an education, that if I speak freely upon sacred subjects it is not from an affectation of being an *esprit fort*, but positively because I have no prejudices to combat with. My principles were of my own finding, both religious and moral, for I never was instructed in abstract or practical religion, and as soon as I could think at all chance directed my studies ; for though both my parents were as good and as virtuous people as ever breathed, and I was always an only child, yet I was entirely left, not from system, but from fondness and inactivity, to follow my own bent. Happily

<sup>1</sup> Juan Andrès (1740-1817).

for me I devoured books, and a desire for information became my ruling passion. The experiment of leaving a child without guidance or advice is a dangerous one, and ought never to be done ; for if parents will not educate it themselves they should seek for those that will ; but I do not complain, as perhaps all is for the best in this instance, though I should be *bien autre chose* if I had been regularly taught. I never had any method in my pursuits, and I was always too greedy to follow a thing with any *suite*. Till lately I did not know the common principles of grammar, and still a boy of ten years old would outdo me.

But I never look back upon the early period of my life, but I turn from the picture with disgust. At fifteen, through caprice and folly, I was thrown into the power of one who was a pompous coxcomb, with youth, beauty, and a good disposition, all to be so squandered ! The connection was perdition to me in every way ; my heart was good, but accustomed to hear and see everything that was mean and selfish, I tried to shut it to the calls of humanity, and used my reason to teach me to hate mankind. Fortune smiled, and made me ample amends for seven or eight years of suffering, by making me know the most favoured of her sons. At Florence, in 1794, I began to think there were exceptions to my system of misanthropy, and every hour from that period to this ('97), which now sees me the happiest of women, have I continued to wonder and admire the most wonderful union of benevolence, sense, and integrity in the character of the excellent being whose faith is pledged with mine. Either he has imparted some of his goodness to me, or the example of his excellence has drawn out the latent good I had—as certainly I am a better person and a more useful member of society than I was in my years of misery.

*November 1st, '97.*—The peace with Emperor and the Republic is certain, and a *guerre à mort* between this island and all the vast power of the brave, conquering French. How this country can get out of the *mauvais pas* it is in remains to be seen. I think it is, from the obstinacy and folly of the Government, lost, and that completely by its own fault.

Le bien nous le faisons, le mal c'est la fortune ;  
On a toujours raison, le destin toujours tort.

Unjust as mankind is, it can hardly rest the blame of our destruction upon Fortune.

*À propos* of the simple, philosophical La Fontaine, I either read or heard a touching trait of his simplicity lately. He was wise enough to despise money, and spent all he had from not knowing its value or caring for its production. When reduced to nothing he lived with a friend, who loved him and supplied the very few wants he had. This friend died. One who had known La Fontaine at his house immediately went to invite him to come and live with him. He met La Fontaine on the road to his *château*, and upon hearing the invitation the poet replied 'J'y allais.' The *naïveté* of his reply is very striking : to a mind like his the accepting money was no dependence, he wanted it not for luxuries, but for existence. He paints his own character in his epitaph.

The King has been to see the Dutch prizes. It is supposed that the extreme fuss that has been made about the victory proceeds from some dirty politics of the King's own, as much less was done for Ld. St. Vincent, and his victory was more brilliant ;<sup>1</sup> but

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Duncan had completely destroyed the Dutch fleet under Admiral de Winter on October 11, 1797, off the village of Camperdown. With sixteen ships of the line he captured eight Dutch ships of

Duncan is a relation of Mr. Dundas's and a Scotchman, and Ld. St. Vincent a member of Ld. Lansdown's, who though he never voted against the war yet he never did for it, and it was known that his opinion went violently against that of the Court—a crime the paltry Sovereign can never pardon even in the most distinguished. So these rejoicings are meant to mortify him. It is an odd circumstance that Ld. St. Vincent used to sign 'John Jervis' for many months after the honour of the earldom had been conferred upon him, and he only ceased using it upon its being noticed from the Ministers. Indeed, some of the new creations might well disgust him of a dignity rendered now so contemptible.

Sir Gilbert Elliot was the man I used to esteem the most for integrity and respectability among the Opposition. He is the son of a poor Scotch baronet, who was one of the King's men. He and his brother were sent to Paris to be educated, and at the college he formed a friendship with the celebrated Mirabeau, and some years afterwards, when Mirabeau was tried for his life in England upon the accusation of having robbed his servant, Sir G. and Mr. Burke appeared in a court of justice to give testimony to his morals. Sir G. married a Miss Amyand (Lady Malmesbury's sister). He was a sycophant of Burke's, and during the Regency was as bitter against the poor mad King as his patron. All

the line out of a total of fifteen. His task was rendered more difficult by the mutinous spirit which had affected many of his crews for some months previously.

Sir John Jervis's victory had been gained on February 11 off Cape St. Vincent on the coast of Portugal. In his case the odds were greater with respect to the number of ships engaged, *i.e.* fifteen English to twenty-seven Spanish, but the ships of the latter were poorly manned, and in many cases the crews were incomplete. Indeed, it is probable that, had the English Admiral realised his superiority in this respect, he would have been able to destroy the whole Spanish fleet. As it was, four ships of the line were captured, and others destroyed.



the papers at that time were drawn up by him, and he is reckoned to be the choicest writer of his own tongue since Addison. At the great crash among the Opposition he is accused of having repeated conversations falsely, and by so doing pledging each division to go further than they intended. Each party tell a different story, but I cannot decide upon the truth of the report. After the great schism Messrs. Windham, Grenville, and Pelham agreed to remain out of office, and they called themselves the 'Independent Triumvirate.' Sir G. E., by intrigue and working upon W.'s vanity, persuaded him that his not having a share of responsibility for the measures he supported was cowardly, and worked upon him to go into office in '94. Sir G. then got the foolish commission to Toulon, and when that affair ended so ill, averse to giving up the emoluments (the full pay of Ambassador) he and Ld. Hood together hit upon that wild scheme of Corsica.

His display of domestic virtues reminded me of a saying of Saint-Foix, who, talking of Lord A. said he was a crafty, hypocritical man, with *mœurs* in his mouth and sin in his heart, and that his whole system was artificial, that his wife was the same, and that even 'les petits enfants jouent aussi leurs rôles.' His wife is a sprightly, prating, gossiping woman, with a large share of vanity and a moderate one of sense. She is the only woman I ever saw that Ld. H. absolutely cannot endure.

The French made a lively sort of epigram against Santerre,<sup>1</sup> the infamous brewer, who became General,

<sup>1</sup> Antoine Joseph Santerre (1752-1809). Though a violent revolutionist, his influence seems to have been employed to obtain kindly usage for the Royal Family. The well-known story of his order to the drums to drown Louis XVI.'s speech to the populace when on the scaffold is open to doubt. Even if he gave the order, which is uncertain, he was only a subordinate, and the command would in all probability have emanated from General Burruyer, the commander

and attended Louis XVI. to the scaffold. The sting of it turns upon their popular liquor, 'La bonne bière de Mars':—

Ci-gît le Général Santerre,  
Qui n'a de Mars que sa bière.

The secession of Mr. Fox from his duty in Parliament is a subject of great discontent to the Ministry, a strong proof that it has in part the effect intended. It is believed that if he would attend, this vexatious scheme for Assessed Taxes would be relinquished.

A family event is upon the point of taking place, which surprised us all when we heard of it, a union with Mr. S.<sup>1</sup> and Miss V.<sup>2</sup> In a worldly point of view it is bad, as they will be excessively poor, but the worst part is the great disparity of age; he is twenty-seven, she is thirty-nine, twelve years upon the wrong side. I shall dwell upon his character some time or other; and perhaps hers, though it has few features beyond that of being goodhearted and well disposed.

I am most unusually dull! I heard a *bon mot* of the troops. His campaign in 1793 against the insurgents of La Vendée was a complete failure, and he was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of disaffection towards the Republic. On his release he retired into private life.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Percy Smith (1770–1845), better known as 'Bobus' Smith. He was the eldest son of Robert Smith, and Maria Ollier, the daughter of a French refugee. He was at Eton with Lord Holland, and continued from that time in the closest friendship and intimacy with him. He was appointed Advocate-General of Bengal, by Lord Lansdown's influence, in 1803, and remained seven years in India. He entered Parliament in 1812, but never took much part in the debates. The sprightliness and originality of his wit and conversation obtained for him a fame to which he could never have attained by his performances in public life.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Caroline Vernon was second daughter of Evelyn, first Countess of Upper Ossory, and Richard Vernon, whom she married after the death of her first husband. Her eldest sister, Henrietta, married George, Earl of Warwick, in 1776, and the youngest, Elizabeth, died unmarried in 1830. Robert Vernon Smith, the son of this marriage, married Emma Mary, a natural daughter of the second Earl of Upper Ossory, and was created Lord Lyveden in 1859.

Mr. Erskine's that I think is good. He was at dinner sitting between (May 17, '97) Mr. Adam and Mr. Crewe. He was attacking Mr. A. for his constant opposition to Parliamentary reform when in Parliament, and soliciting Mr. C. for his vote for the reform which was then coming on. 'What company I am in!' exclaimed Erskine, 'a *Crewe* in mutiny, and an *Adam* with original sin.' The fleet was in mutiny at the Nore.

About the same time it was decided in a court of justice that an affidavit must have a title. Erskine, while his adversary was pleading for the necessity of the title, wrote in court these lines:—

In times like these when 'tis the vogue  
To title every fool and rogue,  
Up starts a perjured affidavit  
And swears that he must also have it.

Lord Lauderdale dined here and mentioned having just left *Ld. Thurlow*,<sup>1</sup> whose opinion he had asked about these Triple Assessments;<sup>2</sup> he answered in his usual style of vehemence and imprecation, 'D—n seize the whole set of them; *I* look for Bonaparte, and expect redress from him in London at the head of 100,000 men.'

It is *said* that Mr. Fox's constituents insisted upon his return to Parliament. He went there on the 13th

<sup>1</sup> Lord Thurlow (1731–1806) was Lord Chancellor from 1778 till 1783. After the fall of the Coalition he resumed that office, and retained it until 1792, when he was compelled to resign on account of his opposition to Pitt.

<sup>2</sup> This was Pitt's proposal to treble for a year the Assessed Taxes payable on houses, windows, carriages, horses, &c. By this means he proposed to provide the necessary funds for the year without increasing the national debt; and by a system of graduation he considered that the tax would only fall on those who could reasonably afford to contribute towards the revenues of the country. The tax, in effect, did not nearly approach the figure Pitt estimated it would produce.

of December and made an incomparable speech ;<sup>1</sup> there are those who still hope the Minister will abandon the scheme, but as it is one of his own he feels the greatest parental fondness for it, and will relinquish it (if he should) with the greatest reluctance. I have just got from Ld. Lauderdale<sup>2</sup> the copy of a curious letter written by Lord Moira to be shown to Mr. Fox. It contains proposals for a motley Administration, but I have not yet read the particulars.

Lord M., had he lived in the days of Rochefoucauld, would have been the character to have furnished that excellent observation that '*La gravité est un mystère du corps pour cacher les défauts de l'esprit,*' as upon the gravity of his deportment and the passive goodness of his morals he has founded a sort of reputation that neither his abilities or his conduct have entitled him to possess. An attachment to his profession, which he imbibed from beholding the military discipline of the Austrians, and a desire of distinguishing himself by entering sooner that he might go to America, are the only brilliant points in his character. *Au reste*, he is a conceited, solemn coxcomb, with as much ambition as the coldness of his disposition allows. Since the unpopularity of the P. of Wales he has been the only man of distinction, either of rank or reputation, who has supported him. He is his adviser, and certainly looks forward to being at the head of affairs in this country after the King's death, if not before. His farewell

<sup>1</sup> On the Assessed Taxes Bill.

<sup>2</sup> James, eighth Earl of Lauderdale (1759-1839), second son of James, seventh Earl of Lauderdale, whom he succeeded in the titles in 1789. He first entered the House of Commons in 1780, and was elected a Scotch representative peer in 1790, but was not re-elected during the next two Parliaments on account of his advanced views on social questions. His ideas, however, underwent a marked change later in life, and he even opposed the Reform Bills. He married, in 1782, Eleanor, only daughter of Anthony Todd, Esq.

speech to the English troops in Holland deserved very severe reprehension, as much for the injudiciousness of inspiring at that moment despondency, and for his vanity in implying that his going was sufficient to cause it. He is a man of veracity, a quality strictly necessary in him. It was his father who said he never used any manure, or allowed his tenants to apply any other than what came from silkworms. There are various other extraordinary stories of his, much in the style.

His politics he conducts so that he may be in power with either side—a shabby mode of proceeding, unless it is founded upon indifference to both sides, and merely to secure safety in commotions ; and even then the safety of it is doubtful. Timidity in public life I own I despise, for though I feel very lukewarm it is from the effect of circumstances and reasoning, and not disposition ; for were I to indulge my nature my principles are *à la hauteur de la révolution*. I must either be one of the greatest patriots or tyrants that have lived. But I dread adding a spark to the flame already kindled in Ld. H.'s disposition ; for every change must be the worse for me, who already possess such unalloyed happiness.

Mr. Lewis,<sup>1</sup> who is known in the literary world by

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775–1818), eldest son of Matthew Lewis, Esq., and Frances Maria, daughter of Sir Thomas Sewell. He was educated at Westminster, and passed some time in Germany, near Weimar, where he learnt the language and imbibed that taste for German literature which clung to him for the remainder of his life. When only twenty he wrote the novel which gave him the nickname by which he is best known. In addition to novels, he wrote numerous poems and verses, and also plays, several of which were produced in London. He sat in the House of Commons as a Whig from 1796 to 1802. His father, who was a large landed proprietor in the West Indies, died in 1812, and after his death Lewis took up very enthusiastically the question of the welfare of the slaves working on the property. He twice visited Jamaica, and died on the return journey in 1818 from yellow fever.

having written a very popular romance called *The Monk* in which there are some very pretty verses, has just given to the public a play not totally without merit. He has borrowed very much from the literature of the German, and his imagination, so schooled, is sometimes extravagant and monstrous. It may not be very consistent with chaste taste to admit that the German pleases, yet there are specimens that are sublime and touching, though in general the great affectation there is of simplicity and honour are more revolting than pleasing. The most fascinating part of the new play is perhaps the acting, and the agency of a most graceful female spirit, yet the two last acts may boast of intellectual interest. I saw him to-day for the first time here. He is little in person, rather ugly and shortsighted; upon the whole not engaging, though better than I expected from the picture made of him to me.

Lord Granville L.-Gower is going immediately to Berlin to congratulate the young King upon his accession.<sup>1</sup> It will require the pen and genius of another Mirabeau to describe and detect the intricacies of the intrigues going on there. The monarch is represented to be obstinate, weak, and unfeeling; the second brother, who died two years past, was the one of the whole family most favoured by natural endowments, though he may perhaps only share that reputation in common with all princes who die prematurely. The D. of Brunswick is gone to Berlin, according to report, to govern the

<sup>1</sup> Frederick William III. (1770-1840) succeeded to the throne of Prussia on his father's death in November 1797. The late King, Frederick William II. (1744-1797), was nephew and successor of Frederick the Great. The boundaries of Prussia were largely extended during his reign, but his methods of ruling the country, influenced by unworthy favourites, did not commend themselves to his people. He divorced his first wife, Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, in 1769, and married Princess Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt, by whom he had six children.



King. If obstinacy and folly are as much combined in his character as they say it is, the Duke will find the undertaking as difficult as that he engaged in when he invaded Champagne.

I passed a few days at Berlin in '96, and was fortunate enough (for I then thought it so) to arrive the day before a review; which, when I had seen I found I had seen nothing. For, stunned by the noise, choked with the smoke, and blinded by the dust, the four hours spent upon the sandy plain were so many of bodily sufferance, and the only instruction I derived was that a man may easily evade and play the part I should in a battle, viz., run away and not be missed. Glad to escape from a scene, disagreeable in itself, and made more detestable by reflecting upon the intention of it, I went to a small house on a cross-road, which was found filled with royal attendants, *i.e.* a seraglio. Shortly after the unwieldy monster, for whose pleasures they were assembled, appeared upon a horse of a proportionable size to himself. After hearing their names he selected those he chose to have follow him to Charlottenburg. The royal wish being signified, three or four ascended a carriage that was in waiting, and the whole party, accompanied by the famous Bischoffsverder and some other courtiers, set off to engage in the most disgusting debaucheries that ever disgraced a court. When he was dying he frequently asked of the physicians when they thought it would be over with him, and expressed great impatience for the moment of dissolution. This desire of death in a timid, bad man was remarkable, for such a contempt of life was not in his character; but it appeared that he firmly gave credit to the *Illuminés*, and believed he should return within eight days to life in the form of a handsome young woman. Some of his mistresses are under a suspicion of having embezzled

great sums, and the celebrated Mde. de Rietz<sup>1</sup> is under confinement, and her goods, etc., confiscated—a paltry measure for a Sovereign, for if the money was given, however injudiciously, it is a reflection upon the memory of his parent, and is a shabby robbery. Mde. de Rietz was the Pompadour of Berlin ; no longer fit to please the King she sought those that could. It is her daughter that Ld. Bristol quarrelled with his son for not marrying last year.

Ld. Malmesbury was to have gone to make the compliments, but most likely Mr. Canning made him relinquish it for the sake of his young friend ; and Ld. M. did it more readily since the memento of mortality he has lately had. His head is awry, and his whole appearance indicates a universal shock.

Ld. H. made, on ye 10th of January, his debut in the H. of Lords, on the subject of the Assessed Taxes.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Better known under the name of Wilhelmine, Comtesse de Lichtenau (1752-1820), the title bestowed on her by Frederick William II. The daughter of a musician, she became his mistress at the age of sixteen, probably under the promise ofmorganatic marriage, and for the sake of appearances was married to one of his body servants, Rietz. On the King's death she suffered eighteen months' imprisonment, besides the loss of all her belongings. Some of her property was restored to her by Napoleon in 1807.

Her daughter was called Comtesse de la Marche. Lord Bristol, in several letters to Lady E. Foster, published in *The Two Duchesses*, implores her assistance in persuading his second son, Frederick (who succeeded him), to marry the lady, and enumerates the benefits which would accrue to the whole family by the alliance. The young man in question, however, thought otherwise, and married, in February 1798, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Clotworthy, first Lord Templetown.

<sup>2</sup> Charles James Fox, writing to Lord Holland on January 16, 1798, says : ' I do assure you, my dear young one, that I do not flatter you at all, if by flattering is meant saying more than one thinks, but if praise is to be called flattery, then I beg that you will tell Lady H. that I know enough of the family constitution to know that it is remarkably good and wholesome for us all, and that, too, in good doses. I think your speech, whether well or ill given, reads very well indeed ; but it was not the goodness of the speech only that I alluded to, it was the stoutness of fighting so well, all alone against them all, and I really was delighted full as much as I said, or more.'

He spoke well in his first speech, but admirably in his reply. His speech was precisely what a friend would wish : argumentative and simple, evidently not a studied declamation, and such as a first opening should be, more because it promised success than that it possessed it. I should have been sorry to have heard it was eloquent, as almost all the speakers who have begun pompously have stopped short, as for instance Ld. Hawkesbury, Belgrave, and Mr. Canning. The wit and quickness of his reply is an answer to those who probably would have ascribed to Mr. Fox his speech. In answer to Lord Grenville's repeated boasts of the excellence of the Constitution, he said it reminded him of Prior's lines :—

When Harlequin extolled his horse  
Fit for the road, the chase, the course ;  
One fault he had, a fault indeed,  
And what was that ? His horse was dead.

He entered a protest, but by some unlucky misunderstanding the Duke of Bedford did not sign it, and Ld. H. was too indolent to get the signatures of the other peers who wanted to sign ; and unfortunately Ld. Oxford was the only person who signed with him. The Assessed Taxes have passed, and there is besides a voluntary subscription open for those who have money enough left to squander upon such an absurd donation.<sup>1</sup> The Assessed Taxes add to us 1000*l.* and fifty pounds besides the old assessment—a sum added to the annual expenditure that compels us to exceed our income, and nothing but the desperate state of affairs can make me look upon such a certainty as a moderate calamity.

Messrs. Grey, Tierney, and Erskine dined here last

<sup>1</sup> In the form of a National Defence Fund. Forty-six thousand pounds were subscribed at an open-air meeting of bankers and merchants held in the Royal Exchange. The Bank of England subscribed 200,000*l.*

week. Grey was placid in temper and pleasing in his manner, a contrast to the general state of both, as he is usually irritable and supercilious. His heart is warm and excellent, and those few who do not detest him love him with great affection, but he is universally unpopular from the offensiveness of his behaviour. He says he is dissatisfied with his political conduct, and regrets having continued so long in Parliament after seceding. He began his political career under the auspices of Ld. Lansdown ; the beauty and attraction of the Dss. of Devonshire drew him to the party of which she was a most active partisan. His abilities and connections secured him the flattery of the Whigs, and more seduced by his heart than convinced by his reason, he became an adherent of Mr. Fox's. For many years he was discontented, for his ambition and vanity have been checked and mortified, the first from the desperate, unavailing opposition, and his vanity at being compared with Sheridan and obliged to act in concert with him. His eloquence is more pleasing and agreeable than forcible and deep ; in private life he is very respectable. He has married the Duchess of Devonshire's relation, Miss Ponsonby, a mild, insipid, pretty girl.<sup>1</sup> They are very happy, and if he is satisfied it is no person's business to express astonishment at it.

Tierney<sup>2</sup> is a man of whom everybody believes something against, but I could never discover upon what fact such a belief was founded, as he has never committed any overt act. His birth is obscure, not to say mean. He married a woman who brought him a fortune, which his extreme parsimony will prevent him

<sup>1</sup> He married, in 1794, Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of William, first Lord Ponsonby, of Imokilly.

<sup>2</sup> George Tierney (1761-1831) was son of Thomas Tierney, a native of Limerick, and originally a merchant in London. He married, in 1789, Miss Miller, of Stapleton, in Gloucestershire.

from squandering. He is shrewd and lively, and has apparently a very bad opinion of mankind.

A person who was sent about two years ago to explore the interior parts of Africa is just returned. He is a Scotchman of the name of M. Park,<sup>1</sup> very much protected by Sir Joseph Banks, and esteemed a man of veracity. He has neither fancy or genius, and if he does fib it is dully. He has traced the Niger to its source about a 1000 miles from the *embouchure* of the Senegal. He describes it as falling into a vast mediterranean lake, from whence it probably issues, but that he could not ascertain. He met with great difficulties, and was frequently in danger of losing his life. In a Negro district he was once imprisoned and condemned to death. The Queen saved his life by proposing to preserve him as a curiosity for his complexion, but at the expense of his sight. He escaped, however, that sacrifice. A Major Houghton, who preceded him in the expedition, went laden with beads and toys, hoping to engage the friendship of the inhabitants by his paltry gifts. He succeeded for some time, but falling in with an intrepid, rapacious people, to obtain all his riches they massacred him. This man lived with the Negroes everywhere, shunning the Moors, whom he represents as cruel and perfidious.

There is another adventurer wandering, whose history is remarkable, and if what he says is true his discoveries are curious. A student in the Temple of the name of Browne<sup>2</sup> allowed his imagination to be heated by the perusal of Quintus Curtius, and became convinced that he could discover the Temple of Jupiter Ammon.

<sup>1</sup> Mungo Park (1771-1806). He lost his life in a second attempt to solve the mystery of the sources of the Niger. An account of his travels was published in 1815 by Whishaw.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 33.

With all the ardour of youth and the enthusiasm of a proselyte, he quitted England, and arrived at Cairo without the smallest equipment for a laborious journey, or the least knowledge in the Oriental languages. He there engaged with a caravan, which was going across the deserts of Libya; after sixteen days' journey from Alexandria they arrived at a fertile, verdant spot, insulated in the sands, conformable to the description given of the oasis on which the famous temple was erected.

Mr. B. has since returned to England, and received great encouragement from the President. He is now learning Arabic and the languages that will facilitate his future enterprises. It is hoped that he will be *de bonne foi*, and really study the originals, and not do what poor Savary<sup>1</sup> was accused of, who instead of deriving his knowledge from the genuine sources, translated the history of a Caliphat from a bad Latin version. A musty *savant* discovered the imposition in an ingenious manner. In Savary's history a certain town in Egypt is described as having its market filled weekly with oil. Now as no olives grow, and consequently no oil can be produced in such abundance as to furnish a regular supply in that district, recourse was had to other translations, and the identical one copied by Savary was found, and the error in the text that had led him into the mistake, for there *olium* was used for *olus* (*oleris*) cabbages! Thus fell the glorious boast of Savary's learning.

I have lately been reading a very entertaining book, not the less so probably for being full of lies. It begins with a bouncer, viz., that Henry VIII. put Wolsey to death for his strict adherence to the Pope. The book is Leti's *Life of Sextus V.*, a pontiff whose history both as a sovereign and a man is worthy of being recorded,

<sup>1</sup> Claude Etienne Savary (1750-1788), who spent some years in Egypt and wrote, among other works, *Letters on Egypt* and *Letters on Greece*.



though the dignity of the first is degraded by cruelty, and the latter by hypocrisy.

The King yesterday subscribed towards the exigencies of the State and this 'just and necessary war,' 20,000*l.* ! A scandalous and contemptible proceeding. He has a million annually, besides having Hanover, and most of his family provided for. The subscription goes on tardily, and there is not above 100,000*l.* raised, although it has been opened above ten days.

At length my wishes will be accomplished, and if life is granted to me for a few years, nay months, I shall witness the downfall of the detestable government of Rome ! When this generation shall have passed from the face of the earth and no living witnesses remain, posterity will yield a reluctant belief to the testimony of history when it shall unfold the story of the Papal sway. That priests have governed without control the early history of every country shows, but then the ignorance of the governed was proportioned to the dominion of the governors ; but that such a power should have lasted near four centuries after the destruction of Constantinople, when the lights of philosophy were diffused throughout Europe, appears incredible. The truth of the existence of the governments, Venice and Rome, will ever be problematical questions in future politics. Most will doubt, and for the advantage of mankind it is to be hoped none will ever try to revive experimentally their forms.

This last commotion in Rome seems to have been a contrivance of the French, aided by the inveterate enemy to the See, Azara, for all (the Ambassador) Bonaparte's steps in consequence appear to be the result of a premeditated scheme.<sup>1</sup> Tho' I abhor the treachery,

<sup>1</sup> During the autumn of 1797 various intrigues were on foot in Rome, and all centred in the residence of the French Ambassador,

yet I cannot but applaud the effect, though it would be a prouder thing for ye human mind if the holy jugglers had received their destruction from the effort of reason, than by the common intrigue of an enemy. The King of Naples, unlike a faithful son of the Church, has marched a large army to seize a share of the tottering State, which the French will allow him to keep until it answers their purposes to take it from him.

*29th January, 1798.*—Lord Lansdown, Misses Vernon and Fox, Messrs Lewis, Jekyll,<sup>1</sup> and Beauclerk dined here. Ld. L. never dines out, so his coming was a distinguished mark of favour. His character is a monstrous compound of virtues and failings; the world has never done him justice for his ample portion of the former. A simple, well-meaning man once said, ‘What a pity ’tis that Mr. Fox has no private character, and Ld. L. no public one.’ His temper is violent, and his

Joseph Bonaparte (Napoleon’s eldest brother), who desired a means of breaking with the Papal Government. His opportunity came at last on December 28, when a revolutionary band sought refuge from the soldiery and populace in the courtyard of the French Embassy. In the tumult a member of the Embassy was shot by one of the Papal soldiers. Joseph instantly quitted the Pope’s dominions, and a French army under Berthier entered the city on February 10. It was received with acclamation by the multitude, and the Roman Republic was proclaimed an accomplished fact. The Pope was removed to Tuscany, and afterwards to Valence, where he died in 1799. In November 1798, Ferdinand issued a proclamation to the Neapolitans that he was about to restore the Pope to his throne, and immediately proceeded, with the help of an Austrian army, to try to carry out his boast. The whole force, under the command of General Mack, did indeed reach Rome, but were unable to maintain their position, owing to lack of discipline and bad generalship. The French closely pursued their disorderly retreat, and in their turn entered Naples in January 1799.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Jekyll, the celebrated wit. He practised at the Bar, and was returned to Parliament for Calne in 1787 through the influence of Lord Lansdown. He was a favourite with the Prince of Wales, and it is probable that he owed his appointment as Master in Chancery (1815) to that fact, for he was barely qualified for the post. He died in 1837.

disposition suspicious ; a man with whom it is impossible to live upon an equality, as he expects a deference to his will that few are willing to yield further than his rank and years demand. He is of a noble, generous inclination when he can serve a friend, and all who have been connected with him have felt his liberality in some shape or other. There are those whose fortunes he has made and whose families he has provided for with splendour even. His disputes with Ld. Wycombe ought not to prove him unreasonable, for he has an eccentric and impracticable character to deal with, who is to the full as suspicious as himself and as jealous of control. The collision of two such dispositions frequently kindles up a furious flame, but at the bottom each loves the other too well for the rage to settle into permanent estrangement, but every moment of each of their lives is embittered by interference on one part and resistance on the other.

Ld. L., in his old age, surrounded with dignities and wealth, is helpless, and more an object of pity than of envy. He has no friend. Colonel Barré, who went through life with him, he has broken with ; the cause of their quarrel is a mystery. He loves the society of women, and has lost two wives. His son, whom he meant to make a tool for his ambition and to live over again in his political career, shuns the line he designed him for, and is an alien to his country. The character of his second son <sup>1</sup> is not yet developed. His home is a vast solitude, and but for the three ladies must be insufferable. Old age and the whole train of infirmities is coming on apace, and he must pass through many wretched hours without hearing the tender, cheering

<sup>1</sup> Lord Henry Petty (1780-1863), Lord Lansdown's only son by his second marriage. He became third Marquess on his half-brother's death in 1809.

The first Lord Lansdown always signed his name without the terminal *e*, a practice not followed by his successors.

voice of friendship to soothe him. He always makes me melancholy, to fancy the anguish he must at times endure. When he was in Ministry many of the squibs of the day had compared him to the Jesuit Malagrida. Goldsmith, with his usual simplicity, said to him, 'I wonder, my Lord, at their comparing you to Malagrida, for he was a very honest man.'

Nothing is talked of but the numerous meeting upon Mr. Fox's birthday,<sup>1</sup> and the extraordinary factious toast given by the Duke of Norfolk, the more extraordinary as coming from him who is in general a chicken-hearted, trimming sort of politician. He said, 'Gentlemen, about twenty years ago two thousand men (about the number in this room) rallied round one honest man, Mr. Washington, to support their liberties.' Then, after expatiating upon their patriotism, he said, 'I leave you to make the application, and shall propose the health of Charles Fox.' This seditious and, in my opinion, very improper speech met with the most violent applause, which alarmed him, and in a second discourse he tried to do it away by an explanation. This not succeeding, he grew frightened, and the next day asked for a private audience of the King, in which he expressed his loyalty, entreating his Majesty in case of an invasion to put him forward in the post of danger, adding that he should write a letter to all the officers of his regiment recommending them to subscribe their mite towards the defence of the country. He also had a contradiction to the speech inserted in the papers, but this recantation has been of no service, for yesterday he was dismissed from the colonelcy, and is to be suspended as Ld.-Lt. of Yorkshire. It is said that he is so popular amongst his officers that they will resign in consequence of his dismissal.

<sup>1</sup> At the Anchor and Crown.

There is still a rumour of a change in Administration to be effected by Ld. Moira and a party in the House of Commons headed by two Scotch Sir Johns, Macpherson and Sinclair; the Prince *y entre pour quelque chose* in the management of it. He sent a message last week to Grey to know whether he had any objection to be reconciled (they have not spoken for many years).<sup>1</sup> Grey answered very properly that he had never presumed to imagine his R. H. supposed he would venture to harbour resentment. He was then asked if he would receive amicably the advances of the Prince. He replied, 'He should always be flattered by any notice or condescension.' A dinner was proposed at Mr. O'Byrne's<sup>2</sup> (an Irish gambler's), where each party met, and the day passed in riot and drunkenness. Ld. Moira proposed to Mr. Grey to contrive an interview with Ld. Lansdown. Grey said he would willingly bring them together, and hoped as they agreed in opinion so they might in conduct, but declined all further interference. During the time all this was going on Ld. H. received frequent messages from the Prince, intimating that he was coming here, and begged we would give him a dinner; however he has never appeared.

*March 1798.*—Gilbert Wakefield,<sup>3</sup> known to the world

<sup>1</sup> The estrangement between the Prince and Grey arose over the latter's refusal to make a statement in the House of Commons concerning the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. At her desire the Prince wished for a modification of Fox's outspoken denial of the marriage. Grey would have nothing to do with it, and the business was handed over to Sheridan, who made a confused and undecided statement.

<sup>2</sup> Wraxall relates of O'Byrne that he was an Irish adventurer who amassed a considerable fortune at the gaming tables. He was intimate with the Prince, who often dined at his house.

<sup>3</sup> Gilbert Wakefield (1756–1801) was son of a Nottinghamshire clergyman. He took the highest possible classical honours at Cambridge, and was intended for the Church. He developed, however, leanings towards Arian doctrines, which precluded him from taking orders. He published a number of works on the classics, and his

as a savant and editor of *Lucretius*, has just written a most violent pamphlet in answer to one by Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff.<sup>1</sup> The Bishop from being a patriot and Low Church man has suddenly become an admirer of Ministers, and his book is in praise of the Triple Assessments, and to recommend the subscribing for the defence of the country. He rather implies that the Triple Assessments are a divine idea. He compares the body politic in this country to a well-constructed fabric that is to sink down to a degree, but the basis of the structure will continue firm and unimpaired, so that the descent will be equally felt by all the inmates, but without any shock. The learned commentator takes the idea up facetiously, and describes with some humour what the situation will be (and himself among the number of the humblest) of those who inhabit the basement of the building, who will, let the sinking be ever so gradual, soon be below the surface of the earth; whilst his reverence and those in the upper stories will find little if any debasement. The Bishop's zeal is quickened, if not created, by the mitre of Carlisle in perspective, of which he has a promise whenever it becomes vacant.

On Thursday, 8th, Mr. Tierney came to Ld. H. to inform him of an important circumstance, which he was desired by Grey and others to communicate to him. It was that the P. of W. requested an interview with the

correspondence with Fox on those subjects appeared in Lord Russell's work. His political opinions became very advanced as years went on, and brought trouble upon him on this occasion. He was convicted, with his printer and publisher, of seditious libel, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Dorchester gaol. He died soon after his release.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff (1737-1816). His pamphlet, *Address to the People of Great Britain*, was published in January, and Wakefield's *Reply* was issued with such speed that it was finished for the press in the compass of a single day. Wakefield's *Reply* stated 'that the poor and the labouring classes would lose nothing by a French invasion, and declared that if the French came they would find him at



D. of Northumberland<sup>1</sup>; which he obtained of course as soon as asked. He expressed great alarms about the state of the country, chiefly arising from the desperate measures of the Ministers, who were driving everything on with great violence. He said the King's mind was inveterate against the Opposition, especially towards Grey, as he was the one about whom the greatest pains had been taken to instil prejudices. That in a recent meeting of the Council it had been resolved upon the first alarm of invasion that military law should be proclaimed throughout the country, adding that he had seen the instrument prepared and ready signed by H. M. He therefore entreated the D. of N. to assemble a meeting of Fox's friends, to propose to them to endeavour to persuade Mr. Fox to agree to sign a declaration protesting strict adherence to the King and Government, in which declaration a specific reform might be stated. The D. of N. accepted of the instructions, though giving it as his opinion that it would not be a measure likely to be adopted or approved by Mr. Fox. It was totally rejected by the whole party, but the meeting assembled to discuss upon that declaration suggested the drawing up of another, viz., to declare unanimously why Secession had been adopted, and why those who still attended Parliament meant to secede—Tierney, Sheridan, and others; but this scheme could not be effected, as every individual differed as to principles and motives. So the affair died away.

his post among the illustrious dead. It also contained charges of corruption against the civil and ecclesiastical system of the day, and detailed numerous accusations against the Bishop of Llandaff as an absentee and a pluralist' (*Dictionary of National Biography*). The Bishop never obtained the See he coveted.

<sup>1</sup> Hugh, second Duke of Northumberland, of the third creation (1742-1817), who succeeded to the titles in 1786. He was originally a follower of Pitt, but complained of neglect and went over to the Opposition.

About this period we were obliged to go to Bath on account of my health. I had an alarming complaint in my stomach, the cause a total debility, the effect a deathlike, icy coldness which suspended all the functions of digestion, from which torpor nothing but the strongest cordials could revive me. The physician (Dr. Parry) ventured upon a bold remedy, and bled me : success warranted the undertaking and I have been getting better ever since. Bath did me little or no good, and after a stay of three weeks we returned on March ye 10th to this delightful mansion.<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Leinster, who is attending his dying wife at Bristol, came over to see Ld. H. and me.<sup>2</sup> He told Ld. H. that if he could go to town and take his seat, he would leave his proxy with him, as he meant it no longer to remain with Ld. Fitzwilliam, although he had had it for twenty years. Ld. Fitz.'s acceptance of the Ld.-Lieutenancy has lost him.<sup>3</sup>

*April 1st, 1798.*—Ld. Edward Fitzgerald is not apprehended ; Pamela<sup>4</sup> writes to his mother that she

<sup>1</sup> Holland House.

<sup>2</sup> William Robert, second Duke of Leinster (1749–1804), married, in 1775, Emilia Olivia, only daughter of Lord St. George. She died on June 23. The Duke's mother, the Dowager Duchess, was a daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and Lord Holland's great-aunt.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Fitzwilliam accepted the Lord-Lieutenancy of the North Riding in succession to the Duke of Norfolk.

<sup>4</sup> His wife, whose origin is shrouded in mystery. The probability is that she was a daughter of Madame de Genlis and Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans. Madame de Genlis, however, always declared that when she adopted her in order to assist the Orleans children, whose governess she was at the time, to learn English, she was the five-year-old daughter of Nancy Sims, living at Christchurch ; that she had been born in Newfoundland, and that her father was one Guillaume de Brixey. Lord Edward first met her in Paris in 1792, and married her within a month. After her husband's death she went to Hamburg, where she married, in 1800, Mr. Pitcairn, the United Stâtes Consul. The marriage, however, was not a happy one, and they were soon separated. After leaving Hamburg, she went to Vienna, and finally settled near Montauban, in Chambord.

is tranquil about him, knowing that he is *au gré des vents et des flots*.<sup>1</sup> The report in town now is that they do not wish to take him, as they cannot prove anything against him, but I would not, were I he, trust to such vague assertions. It was believed he was in London ; a Mr. Sheldon (a Catholic) fancied he saw him in Lancaster Fields [*sic*], and with a zeal becoming the fanatical politics of the day immediately went to Burlington H. to apprise the noble spy, for in fact his Grace's department<sup>2</sup> is now but a bad imitation of that once headed in Paris by the active and celebrated Le Noir. Of all the truly contemptible public characters in England among the many, surely his Grace of Portland stands the foremost ; his friends even dare not say a word in his behalf.

In the last month the D. of Bedford brought in his motion for the removal of Ministers.

Oh God ! chance, nature, or whatever thou art, receive the grateful thanks and prayers that flow from my heart in acknowledgment for the health I now enjoy ; a full week have I been free from suffering or alarm. What are the gifts of fortune in comparison to the enjoyment of health ! Grant that it may continue, and that

<sup>1</sup> A warrant had been issued on March 12 against Lord Edward on the information given to Government by Thomas Reynolds, a man intimately acquainted with the revolutionary counsels in Ireland. He gave notice that a meeting of the conspirators would be held at the house of a well-to-do merchant in Dublin, and important arrests were made in consequence. Several of the leaders were not present, but were taken soon after, and Lord Edward alone succeeded in eluding the close search. He remained the whole time hidden in Dublin or the neighbourhood, notwithstanding the rumours to the contrary, and most of his relations had no certain knowledge of his whereabouts. In the meantime preparations for a rising continued under his supervision, and the intelligence that May 23 was fixed for the outbreak increased the desire of Government to secure his person. A further act of treachery brought about his arrest, which took place on May 19.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Portland was at the Home Office from 1794 until 1801.

I may, whilst life lasts, feel no other anguish than what is incidental to the gradual decay of mortality. Let it be gradual, for I am too happy to bear with equanimity the thought of being torn from the felicity of a life replete with every blessing human nature is capable of relishing. Formerly in the bitterness of sorrow I prayed for death ; I looked to it as a relief to a broken spirit, and when I viewed its approach with indifference I imputed to philosophy that resignation and contempt, which despair alone had caused. Now I am a coward indeed ; a spasm terrifies me, and every memento of the fragile tenure of my bliss strikes a panic through my frame. Oh ! my beloved friend, how hast thou by becoming mine endeared the every-day occurrences of life ! I shrink from nothing but the dread of leaving or of losing thee, but alas ! the day must come :—

La Mort a des rigneurs à nulle autre pareilles ;  
On a beau la prier.  
La cruelle qu'elle est se bouche les oreilles  
Et nous laisse crier.

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,  
Est sujet à ses lois ;  
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre  
N'en défend pas nos Rois.

(*Trad. d'Horace, par Malherbe.*<sup>1</sup>)

May '98.—He spoke upon the D. of Bedford's motion, and his praises were sounded everywhere. His manner is like his uncle's. The great features of his speaking are eagerness, quickness, and argument. I saw a *critique* in a letter from an enemy, that said he was the counterpart of his uncle—full of ability, spirit, and impetuosity, presumption in reply, rashness in assertion, and arrogance in conclusion. But it was an enemy.

<sup>1</sup> *Consolation à Monsieur du Périer sur la mort de sa fille.*

At a supper after a great ball the other night at Burlington House, Sheridan and Lewis got into a dispute, which the latter would have decided by a wager, and said, 'I lay you the profits of my play (which, by-the-bye, Sheridan, you have not paid me).' 'I do not like high wagers,' replied S., 'but I'll lay you a small one, *the worth of it.*' The little author became as mute as a fish from the rebuff.

*May 23rd.*—Well may one ask the question, as Mr. Fox does in a letter to Ld. H., whether Robespierre was worse than the present state of things with regard to O'Connor. Poor fellow, there seems to have been a refinement in their cruelty towards him at the moment.<sup>1</sup> He endeavoured to get out of the place where as a criminal he had been standing before his acquittal. The messengers jumped upon him. A scuffle ensued, in which ye sabres that had been brought in in evidence against them were used. O'Connor came forward, and as he saw his fate was inevitable, made a most pathetic appeal to the feelings of the court; he said that he did not fear death, which to him was far preferable to the prospect of languishing in a dungeon. He entreated Buller to interfere, and that if he was to endure the hardship of another confinement, at least to allow him to be imprisoned with his brother. Buller behaved with humanity, regretting that the court had no power to interfere.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur O'Connor (1763–1852), born in co. Cork. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1788, and entered the Irish Parliament three years later. He became deeply imbued with the spirit of the French Revolution, and resigned his seat in 1795. The year after, he joined the United Irishmen and became chief editor of their organ, *The Press*. After his release from prison he went to France, and was appointed a general of division by Napoleon, but never saw active service. He married, in 1807, Élı́ze de Condorcet, and became a naturalised Frenchman.

He was tried at Maidstone, before Mr. Justice Buller, on a charge

O'Coigly <sup>1</sup> behaved heroically ; his countenance never changed whilst the judge was passing sentence, except that he smiled ironically to hear the heinousness of treason was said to be aggravated when it was against so just and beneficent a Prince as the one who now graced the throne. He took snuff, and bowed when all was over. The purport of the paper was absurd to a degree. He is half enthusiast, half bigot. He did himself an injury by confessing to a priest.

Very soon after I heard of O'Connor's second arrest, when my heart was full of pity and commiseration, came the sad intelligence of poor Ld. Edward's arrest. A personal misfortune could scarcely have grieved or shocked one more, and though I should at all times feel strongly for a man endowed as he is with every good and estimable quality, yet I felt more acutely, because for the last month I have been intimately with his mother and family and had witnessed their love and anxiety on his account. Excellent woman, I fear if the business ends fatally for him, it will not do less for her. He is the child of her heart, and the idol of his family. The circumstances of his being seized are accompanied with many awkward facts : the wounding the messengers, and even after the warrant was shown, the resisting.

Mr. Fox came over to pass the day with the Duke of

of high treason, with O'Coigly and others, but was acquitted. Bow Street runners were, however, in attendance to rearrest him on a second charge, and in the confusion which arose in court after judgment had been delivered, certain of his friends and one of his counsel, Robert Fergusson, were said, rightly or wrongly, to be implicated in an attempt to contrive his escape. Lord Thanet, Fergusson, and Denis O'Brien were arraigned on this count some months later, and the two first named were sentenced to imprisonment and fine.

<sup>1</sup> James O'Coigly, son of a Roman Catholic farmer in Armagh. He was partly educated in Paris, and later took orders. He was found at Margate in 1797 with papers in his possession implicating him in correspondence with the French regarding a proposed invasion of England, and in other treasonable practices.



Leinster. He was extremely agitated about Ld. E., and intends doing everything friendly, such as going over to the trial (as does Ld. H.) to make a show of friends and family; for a strong appearance in a man's favour has its effect upon a jury, especially where there are titles and celebrity. Ld. Henry came to see him before he went. He was to have gone last night, but he waited for an answer from the D. of Portland, to whom he had applied for permission to see his brother. I can hardly think, steeled as hearts are become, this request can be denied, but bad times make bad men, and one can't answer for one's best friend.

The general want of common humanity, both for O'Connor and Ld. E., is disgusting. Party opinions may, and always must, run high in critical moments, but when things come to life and death, as in these cases, one should think the speculatists might yield to the man, and pity creep in and soften the rigour of the politician; but alas! I find none made of penetrable stuff. Ld. Morpeth thinks O'Connor guilty and unfairly acquitted, and is as violent against Buller as they are against Eyre who acquitted Hardy and the others.<sup>1</sup> C. Ellis, who does not allow himself to form an opinion, and if he could make the effort would stifle the embryo of it did it not coincide with Canning's assertion, is naturally mild, but upon the cases of these unhappy men his bitterness is wonderful. I put it to him fairly whether it did not at the first hearing strike him to be a measure of unusual harshness. He would not reply for some time, as he said it might make him commit himself in a way he did not mean if taken as an A and B case; but if I asked whether it was hard for O'Connor he should

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Hardy, Horne Tooke, and others had been tried in October 1794, before a special commission, for nine specified acts of high treason. They were acquitted on each count.

not hesitate to say no, because the more cruel it was, the stronger was the proof of its being necessary and he being guilty, as Ministers were incapable of injustice. I told him that I regretted he had not lived in the middle ages and given his faith to orthodox points, as he would have made one of the firmest pillars of the Church, instead of being a milk and water politician now. Mr. Fox was extraordinarily pleasant and full of acute and judicious observations upon ye trial; he came and stayed here twenty-four hours.

*June 10th.* — Death has placed the gallant Ld. Edward beyond the reach of his enemies. His confinement and illness and all the previous transactions were accompanied with circumstances so disgustingly cruel, that for the sake of the human character one feels almost inclined to suppress ye details, but as it is essential for the unfortunate victim that all should be known, I hope a faithful narrative will appear well attested. It appears that he was sick with a bad sore throat, and lying upon his bed, when Ryan fired at him through the door, burst it open, and seized upon him. He naturally (as any man would) resisted, wounded Ryan in the scuffle, and was seized himself by Swan and a file of musketeers; not, however, until by repeated wounds he had himself been disarmed. Those into whose custody he was placed were violent against him, and did not attend to his wounds for twenty-four hours. As he was carried to prison six persons separately attempted to rescue him, and, as might be expected, perished in the endeavour; the man at whose house he had been secreted, on the first impulse of honest zeal and rage, flew with his drawn sabre upon the soldiers. He was seized and hanged.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lady Holland's account of the arrest is not accurate. From the account of eye-witnesses Lord Edward was the first to use weapons.

Such was the winning character of poor Lord Edward that without patronage, wealth, no very superior abilities, he had the faculty of attaching men of all ranks to his person. He was universally beloved both among his family and country and acquaintances. His loss has brought forth more genuine, unfeigned tears of sorrow than would perhaps the death of fifty other individuals, even in his own rank of life, and taken out of a family as numerous. Ly. Edward was sent out of the country upon his apprehension ; it was notified harshly, intimating that unless she obeyed speedily she would be arrested and tried for her life, as Government could hang her from proofs they had against her. She said she would stand ye trial, provided she might be allowed to share the prison of her ever-to-be-lamented husband. This was denied her, and she was compelled to set off with her two children, one only a month old, to this country, with a passport limiting her stay. Ld. Henry, upon his arrival in Dublin, was peremptorily refused an interview with his brother. I shall not give the particulars of what passed when he did see him, until I have heard it from himself, as he returned last night. The D. of Richmond came forward in the warmest manner. He had an audience with ye King, and laid before him the letter he had written to Ld. Camden.<sup>1</sup>

When the excellent Duchess set off full of hopes and anxiety, she was overtaken at Coleshill, after travelling night and day to reach Dublin as soon as possible. She

Lady Louisa Conolly, in a letter to Mr. Ogilvie, states that his wounds were attended to at once by Mr. Stewart, the surgeon-general at Dublin Castle, and that Lord Camden had ordered him a room, but owing to the acts of violence he was removed to Newgate. No mention is elsewhere made of the attempts at rescue, and Murphy, in whose house he was taken, was not hanged, but was imprisoned, without any trial, for over a year before he was released.

<sup>1</sup> The Lord-Lieutenant.

bore the dreadful news with composure and resignation. Lord Henry is in such an agitated state, that he cannot yet see any of his family. His state of mind is violently affected by the shock of seeing his dying brother perishing by wanton cruelty. Upon his first application to see Ld. E. he was refused. On Saturday, the 2nd of June, Ld. E. was roused from sleep by an unusual noise under his window ; upon enquiring he was told that the military were in the act of hanging a man just condemned by martial law. The man's name was Clinch, a friend and adherent of his. The effect upon his nerves was immediate ; he became raving mad, and a keeper from a madhouse was necessary to attend him. The next day, the surgeons declared that the symptoms of death were upon him.

The titled murderers, when they heard what had caused his approaching dissolution, began to relent, and acceded to the prayers of Ld. Henry. He was admitted with Ly. L. Conolly to see him ; they found him almost expiring, but even at that moment anxious to do what he knew would be acceptable to the opinions of his mother and aunt. He entreated her to read him the service for the dying.<sup>1</sup>

Upon Ld. H.'s <sup>2</sup> arrival at Holyhead he wrote a violent, reproachful letter to Ld. Camden of such a nature that personal danger may be the effect ; no answer has yet been returned, and Ld. C. is upon ye point of returning to England, so it remains to be seen whether another calamity will overtake ye unfortunate family of Fitzgerald.

Upon ye Land Tax Ld. H. spoke, and I hear very well : ye subject was dry.

<sup>1</sup> For Lady Louisa Conolly's account of this visit, see her letter to Mr. Ogilvie (*Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, ii. 135).

<sup>2</sup> Lord Henry Fitzgerald.

The explosion has at length taken place in Ireland, civil war rages with all its fury; the insurgents daily gain adherents and strong posts.<sup>1</sup> Ld. Camden is recalled, and Ld. Cornwallis is to succeed him, but not to conciliate. On Monday the D. of Leinster made a motion, which was seconded by ye D. of Devonshire and others; Ld. H. spoke remarkably well. The division would have been larger if the Opposition Lords had been sent to in time. My friend Ld. Boringdon did as shabby a thing as was ever done. He spoke against ye Bill for sending out ye Militia, with much heat, and the very next day he voted as readily as if it had been his own measure. Ld. Carlisle did the same thing, but he is so hackneyed in shabbiness that one neither is surprised or angry. But in a young man it is a bad debut.

21st June, '98.—Yesterday H.R.H. came to dinner; all went off well. He was so desirous of being civil that he was here exactly at six; nobody hardly was arrived, and he seemed uneasy, fearful that knowing he was coming many might refuse, but by half-past seven our party was complete, except of Sheridan, who did not come till ten. Grey, Tierney, Whitbread, D. of Norfolk, Ld. Suffolk, Bessboro', J. and W. Russell, D. of Leinster, Ld. R. Spencer, Mr. Erskine, Francis, Adam, and several others. After dinner ye Prince declared that he was willing to do everything that could serve the cause of Ireland, and that if after mature consideration and consultation with Mr. Fox, it was agreed that his going down to ye H. of Lords and making a motion would be serviceable, he almost pledged himself to do it. Grey said he applauded ye measure, and was of opinion that it would turn the scale of the wavering loyalty of the Irish, but at the same time that such a momentous step was discussing he thought it but honourable to

<sup>1</sup> The insurrection broke out on the appointed day, May 23.

apprise H.R.H. that the consequences might be to him of ye utmost importance, as it was probable attempts would be made to pass him by in ye succession. After much argument and debating a meeting was fixed for next Saturday, when ye whole will be finally settled. The D. of Norfolk was comical in his serious manner of entreating ye Prince to postpone all decision ; ‘for,’ said he, ‘one is always betrayed into some imprudences after a bottle of wine.’ It occurred to everybody that he thought of his own toast which deprived him of his Ld.-Lieutenancy.

Ld. Suffolk<sup>1</sup> is ye strangest looking mortal ; he had just come from a two hours’ audience of the King, who did not reply a word to any of his statements. He told ye King that the taking out of the Commons so many new peers degraded ye Commons, without adding dignity to ye Peers. The party broke up at 12, with very few more than a little gay. Sheridan and ye D. of Leinster supped, ye first having lost his dinner.

Ld. Lansdown passed some days here ; he is, I fear, breaking quite up. His extraordinary son is still in Dublin, where his conversation has procured him three spies who watch every action of his life. Great as would be his eventual loss should Ireland by continuing the war waste the country or become independent, I am convinced he delights in the turmoil, because it furnishes events and matter for critical discussion.

When Grattan was taken up by mistake upon the arrestation of Mr. Lawless, he was carried to the D. of Portland’s office and before the Duke.<sup>2</sup> The meeting

<sup>1</sup> John, fifteenth Earl of Suffolk and eighth Earl of Berkshire (1739–1820). He succeeded to the titles in 1783 on the death of a distant cousin. He became a general in the army, and married, in 1774, Julia, daughter of John Gaskarth, of Penrith.

<sup>2</sup> Grattan was arrested by mistake for Mr. Henry, of Straffan. Lawless (afterwards Lord Cloncurry) wrote in a letter to Ireland, which



was humiliating on one side, as the conversation that ensued to explain away the mistake was the first communication that had arisen between them since the D.'s famous letter to Mr. Ponsonby and the free party in Ireland, assuring them that his principal reason for taking office (upon the breaking up of Fox's party) was that he might put his system of conciliation in practice. There was a report that Grattan's steward had been flogged into confession that his master was a United Irishman. Somebody expressed anxiety to Grattan about his returning, to which he replied, 'I can have nothing to fear; I am not an opposer of all law; I do not countenance torture, flogging, free quarters, and military law.'

I have read since Xmas the D. of Marlbro's *Apology*, Burnet's *History*, ye *XIII. Satire of Juvenal*, Hearne's *Travels into N. America*, Smith on ye figure and complexion of ye human species, Bancroft on dying, some desultory chemistry, *Roderick Random*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, Leti's *Life of Sixtus V.*, various German and French plays, novels, and trash, Cook's *Third Voyage*, Wolf's *Ceylon*, part of Ulloa's *Voyage*,<sup>1</sup> and some papers in ye memoirs of ye Exeter Society. Frequent dippings into Bayle, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Ariosto. Read ye three first books of Tasso; Ld. Orford's works.

The Dss. of Marlborough's vindication<sup>2</sup> is sure of being interesting from ye high and distinguished characters who figure in the piece—herself and sovereign. After reading her history one feels the propriety of placing her name

fell into the hands of Government, the names of various subscribers to a fund raised for O'Coigly's defence. Among other entries was, 'Little Harry has put down 50*l.*' 'Little Harry' was taken by the Government to mean Grattan; hence the error.

<sup>1</sup> *Voyage to South America*, translated from the Spanish by John Adams.

<sup>2</sup> *Account of conduct of D. of M. from her first coming to Court to 1710, in letter from herself to my Lord* — 1742 (N. Hooke).

first. She seems to have been a haughty, imperious dame, full of ambition and that love of power which she was determined to wrest by terror ; for it appears that she disdained the meanness of intrigue, and when tottering in her favour submitted sooner to disgrace than owe her power to flattery. Her dominion over the mind of her mistress was that of an *esprit fort sur l'esprit faible*, for feeble indeed was our narrow-minded Anne.

There are stories in the Spencer family, which confirm all that her contemporaries said of the violence of her temper. She had uncommonly fine hair which her husband admired : in a fit of passion, upon his refusing her a request she made, she cut off her fine tresses and threw them in his face. One of her daughters offended her beyond her powers of pardoning ; she immediately flew to a portrait of her which was near, and smeared over the features with black paint, saying, ' Now her face is as black as her heart.' <sup>1</sup> Her grandson, the D. of M., ventured to differ from her in politics, owing, it was reported, to the influence of the first Ld. Holland, of whom she always used to say, ' He is the Fox who stole my goose.' There is a letter or two of hers preserved among the old correspondence of Ld. H. to him. The present Lord Spencer owes his fortune to an adroit joke of his ancestor Jack Spencer,<sup>2</sup> who recovered from her displeasure by jumping in at the window after she had foiled his entering her doors ; for this she left him as much almost as she gave the D. of M. Her apology

<sup>1</sup> Another account states that the Duchess thus treated the picture of Lady Anne Egerton, her grand-daughter and daughter of Elizabeth, Duchess of Bridgewater.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. John Spencer, youngest son of Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, and Anne, daughter and co-heiress of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. His only son was created Earl Spencer. His elder brother Charles became Duke of Marlborough.

was written by Mallet or Fenton ;<sup>1</sup> she paid him several thousands for the work.

*July 17.*—Left Holland House to make a tour in the Highlands of Scotland. As I was with child and Charles had not been inoculated, the intended journey on the Continent was delayed. We arrived, on the 19th, at York, which little Marsh had reached before us. We went that evening to see the Cathedral, which is certainly both grand and spacious, but inferior to any Gothic buildings I have seen. It is scarcely as fine as Salisbury, and certainly not equal to that of Amiens. Those in Italy again are in a different taste ; that at Pavia is, I believe, anterior to any we have in England. It is very ugly, and bears the rugged marks of tasteless cost and unskilful labour. York is one of the oldest cities in the island, and to a lover of Shakespeare all around it is classical ground. The remains of the walls, the city gates, and the ruins of an old nunnery near the river make it altogether a place rather worth seeing.

On ye 20th we went with Marsh to see Castle Howard.<sup>2</sup> The road lies over bleak and dreary moors, which may have charms to a sportsman's eye, but can afford nothing but wearisome disgust to the traveller. The *château* is

<sup>1</sup> It was written by Nathaniel Hooke, who is said to have received 5000*l.* for his assistance. David Mallet, a writer of plays and miscellaneous poems, was selected by the Duchess a short time before her death to write a life of the Duke in collaboration with Richard Glover. She left 500*l.* to each in her will to continue the work, but though Mallet accepted the money he never carried out his contract, and the task was practically uncommenced at the time of his death.

<sup>2</sup> The seat of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle (1748–1825), who succeeded to the title on his father's death in 1758. He held the posts of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland 1780–82, and Privy Seal 1783. He married, in 1770, Margaret Caroline, daughter of Granville, first Marquess of Stafford. He was a well-known figure in society, and if his verses are not of the highest merit, they were well spoken of at the time. His eldest son, Lord Morpeth, who succeeded him, is frequently mentioned in these pages.

a magnificent pile, surrounded with the appropriate ornaments of woods and gardens, etc., but the sight of a country residence inspires me with gloom. I feel escaped from some misfortune when I get out of its precincts. The most conspicuous object by way of decoration from the windows and terraces of the mansion is the Mausoleum intended for the sepulchre of the family.

To my fancy I had as lief have my rooms hung round with death's heads and cross-bones, as behold in moments of recreation that perpetual *mementi mori* [*sic*], and I have always entered into the feelings that actuated Louis XIV. when he left St. Germain and built Versailles, because the pleasantest apartments looked towards St. Denis, the last resting-place of the Royal bones of ye Bourbons. I never could approve the necessity of inculcating an eternal view of death; we daily feel that it is inevitable from the frequent derangement of our fragile bodies, and as it neither makes us wiser or happier to be in expectation of the event and certainly embitters enjoyments, I disapprove of the system. The opposite extreme is ridiculous, and the great Empress of Russia showed her own littleness in forbidding mourning and the sight of funerals, especially as she was so prodigal of the lives of her subjects.

Almost all the principal apartments are decorated with a full-length portrait of the pompous possessor in the most stately attitudes, in robes of ye Peerage, Viceroyalty, and Knighthood, etc.; whereas his wife, who was one of the prettiest women of her time, is only once represented in a small picture, in which he, by-the-bye, is again the principal object. Not to be scandalous, I could not, however, help remarking the *recherche* of French luxury in the apartments dedicated to the use of Ly. S., and called hers by name. We returned and dined

at York, and proceeded from thence to Knaresborough, where we saw the Dripping Well, which is a small stream issuing from the side of a calcareous hill. The water, like that at Terni, incrusts whatever is exposed to its action with a calcareous texture around it, commonly called petrification.

We got at night to Ripon. The next day we went to Fountains Abbey, the sight of which highly gratified me. Nothing that I have seen in England bears any comparison to the pleasure I received from seeing it. The ruins are kept in such excellent preservation that in many points of view one might give in to the illusion of its being still tenanted by its venerable owners, and such is the superstitious awe inspired by monastic gloom that I almost wished it were possible to indulge in a serious mood. Old Jenkins, who lived and died in the neighbourhood of the Abbey, and whose life closed with the century at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine years, remembered the dissolution of the Abbey and spoke with emotion of the *élan* it occasioned in the country. He remembered a hundred and thirty years before being sent to the Abbey to inquire how the Abbot was, and being ordered roast beef and wassel in a *Black Jack*.

Travellers are carried to see Studley, but to me the eight miles would have been tedious, as the beauties consist in *bold views*. Now to a person glowing with admiration for the Alpine views of Switzerland, Tyrol, etc., the insipid tinkling of a puny stream gurgling over a few large pebbles could afford but slender room for admiration; therefore I declined going. We intended going to Sunderland to see the iron bridge,<sup>1</sup> but as we overtook Ld. Lauderdale upon the road we decided upon pleasant

<sup>1</sup> A cast iron bridge uniting Monkwearmouth with Bishopwearmouth. It was commenced in 1793, and was opened by the Duke of Gloucester in 1796.

conversation in preference to a curious sight, so we stopped at Newcastle.

The next day, 22nd., we saw the once proud seat of the Percies. Alnwick, on the outside, revives the recollection of all one has heard of baronial splendour, battlements, towers, gateways, portcullis, etc., immense courts, thick walls, and everything demonstrative of savage, solitary, brutal power and magnitude. The late Duchess *built* the present fabric upon the site of the primitive castle, but much is from traditional guess. The inside corresponds but feebly with the outward promise; the whole is fitted up in a tinsel, gingerbread taste, rather adapted to a theatrical representation than a permanent decoration. It must be an unpleasant residence, as comfort, nay, even common convenience is sacrificed to preserve the appearance of a fortress. At some distance upon the coast is seen the crestfallen towers of Warkworth, the usual residence of the Percies, and from whence Hotspur issued to return no more in his rebellion against the ungrateful monarch. It is in that castle Shakespeare lays his scene in the 2nd part of *Henry IV.*, where Northumberland receives the tidings of Hotspur's untimely end. One custom, probably descended from the earliest days of the glory of their house, is preserved at Alnwick. When the Duke is willing to receive the visits of the neighbouring gentry, a flag is hung upon the highest turret as a signal that he may be approached. How far the democratic spirit that so generally pervades all ranks submits to this aristocratical summons I know not.

On that night we slept at Berwick; the Tweed is wide and handsome. Its width is more properly derived from the waters of the sea than from its own mass of tributary streams. From thence to Edinburgh the road lies along an elevated coast; the view of the sea is very



pleasing. The colour was blue, unlike the green and yellow streaks that disfigure the muddy channel. I was gratified at quitting ye uniform features, both of towns, villages, and country, that fatigue the eye in England; one enclosure is like another, and when you have seen a street lined with red-brick, three-windowed houses, you have seen the extent of their architecture and the summit of their taste.

We reached Edinburgh on ye 23rd of July, 1798; lodged at Dumbreck's Hotel in the square. The singular contrast between the new and old town is very striking; the situation of the Castle upon a high rock, the sea views, etc., make the whole a delightful prospect. Holyrood House is at the bottom of the eminence upon which the habitable residences are now placed; the Royal apartments have been modestly fitted up for the reception of the poor, vagrant *Monsieur*,<sup>1</sup> who is not only compelled to seek an asylum in Great Britain, but is also necessitated to keep within the precincts of the palace, as his royalty is of no avail against his creditors. Report speaks well of his conduct. He is affable in his manners, and resigned to the rigour of his lot. In the upper apartments we were shown into those occupied by ye unfortunate Mary; two or three moderate rooms were all she had, such as a private gentlewoman in these days would be dissatisfied with.

Ld. Lauderdale joined us a few days after our arrival. From 23rd to 31st of July we remained in Edinburgh. Ld. L. and Mr. Henry Erskine<sup>2</sup> dined almost every day

<sup>1</sup> Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. He came over to England in 1795, and lived at Holyrood for some years. Besides this residence he received a sum of 24,000*l.* from the British Government. Most of this money was expended in intrigues and secret endeavours to recover the throne of France for the Bourbons.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Henry Erskine (1746–1817), second son of Henry, tenth Earl of Buchan, and brother of Thomas Erskine, the Lord

with us. The mornings we devoted to seeing the town, and generally drove upon the Leith sands. Lewis and Ld. Lorne,<sup>1</sup> Beddoes,<sup>2</sup> and some others I saw. Every morning we had a prodigious concourse of visitors, the *patriotic* Scotchmen thinking it a due homage to Mr. Fox to wait upon his nephew.

Nov. 5th, 1798.—Bonaparte's Egyptian campaign has brought every book of travels into those countries into requisition. I have again read with pleasure Volney's account of Egypt and Syria. His work is the more interesting, as it is imagined that his information has been chiefly relied upon by the French, and that his observations serve as guides to the expedition. He finishes his account of Egypt with a wish that a revolution may take place there under the Govert. of a nation friendly to the fine arts, and expressly implies that such an event may not be so remote as we may possibly imagine. Ye Empress of Russia took the prediction to herself, and upon some slight pretext gave him a pension and an order, which he accepted and enjoyed. In the first years of the democratic fury of the Revolution in France he returned both, accompanied by an insolent letter.

The present speculations whether or not the French can maintain themselves in those countries are curious.<sup>3</sup> The Ministerial people assert the impracticability of their doing so, but their arguments are chiefly founded upon

Chancellor. He held the post of Lord Advocate in the Coalition Ministry, and again in 1806.

<sup>1</sup> George William, Marquess of Lorne (1766–1839), who succeeded his father as sixth Duke of Argyll in 1806.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Beddoes, M.D. (1760–1808). Reader in chemistry at Oxford for some years. He resigned the post in 1792. The last years of his life were spent at Clifton, where he became a fashionable physician.

<sup>3</sup> The Battle of the Nile was fought on August 1, with the immediate consequence that the French force in Egypt was obliged to fall back upon its own resources and those of the country.

the resistance they will meet with from the Turkish army—a power that has hitherto been found ineffectual against the ill-disciplined squadrons of their own Beys. Sickness and ye want of wine and clothing are the chief obstacles to a permanent establishment, but I hope and almost believe the skill of Bonaparte will baffle even those inconveniences.

I have been shown under the strictest promise of secrecy copies of several of the private letters that were intercepted after ye engagement of the 1st of August.<sup>1</sup> There is only one from Bonaparte. It places that extraordinary man in a far more amiable point of view than I had seen him in before. It is to his brother,<sup>2</sup> to whom he appears to be most tenderly attached; he describes himself as disgusted with life and mankind, that at 29 he has exhausted the *attraits* of ambition and glory, and that he has been deceived by those he trusted most in. He says, 'Le voile est levé,' and that his brother alone is left him to love, though he is unfortunate in being compelled to love a person 'dans tous les cas.' He desires him to get a small house in Burgundy, as his means are too slender for a large establishment, and that he hopes to be in Paris in two months, and that his 'âme a besoin d'isolement.'

This letter would be unintelligible without the key of Beauharnais' letter to his mother. After much affection, he says the General has been *triste* for many days, but more so since an 'entretien particulier avec Berthier.' His melancholy proceeds from 'chagrins

<sup>1</sup> The official letters were published in the course of the year, but the private portions of the letters here quoted have no place in the series.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Bonaparte. Bourrienne relates (i. 187) that he was the eyewitness of a conversation between Napoleon and Junot on the subject of Josephine's infidelities at Messoudiah in February 1798. It seems doubtful, however, whether Junot was then with the army. Bourrienne says that Berthier left Egypt for France in January.

domestiques,' aggravated by stories told him by Berthier, who informed him that Mde. Bonaparte had brought 'Charles' (who is he?) in her carriage from Plombières to within three posts of Paris, and that she had gone 'au quatrième aux Italiens' with him, and various other little trifles amounting to 'confirmation, strong as proofs in Holy Writ,' to a jealous mind. In short, it appears that Berthier has acted Iago, and that the conqueror of Italy is as jealous as a Turk. The son-in-law [*sic*] adds that the only difference in B.'s behaviour towards him is a *redoublement* of kindness if possible. These letters are not to be published; it perhaps would be as handsome if the Ministers sent them to their respective addresses.

6th Nov., 1798.—Ld. H. has been laid up for 5 days by a very severe fit of the gout. It is a hard thing to suffer thus before five and twenty, and it is the more distressing as he lives at all times so reasonably that diet can do little for him in future. Strong exercise and frequent jaunts to a warm climate may mitigate future attacks.

General Fitzpatrick and Mr. Hare are staying with us a few days; we have had the ladies constantly during this last week. In point of society it is impossible to be better than ours—enough, and that of the best sort, and yet not too numerous.

The scandalous world are occupied with Lady Abercorn's adventures. Ld. A.<sup>1</sup> seems to take the affair

<sup>1</sup> John James, ninth Earl and first Marquess of Abercorn (1756–1818), who succeeded his uncle in 1789, was raised to a Marquisate the following year. He married, first, in 1779, Catherine, daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart. She died in 1791, leaving two sons and three daughters, and he married, secondly, in 1792, his first cousin, Cecil, daughter of Hon. and Rev. George Hamilton. This lady, here alluded to, ran away with (and subsequently married after the divorce) Joseph Copley (who succeeded his brother in the Baronetcy in 1806), brother of Lord Abercorn's first wife. He married, thirdly, in 1800, Lady Ann Hatton. He received the nickname of 'Blue Beard.'

coolly and is inclined to behave well. The first is a disappointment, as people hoped his pride would be so galled that he would afford some sport to the wags, but he wisely enough seems of the opinion of La Fontaine, 'Quand on l'ignore, ce n'est rien, et quand on le sait, c'est peu de chose.' His absurd vanity has made him more conspicuous than he could have been otherwise. Before he married the lady in question he loved her. Some strange fancy induced him to wish her to have the rank and title of an earl's daughter; he obtained it for her. Somebody asked Mr. Pitt how he would grant so strange a request.<sup>1</sup> He said he thought himself lucky to be let off so cheaply, for when he came, he looked so menacing and seemed so big with an important demand, that he thought he meant to ask for the Electoral vote for the Empire. (It was just upon Leopold's death.)

Nov. 13<sup>th</sup>.—La Harpe is a pleasant, critical writer. Admirable as Voltaire is, perhaps he is too servile in his admiration, and, like a zealous friend he defends a weak part as eagerly as if it were a perfection. One cannot but smile at his praise of Voltaire for a merit he certainly did not possess, *diffidence*.<sup>2</sup> He attacks Piron with severity and truth. Piron deserved every invective. It was best using his own weapons against him, for his epigrams deserve more to be reckoned scurrilous libels than witty satires. He determined to write one every morning before breakfast against Voltaire. In the number some must be good; those I have read are coarse abuse, full of jeers at personal defects. They tell a reply of his to Voltaire which is neat. They were at the theatre together at the first representation of one of Voltaire's plays which failed. In going out Voltaire

<sup>1</sup> Wraxall states she had four sisters older than herself.

<sup>2</sup> In *Les Muses Rivaies*, or *L'Apothéose de Voltaire*, published in 1779.

asked Piron what he thought of his piece, ' Je pense que vous voudriez que je l'eusse faite.' His epitaph upon himself, when refused admittance among the 40 Academicians, is good :—

C'y gît, qui ne fut rien,  
Pas même académicien.

*Nov. 20th.*—To-day Parliament opens. Ld. H., tho' still weak, is gone down, and will, I believe, speak. In the Commons, Ld. Granville makes his maiden oratorical essay. These sessions will be diverting to a bystander. Tierney, notwithstanding his very superior abilities, is more perplexed than any of them. He cannot stand ridicule, and dares not alone without any support encounter the *flings*, as he calls them, about O'Connor. Therefore he means to begin first, and declare his error in having thought favourably of him; in short, to say he is a rogue and deceived him. The world are so illiberal that a recantation is more frequently ascribed to timidity than it is to candour. He will not gain one convert, but will excite many laughers.

True it is that those who are adverse to Ministry are in a lamentable plight. The discussion among Opposition and the crumbling of the whole party placed them in a ludicrous situation, and the brilliant state of the country, so contrary to their predictions, adds to the ridicule. All opposition must be unpopular, for tho' in the abstract the real *griefts* exist, yet the immediate successes, both in Ireland and against the French, efface the gloomy sight. The spirit of the Constitution, I sincerely believe, is lost, and those who care about political liberty must be contented and no longer struggle for what the majority are disposed to yield up.

Tierney told me he was surprised to find Lord Moira, in spite of his *chevaleresque* manner, at times betrayed



into merriment. He dined with him for the first time lately. Ld. M. told a story that happened at his own house, to illustrate the excess of French politeness. After dinner he proposed to the Duc de Luxembourg to taste some excellent *marasquin* that had been sent him from the Martinique. The Duke said, 'Volontiers.' The bottle was brought, and a glass swallowed by ye D., upon whose countenance, however, there appeared strong marks of disgust, tho' he bowed assent to all that was said in praise of the liquor. His silent approbation made Ld. M. taste it, and, to his astonishment he found it was castor-oil; the butler had mixed the bottles. Thus his good breeding saved his vomiting.

Dr. Brocklesby's servant consumed a rare sort of castor-oil in making the salad, and when the Doctor, tortured by the colic, asked the relief, he was told he had eaten the last drop at dinner.

Jekyll told a story of Lord Kenyon<sup>1</sup> that is in character with his notorious stinginess and meanness. A ruined barrister was selling off his goods in his chambers in the Temple. The learned judge sent his son to purchase bargains. In a corner he spied two dirty globes. He asked what they were. 'Oh,' said the decayed lieutenant of the law, 'they are good for nothing; they are old, and half the countries now known are marked with lions and tigers as "Terra incognita." ' 'Never mind,' replied the young K., 'my father is not wise about new discoveries; provided they are globes and have a Zodiac, they will do for him.' Ld. K., has a filthy trick of sniffing, instead of blowing his nose. Hare said the Assessed Taxes have made him retrench his pocket-handkerchiefs.

There is a strange man in the House of Commons, who is distinguished by being the particular object of the

<sup>1</sup> Lloyd, first Baron Kenyon (1732-1802), appointed Master of the Rolls, 1784, and Lord Chief Justice in 1788.

satire in the *Anti-Jacobin* and having devoted himself most especially to Tierney during the last sessions, a Mr. Nicholl. His opinions upon the state of Europe have at least the merit of singularity. The Emperor of Russia imputes it to shoe-strings and round hats ; Dr. Ingenhousz to freemasonry ; but Mr. Nicholl ascribes all the disorders to the great families. ‘Aye, Sir,’ said he to Tierney, ‘unless they are crushed nothing can be done.’ He has explicitly protested to Tierney that unless he will bring forward a motion to that effect, he must no longer count upon his support. He called three times in one morning to obtain T.’s answer. Each time, like Dick in *The Confederacy*, ‘I’ll call a coach,’ then, ‘I’ll call a coach,’ he declared he would retire to his farm, and cultivate sour land. ‘I’ll go ; I certainly will, Sir. These great families, this oligarchy, destroy us, Sir. Yes, Sir, they oppress us. Why look at them individually ? Have they any single merit ? Why, there is Ld. Fitzwilliam, a flat retailer in dull prose of Burke’s poetical, mad flights : has he not plunged us in this war ? There’s Ld. Spencer recovering from epilepsy, merely to squander thousands upon an early edition. As to the house of Russell, Sir, Mr. Burke has handled them properly. The Cavendishes, Sir, are so notoriously stupid that they blunt satire ; but see the head of them, Sir, the D. of Devonshire. Sir, why, I assure you I am credibly informed, I have it from the best authority, Sir, that he is a *mere sensualist*.’ (I wrote this to Chatsworth. The Duke, who, in fact, was paying for this said sensuality, laughed on his sick bed heartily.)

This shows the *travers* of the human mind. Nicholl’s understanding has not kept pace with events. Sixty years ago, when he first flourished in manhood, the cry might have had some foundation. Sir Robert Walpole and the great Whigs did monopolise, from the Cabinet

down to the turnpikes' keepers. But since Lord Chatham, and, more particularly, his son's Administration, the policy has been to annihilate all family unions; indeed, there is not a man of the Corresponding Society more bitter against the aristocracy than Pitt and Canning are. Pelham has resigned the Secretaryship, and the gentle Castlereagh, at the recommendation of Ld. Cornwallis, is to keep it as a principal, no longer as *locum tenens*.<sup>1</sup>

I have been reading French literature of a desultory sort and in a desultory way, both pernicious to the mind; for, by confusing the memory, it destroys the powers of the understanding. I can speak from experience, as I have completely obscured my faculty by too great an avidity to read, or, rather, devour books, without any method in my pursuits. My memory is seriously injured. I do not complain so much of it, as I always bear in mind La Rochefoucauld's sarcasm, that everyone 'se plaint de la foiblesse de leur mémoire,' but 'personne de celle de leur jugement.'

Count Rumford, a celebrated man in the annals of science, is come to England, but grievously disappointed at the reception he has met with.<sup>2</sup> He is by birth an American. General Fox recollects his coming down from the interior settlements to the English fort where he commanded. The Indians had sacked his village, and he flew for protection. He was a rude, gawky, Puritanical colonial schoolmaster, astonished at seeing the number of brick houses, and delighted with the *splendour* of the style of living in the garrison; but with all his simplicity, he was slyly awake to his interest, for when he claimed

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Pelham was first appointed Chief Secretary by Lord Camden when he became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795. Owing to ill-health he was often absent, and early in 1798 Lord Castlereagh temporarily took his place. Pelham finally resigned the post on November 2.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 12.

a reward for his loyalty he chose a district full of red oaks, saying he loved picturesque views. It was a lucky coincidence of profit and beauty. Red oaks are the only valuable timber in that country. When he came to England he continued to ingratiate himself into Ld. Sackville's favour. He soon became, from private secretary, the most confidential person about him. It was either on account of a quarrel with, or at the death of, his patron, that he went upon the Continent *pour chercher fortune*. He fell in at Munich with ye Elector, who thought he might be useful in making reforms in his government. In the course of a few years he was, in fact, the sovereign in Bavaria. His establishments were excellent, and he may boast of having been of more essential benefit to mankind than most of those who stand high in the records of fame. He corrected the abuses which allowed an indolent, starving beggary, and he fed and employed them all.

When I knew him at Munich he was in the zenith of success. Subsequent to that period the Elector married; his interest clashed with that of the young Electress. He solicited to be appointed Minister from thence to this Court, and was. A quarter of an hour after he arrived, Canning called upon him, and informed him that he was not to be received in the diplomatic capacity: first, because he was an English subject, and 2ndly, because having been in the Secretary of State's office, it was contrary to the rules. He was horribly vexed, but the case admitted of no appeal. He is going to America for a short time. Whatever his failings may be, he is a most useful member of society, and mankind are bound to revere him. His last publications, a theory upon heat, are *warmly* combated.

Browne, the traveller, who excited my curiosity, is returned. I hope to see him here one day soon. He has

been into the interior parts of Africa: his observations are said to be good, but are not yet made public.

Lady E. Fitzgerald is returned to Hamburg. Her late husband's family are to subscribe towards making her up an income; two of her children are left among the family.

La Fayette is labouring under great pecuniary embarrassments. Gen. Fitzpatrick is making up among his friends ye sum of 3000*l.*: it will principally fall upon himself, D. of Bedford, Whitbread, Ld. Holland, and a few others. It is shabby in the Americans not to do something for a man who deserved well of them, at least. I confess there are many whose situation excite my compassion much more; but I think we shall ourselves be soon among the number of ye distressed, for the claims, applications, recommendations, etc., upon Ld. H. are too numerous to be thought of with common patience; besides that, the follies and extravagancies of those who ought to know better fall upon him too.

Oh! my dear children, fond as I am of ye all, I had sooner at this instant hear of your deaths, than that you should become gamesters and spendthrifts. No, not even with the specious accompaniments of a good head and temper, for of what avail is it to a parent that a child possesses both, if their conduct is as abominable as that of the vilest. If these walls could speak, how would they resound with the bitter cries and tears of aged parents, distracted in their last few years by the behaviour of *goodhearted* sons, but more especially of one who is still renowned for an excellent heart. I know of two good-hearted persons who have been, and still are, a curse to their connections by bringing ruin and distress upon them.

It is difficult to be in a more embarrassed situation with respect to Ld. Lansdown than we are in. Ld.

Wycombe is come to England, calls here, and lives at Richmond, peremptorily refusing to see his father, that he may, as he calls it, *keep up a good understanding between them*. Mrs. W. is living at Richmond in a state of melancholy and despair that borders upon intellectual derangement, refusing to see anybody, even me. Wycombe's behaviour to his father admits of no apology. Slight and disregard towards a parent is at all times a defenceless cause, but, under the present circumstances, far beyond the power of an excuse. He has just obtained from him all he wanted—independence, the sale of estates to pay off debts, and getting rid of a borough, and now he will not even pay to a father that respect due to his age and infirmities were he but a common acquaintance.

Ld. L., who has more *travers* in his understanding than most men, and as many as his son,—*et c'est tout dire*, imagines that Mrs. W. is a most artful, designing person, and that she is the cause of Wycombe's estrangement; that I, as her friend, assist in the machinations; and that Ld. H. is a dupe to us both. He fancies that I have great influence over Wycombe, and could persuade him to call if I chose, as he knows I once made him go to Bath to see him. *Per contra*, Wycombe believes that his father has what he calls 'got me over,' and that my entreaties that he should call upon him, instead of arising from my own conviction of the propriety of them for his character, are merely the effects of his father's management. In short, they are both so wrong-headed, and so far wide of the simple truth, that I have resolved not to say another word. All I have done is proceeded from my gratitude to Ld. L. for his good-nature to me, and my regard for Wycombe. Ld. L., like all warm-hearted people, can never suppose the error to be in the person he loves, and he always shifts the fault to those



he is connected with at the time. Wycombe's conduct is atrocious. He is revenging upon old age and infirmity the little vexations he experienced in his youth.

Ld. L.'s notions upon many subjects are so extravagant that, unless I had proofs about some of them, I could not possibly credit that any person of common sense or knowledge of the world could entertain them. He looks upon Mrs. Smith's<sup>1</sup> marriage as a *profligate abandonment*. What he admires is a woman of rank marrying her equal whom she rather dislikes, and conquering a partiality to another, but fulfilling all her duties scrupulously and punctiliously. Lady Warwick, who is in that predicament, is his highest object of admiration.

Smith and he do not harmonise exactly ; both lofty tempers, one claiming a superiority the other is not disposed to yield to. He is a most impracticable man to act with in politics. He has had the merit of bringing forward many distinguished men, but from his complaints of their desertion and ingratitude one perceives how much he exacts dependence, and how unreasonable he is. He used always to complain that though he voted with ye Opposition, yet they never told him what they intended. Upon the breaking, or rather stoppage, of the Bank, Messrs. Fox, Grey, and Sheridan went to him to concert measures for the ensuing debate,<sup>2</sup> upon which he said, 'I will tell you, gentlemen, very fairly, my opinion, which has always been for *publicity* and *simplicity*.' With these two words they were obliged to be contented and extract from them what meaning they

<sup>1</sup> Mrs 'Bobus' Smith. Lady Warwick was her sister (see *ante*, p. 163).

<sup>2</sup> In February 1797, when owing to the scarcity of specie the Ministers issued an Order in Council prohibiting cash payments until measures had been taken by Parliament to restore the credit of the country.

could, if any they had. One day, when Grey was talking confidentially to him, he burst out suddenly, and said : ' Aye, but I have had one, Mr. Grey, already slip through my fingers.' Grey was in a great rage ; he meant Pitt.

Mrs. S. is a superannuated, prudish beauty. She has survived her *attraits* without perceiving their dereliction, and what seems as odd, those about her are equally dim-sighted. Her sister, Ld. L., and even Miss Fox, speak of her charms as they might have done 15 years ago. She is what a lively Frenchman called ' *demoiselle froide*.' She has no conversation, and her understanding, like Ld. Burleigh's, must be taken upon trust, as she is too profound to open. Those who live with her say she has wonderful capacity, but as it is known to only 2 or 3 persons, she must submit to the aspersion of being suspected of great dulness. *Au reste*, I believe she is a good sort of person. Her eagerness to marry Smith, and delight at having done so, betray more warmth than by her cold exterior one may presume. She likes to be suspected of feeling.

I suspect there is not a more inveterate lover of pleasure than a well-matured prude ; great prudery generally argues a more than usual warmth of constitution. The wearer of prudery, being conscious there is much to hide, falls into the extreme of reserve, whereas a naturally-disposed person is not troubled with any forbidden temptations, and appears lively and sprightly without fear of incurring severe observations.

The rage for German plays still continues. The stage abounds with them, and the press is loaded with translations, and some, in point of morality, very questionable. One of the causes that create them in Germany occasions their being relished here. The same dull apathy of character that demands something extraordinary to rouse it subsists in both countries, as we have nothing to

boast on the score of liveliness beyond the good, dull Germans.

The first German play I ever saw was at Innspruck. I did not understand a word that was said, but the incidents diverted me as much as the pantomime in a harlequin farce. Ye first four acts were crowded with murders by poisoning, strangling, stabbing, occasional screams, starts, and trapdoors; the fifth had all the solemn parade of *bourgeois* death, the exposition of a corpse in a coffin, with all the relations, just as Partridge would have them, crying around. But mark the catastrophe. Just as the mournful attendants were going to assign the apparently breathless heroine to her peaceful mansion, up she jumped, to the great discomfiture of the surrounding parties, and to ye admiration of the audience strutted about in her shroud.

The monstrous extravagancies of the German drama would not have been endured at Paris. There they were refined enough to relish wit and sentiment. The obtuse faculties of the German are incapable of tasting the raillery of Molière or ye poetical harmony of Racine. Perhaps something may be imputed to their political situation, for there the limits or gradations are strictly preserved between the diff. classes, and a *bourgeois* knows nothing of life but the dull diary of his own. Therefore fiction and bloody ribaldry is not more extraordinary or untrue to his comprehension than would be an ironical picture of the manners of his superiors. Ye sphere of fiction and German nobility are equally remote from his knowledge, one as the other. I do not mean by this to justify the arrogance of a French *Académicien*, who absolutely proposed the question, ‘Si un Allemand pouvait avoir d’esprit.’

Ye theatre reminds me of a reply of Piron’s to Voltaire in coming out from ye *Semiramis*, which had some



Henry Alderson del.

Elizabeth, third Lady Holland  
1795

— 1814 in Grafton House, 1814



nights before been hissed. V. said : ' You see, they have not hissed to-night.' ' Comment, voulez-vous qu'on siffle quand on bâille.'

20th Nov.—Parliament met. Lord G. Leveson made his debut upon the Address ; he did it uncommonly well, and was praised by the good judges on the opposite side to him. He is a man of mild, popular manners ; without great force of intellect, but sufficiently endowed to distinguish himself and rise in politics. His family are accused of worldly wisdom, and have an uncommon share of that indefinable, useful quality, only to be rendered by the French word *tacte*. Ld. H. spoke, but was discontented with himself. He said Ld. Lansdown's speech hampered him, for he did not like to contradict him, and yet he could not agree, as it breathed praise to the Ministers. In it he said, '*Rebellion and party are dead.*' Mr. Hare said he coupled them like *robbery and murder*.

21st.—Lord H. completed his twenty-fifth year. His sister, Ld. Ossory, General Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Crewe, Tierney, Hamilton, and Ld. Boringdon dined. In the evening Ly. Bessborough and Ld. Morpeth, and Ld. G. Leveson came ; we were very merry.

I have been reading the *Memoir*, drawn up by the African Association, of Mungo Park's journey. It is curious, as it proves that those who wrote 2000 years ago knew better the interior geography of Africa than we do, altho' for many centuries their assertions were disbelieved.

Dec. 8th.—D'Alembert's *Éloges* of the *Académiciens* is full of excellent criticism, altho' he was a mathematician, and might be suspected of requiring in a poet more precision than taste. That of Boileau is very entertaining ; it not only contains criticisms of his works, but is full of philosophical observations upon human character and lively anecdotes. The title is



disgusting. An *éloge* implies a laboured panegyric upon the person who is the object, but he has adopted it only in conformity to the usage of ye French Academy, as, in fact, he has not spared Despréaux where a lash was called for. The futile prophecy of Despréaux's father about him ought to serve as a lesson to parents not to indulge in predictions favourable or the contrary with regard to the abilities and character of their children. Who that has read Boileau can hear without a smile that it was of him that his father said, ' Pour celui-ci, c'est un bon garçon qui ne dira jamais de mal de personne ' ? ' On sent,' says d'Alembert, ' à quelle médiocrité sans ressource un père croit son fils condamné, quand il se borne à lui donner un éloge si modeste.' Disgusted successively by jurisprudence and theology, he became a poet ; and as if to belie his father he began by being a satirist, and by a trait of adroit flattery he converted into a friend the D. of Montausier, the declared enemy of raillery.

Mr. Fox came and slept here on ye 4th December to attend the Whig Club. He made a speech which has, if possible, added to his unpopularity. He was, in a way, called upon by a man who talked of the *deceptions of O'Connor*, to say something with regard to the evidence he gave at Maidstone. What he said as to that point was liberal and manly, but he unnecessarily added some sentences upon the application of those principles of liberty (which he professed maintaining in common with O'Connor) against the Govern<sup>t</sup>. in Ireland. Very few of his friends attended ; Grey and ye D. of Bedford would not go, thinking that as they did not take an active part in Parliament, it was wrong to do anything out of it. Ld. H. wishes, if possible, to abolish the Whig Club, more especially as the reason for which it was instituted subsists no longer, as Mr. Fox has completely seceded.

Grey is the man who is placed in the most awkward situation. He now regrets the secession, yet to him, ye D. of Bedford, and Whitbread, is it owing, but most especially to him. He was the first suggester of it, and when Mr. Fox balanced (for he adopted the measure unwillingly, and now thinks it was very injudicious) he urged it vehemently. At present he is tired of inactivity, and wishes to attend, yet he feels a difficulty in doing so after all he has declared upon its inutility ; besides that to the world it will always have the appearance of being a most deceitful line of conduct, to have gotten Mr. Fox pledged to absence, and then become a leader. Unless I knew him to be of an honest, open, warm-hearted character, I should myself suspect a little fraud, but I fully acquit him.

Grey, Tierney, Mr. Nicholl, and Francis dined here.

18th Dec.—The Jesuits, who kept in a register notes upon the character and abilities of those whom they educated in order to govern the world, said in the margin on Crébillon the father, ‘ *Enfant plein d’esprit, insigne vaurien.*’ He belied the prediction, as he was an excellent man in private life. His early passion for poetry, especially dramatic, disposed the judicious *procureur*, under whom he was placed to study the law, to encourage his natural taste in cultivating the Muses, instead of drudging through a mass of black-lettered folios. His first piece was tolerably received, tho’ ‘ *le caustique Despréaux* ’ said it was the work of ‘ *Racine ivre.*’ Sarcastic as he intended the observation, it was flattering to a young author to have his name in any way coupled with that of the harmonious Racine. Many years afterwards he presented a tragedy to the theatre ; it was objected to, as being too harsh and not suited to the public taste, and they advised him to adopt the style of Voltaire, which pleased everyone. He said, ‘ *Monsr.*

de Voltaire travaille en or moulu, et moi je jette en bronze.' *Rhadamiste* is one, if not quite the best of his tragedies, tho' it is rugged in its versification, and turgid in expressions. The famous lines,

La Nature, marâtre en ces affreux climats,  
Ne produit, au lieu d'or, que du fer des soldats,

are very fine, and have been happily imitated by Goldsmith in his *Traveller* on Switzerland,

No product here the barren hills afford  
But man and steel—the soldier and his sword.

On Sunday Marsh came. He intends staying a few days only. He is one of the most excellent men I know, and one towards whom I feel the most sincere friendship. The extreme simplicity of his character is very delightful. With a very good understanding and great information he is as unassuming as the most modest youth could be ; but he has some violent prejudices that are very diverting. They are chiefly owing to the French Revolution. He has so great a dread of *French principles* that he condemns everything that his ardent imagination can torture into a tendency towards them. His fancy is so good-humoured that it is more a scene of mirth than disputation when he gets upon the subject of politics. Yesterday the Bessbro's dined here, Ld. Boringdon, and G. Leveson ; Beauclerk came in ye evening and slept.

The Ministerialists praise Canning's speech in reply to Tierney's motion<sup>1</sup> to the skies, but it is the fault of friends to overrate, for as La Harpe says somewhere, ' On affaiblit toujours tout ce qu'on exagère.' Canning is very lively, writes pretty verses, and has a good deal of

<sup>1</sup> On December 11, in favour of concluding peace with the French Republic, whenever a suitable opportunity should occur. Pitt called the speech ' one of the best ever heard on any occasion.'

*local wit*, but I should suspect upon grave subjects which require depth and argument he is a *très petit monsieur*. The Opposition, who have not forgiven his desertion of them, exclaim at the venality of his politics.<sup>1</sup> I think they are unjust in accusing him of desertion, and he was wrong in point of judging the thing for his own reputation to make a bargain so soon. It was hard upon him that he was intimately connected with Sheridan, who chose to announce him to the world as his *élève* in politics, and as a confirmation of his principles, repeated strong expressions and youthful sallies of his, saying that he should be pledged to Opposition before he was well of an age maturely to decide. Principle, I believe, did not sway him much. He found the party in a desperate, languishing state, himself full of ambition and life, and that in that party he must have contented himself with a very subaltern post; whereas the reputation that Sheridan, in his over-zeal, had anticipated for him made him an object worth getting to the others. He is, in his heart, the veriest Jacobin there is, and would, if he were not in power, manifest his principles in a most dangerous, innovating Opposition. He abhors titles, and the aristocracy of hereditary nobility; the lowness of his own extraction first made him envy, then wish to destroy, those whom chance has raised above him. The worst part of his character is his love of intrigue and management. He has made a little detached party out of the great party, that peculiarly belong to him. Over them

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lauderdale in a letter, written in 1809, to Lord Holland, strongly upholds this view, and gives an amusing story of Sheridan's groom's opinion of Canning. 'Sheridan's groom being told by his butler many years ago that he had laid a plate too few at table, enumerated the company he supposed was to dine, and on being informed that he had forgot Mr. Canning, said, "D—n that fellow. He has impudence for anything! What! Come here and dine with my master after deserting all the principles that you and I have heard him so often hold forth upon"' (Holland House MSS.).

he exerts an almost despotic sway, not only in their votes, but their opinions and conduct in the minutest concerns, such as who they must see and live with.

In this little set there is a want of wit, and as the topics are generally allusions to old jokes and practical witticisms that have occurred among themselves, they are quite unintelligible in mixed societies, where, unless the catch-word is known, two-thirds of the company must see them laugh without feeling the smallest tendency to share in their mirth. The Ellis', Frere, Mr. Legge, Sneyd, Mr. Sturges, Ld. G. Leveson, and a few others, complete the select squad. Ld. Morpeth is of it also, but he wisely chooses to conduct himself without being interfered with, so he is not quite one of ye Elect.

Charles Ellis'<sup>1</sup> marriage was a blow upon his power; he ventured not only to fall in love, but to make his proposals without a previous consultation with the young Cato, the authority of whose little senate was infringed upon by such an overt act. There were fifty little ridiculous circumstances about that marriage that made one laugh at the time. The ceremony was absurdly pompous; carriages full of her relations accompanied them to the church. As soon as the ceremony was finished, the bride, who had, according to etiquette, been crying all the time, was kissed round by the family to be wished joy. Ld. — went up and consoled her, saying 'Do not be frightened any longer, for now *all* is over,' upon which the jokers say Ly. — burst out into a flood of tears, recollecting but too well that *all*

<sup>1</sup> Charles Rose Ellis (1771–1845), son of John Ellis, of Jamaica, and Elizabeth, daughter of John Pallmer, also of that island. He entered Parliament in 1793 and sat continuously for various seats until his elevation to the peerage, by Canning's influence, in 1826, as Baron Seaford. He married, first, in 1798, Elizabeth Catherine, only daughter of John Augustus, Lord Hervey, and grand-daughter of Frederick, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. Their son succeeded his great-grandfather in the title of Lord Howard de Walden.

finished there with her, for Ld. —— has two projects, equally impracticable, that of marching at the head of a victorious army to Paris, and the other equally desperate, that of obtaining a son. It is a bold undertaking in C. Ellis to marry a Hervey, for they still keep up their strangeness of character that made a celebrated wit class mankind under the generic appellation of *men*, *women*, and *Herveys*.

That abominable, wicked old fellow, Lord Bristol, is still kept prisoner at Milan.<sup>1</sup> I believe, even in his confinement, he has contrived to make some miserable. He bribed his guards to let him escape, and when the moment was ripe for flight, he was unable to move, and several who were involved in his scheme were instantly shot upon being detected. He is very clever and full of quickness and wit, and his reply to Voltaire was not bad. He went to see him at Ferney. Voltaire, who did not know his profligacy, and could not let the opportunity go by of saying something distressing to an ecclesiastic, stood upon his *perron*, and, pointing to a theatre on one side, and to a temple dedicated to God on ye other side, said : ‘ OÙ joue t’on la plus grande farce ? ’ ‘ C’est selon les auteurs,’ replied ye Bishop. He called old, shrivelled Sr. Wm. Hamilton a piece of walking *verd-antique*.

31st Jan., '99.—At half-past seven on Friday morning, ye 18th January, I was safely delivered of a nice little boy, who is going on perfectly well. Mr. Croft attended me. He had passed 4 nights and days in the house previous to the crash. Mrs. W. stayed, too, but was obliged to go to her eldest child, who was ill. I was sufficiently recovered by Sunday to receive company, and have every day since seen all who have called.

<sup>1</sup> He was placed in confinement by the French, into whose hands he had fallen, and at the same time a valuable collection of antiquities which he was about to despatch to England was confiscated.



Ld. H. is this day gone down to attend the H. of Lds. If Ld. Grenville brings on the discussion of ye Union, he will speak.<sup>1</sup> Probably the last proceedings in ye Irish Parlt. will deter Pitt from pressing the measure here, altho' it is one he pledged himself to most irrevocably, and one he is strongly attached to from motives of ambition and vanity. I shall say but little on ye subject, as it has so frequently worn out my patience lately.

The conquest of lovely Naples is added to the proud list of Republican triumphs. The Court have fled to Sicily on board of Nelson's fleet. The happy States of Tuscany will soon fall, and all Italy pass under the despotic thralldom of the Directory.

Sheridan was expected to have made a capital speech in the H. of Commons on the Union last week, but it was reckoned very inferior to his usual style of excellence. He offended the seceders by announcing that the standard of Opposition would soon be unfurled.<sup>2</sup> He introduced it at the conclusion of an attack upon Ld. L., who had, he said, 'cut a clumsy caper over the grave of party.' (In his speech at the beginning of the session, he said, 'Thank God, party is dead and buried.') He pursued a strain of irony, apparently levelled at Ld. L., but, in fact, intended for Tierney, who had, in a late

<sup>1</sup> On January 22 a message was presented to both Houses of Parliament from the King suggesting that their immediate attention should be directed to measures for obtaining a closer and more satisfactory connection between the kingdoms of England and Ireland. A few days after, a proposal for a Union was laid before the Irish Parliament, but was rejected. Pitt, in the debate in the House of Commons on the 31st, stated that he thought it proper to unfold his proposed scheme, though he was fully aware that there was no chance of its adoption unless the Irish Parliament were willing to alter their present views.

<sup>2</sup> On January 22. 'The banner of party is furled, but it is not beaten down. I trust that it will again be displayed and that it will assemble round it the steady friends to true liberty, hostile alike to despotic rule, and to wild innovation.'

speech, declared that he considered himself as an individual belonging to no set of men. Sheridan said, he did not wonder party was denied, for it required strong intellect to command, and great virtues to attach for a man to become the leader of party, and great humility and sense to fall as a subaltern into the ranks of party. Sheridan hates Tierney. That hatred was roused at T.'s making a most excellent speech on ye Income Bill. It was so good that everybody praised it. S. was at Brooks's, and was so incensed at the applause that he went to Tierney's house, whom he found just getting into bed, insisted upon seeing him, and then said he was quite shocked to hear that a part of his speech had given great offence, that part where he hinted at the necessity of squeezing the corporations, who were 'wallowing in wealth.' This was said to worry Tierney, who is weakly alive to all unpopularity. T. told me this himself.

Ld. Lansdown is just returned from Bath. He was full of what Miss Fox calls *effusion* to Ld. H., who had said that he regretted the probability of their voting against each other upon the subject of the Union. 'Never mind,' said Ld. L., 'vote, speak against me, abuse me. Do what you will. I should say, this is what I can't hear, I can't see ; I won't see it. You are like my sons who can't offend me, for I won't quarrel with them.' In short, he was all tenderness and warmth.

Sheridan offended the Prince extremely in his last speech. I do not know precisely what he said, but it was a quotation from Secretary Cooke's pamphlet. He certainly intended it as complimentary, but it was not probably faithfully reported by P. Ernest to ye Prince, and before S. could tell his own story, the Prince, with his usual intemperance and violence, abused him, calling him 'rogue, liar,' etc. This *mal-entendu* will vex S.

beyond measure, for he has ever since the Regency courted the P., and anticipated in imagination much influence in a future reign; besides that he has wished to be considered as being as much the organ of the P. in the H. of Commons as Ld. Moira is in the House of Lords. I have malignity enough in my disposition not to feel much sympathy for his afflictions. He has afflicted so much real distress upon others, and one being dear to me, that I have not a spark of compassion to bestow. His defenders (and their number is but slender) say that all his bad conduct has proceeded from his struggling against the meanness of his origin and the littleness of his means. He attempted to efface the first by distinguishing himself, not only in the career of wit and politics, but also in that of gallantry and fashion; for such was his lust of praise that:—

. . . . .  
 Women and fools must like him or he dies;  
 The wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,  
 The Club must hail him Master of the Joke.  
 . . . . .

Enough if all around him but admire.

I shall note down a few anecdotes about him by-and-bye.

Ld. H. met at Sheridan's, one day lately, Mr. Pollen, the man who dreaded invasion for the sake of the chastity of the ladies: he had never seen him before. Ld. H. was telling a story to prove the openness of the Irish character, and how little suspicious they were of trusting their lives to a person of tolerable character. The story was told him by Ld. Wycombe as having happened to an acquaintance of his—a Mr. Henry. A man arrested him in the streets, and, without much prefatory discourse asked him if he would be of the *Executive*, adding, he was a United Irishman, and was delegated by those sitting in Dublin to ask him. Upon which Mr.

Pollen immediately said: 'The same thing precisely occurred to me at Perth. A United Scotsman proposed the same question, altho' I was in my regimentals, and he knew I was quartered with my regiment.' The coincidence was remarkable, but tho' Scotsmen are more wary than Irishmen, yet it was possible there might be an indiscreet Scot. They then talked of poor Ld. Lauderdale, who is dreadfully ill. His complaint is a horrid one, a local dropsy, which he will not submit to have properly treated, upon which Mr. P. said, 'There are two modes of treating the disease: there is the palliative and the radical. I first tried the palliative, but it was troublesome, and ever since I used the radical I have felt no inconvenience.' Ld. H. said he began to stare at two such extraordinary things having been mentioned, and that both should have happened to him. He is not above 25 or 26, and that disorder is generally in old, worn-out constitutions, and, if one may judge from Gibbon's averseness to mention the complaint, is not one that men are apt to boast of having. . . . Ld. H. was all astonishment at these stories, but upon inquiry he found Mr. Pollen's nickname was 'Prodigy' Pollen.

*Wednesday, 13th. Feb.*—On Sunday, ye 10th, Mr. Hare<sup>1</sup> came to pass a few days. On Wednesday Bor. and Amherst dined. On last Sunday Hare returned. Grey and Tierney dined. Miss Fox stayed from Saturday to Monday.

Hare was full of wit and pleasantry. I was expressing surprise that a man so universally extolled for his

<sup>1</sup> James Hare (1749-1804), son of an apothecary at Winchester, and grandson of Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester. He was brought up at Eton and Oxford, and there became intimately acquainted with Charles James Fox and many others of the Whig circle. He married, in 1774, Hannah, only daughter and heiress of Sir Abraham Hume. He sat in Parliament for many years, but only once addressed the House. He was sent as Minister-Plenipotentiary to Poland, 1779-82.

conversation and talents should not, to my taste, be pleasant, for the fact is, I never received the smallest entertainment from Sheridan's convivial abilities. Hare said what is true enough, that before women he is always playing a game. His forte is at a club over wine, and in debate. Among many things he told us of a reply of S., in debate, to Dundas, who had asserted a falsehood for a fact, and supported it by some well-known trite joke. S. complimented the honble. gentleman upon his abilities, especially upon possessing to a remarkable degree a *retentive memory* and *fertile imagination*, but that those faculties unfortunately were perverted, as his memory was directed to works of imagination, and his imagination to facts. S. himself, however, is less tenacious about facts than he ought to be. There is a story of his offering some stories to Mr. Fox, to assist him in argument, but the latter, who is very strict as to what he asserts, asked if they were well authenticated, and, finding they depended upon report, declined using them ; upon which S. said, 'He is so d——d *surly about facts.*'

S. was to have dined here on Sunday, but did not ; probably to avoid meeting Tierney and Grey, as he hates the former, and is displeased at not being supported by the latter. His motion very nearly failed, as nobody seconded it for full 10 minutes, and then an obscure man jumped up and did it. All their squabbles are diverting, for as to any good they can do, it is a farce to suppose any can be done. This Union, they say, is to be carried at all risks. Ld. H. is gone this morning to arrange with Ld. Fitzwilliam, but the subject is so tiresome, and I have heard so much of it, that I cannot enter into the merits or demerits of the case.

The 'Monk' Lewis consulted me whether he should dedicate his translation of the 13th Satire of Juvenal to

Mr. Fox. I said he would take it as a compliment. It was published yesterday, but is not so good as most of his other verses; 28 of the best lines are by Wm. Lamb,<sup>1</sup> a rising genius, who is to dine here for the first time to-day. Those imitations of Juvenal<sup>2</sup> by Ld. H. crept into the newspapers. I was extremely frightened and got Mr. Hare, Tierney, etc., to exert themselves to get the remainder suppressed, as I really feared Ld. Minto's being wrong-headed.

24th Feb.—I have contented myself with skimming carelessly enough over Lewis' paraphrase. The undertaking seems above his means, and was done, as I understand, at the request of his father, who was anxious that he should give a classical turn to his literary reputation, as he laments his ballad and green-room tastes. Several of the lines are wofully bad:—

From morn's first languish to the death of day,—

but enough of what I have really found too dull to read through.

I thought young Lamb pleasant, though supercilious, as he shut himself up in his own thoughts as soon as he saw Ld. G., Morpeth, Boringdon. He affects to hold them cheap for being Anti-Jacobins, an affectation he has caught from ye D. of Bedford. On the following Sunday we had many of the same party, with ye addition of the Bessboroughs, Canning, and Frere. Wycombe, being present, annoyed Canning, and put him out of his natural bias of ease and pleasantry. In the course of this week

<sup>1</sup> Hon. William Lamb (1779–1848), afterwards Prime Minister, son of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne, whom he succeeded in the titles in 1819.

<sup>2</sup> Imitations in verse of two satires of Juvenal, which were entitled *Secession* and *The Yeoman*. The subject of the latter, which was addressed to Lord Wycombe, was the excesses of the military in Ireland.



we had several numerous parties of the Bessboroughs, Fish Crawford,<sup>1</sup> etc., etc., Hare, Fitzpatrick.

*Sunday, 3rd March.*—Jekyll, Hare, Tierney, and Fitzpatrick are now in the house. They dined here. The latter has lost such a great portion of his ill-gotten pelf in the same way as he acquired it, viz., at the gaming-table. There is no one poison in the human breast that operates so powerfully to the exclusion of every good feeling, as that of gambling. It produces misanthropy, meanness, and avarice, and I do not know a real amateur and practitioner of the vice in favour of whom an exception can be made. Hare has genuine, quick feelings, and his sensibility has not been totally blunted; but I can hardly admit as an apology for his inveterate pursuit of fortune at the Hazard table his necessities. But I am perhaps illiberally intolerant; the example in Ld. H.'s family, and the scandalous expedients a certain Duchess has, to my knowledge, been able to bring herself to resort to, have inspired me with horror and contempt for the class.

The news arrived to-day of Mr. Grenville's safety.<sup>2</sup> The frigate is lost, and 15 persons, but he and his suite got over the ice. As no mails are come (14 now are due), the particulars are not known. It will be highly gratify-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Minto mentions him in Paris, in a letter dated 1793. 'Fish Crawford, with whom Madame du Deffand, being blind, was in love, was of the party the other day' (*Life and Letters of Sir G. Elliot*).

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. Thomas Grenville (1755-1846), second son of George Grenville and brother of Lord Grenville. He was sent on an embassy to Berlin in order to persuade the King to join England against the French. He left Yarmouth on January 29 in the *Proserpine* frigate, but in attempting to ascend the Elbe the ill-fated vessel was driven ashore. Abandoning the ship the passengers and crew escaped across the ice to Cuxhaven with only the clothes in which they stood. An interesting account of their hardships is given in the *Annual Register* for 1846. The delay proved fatal to the object of Mr. Grenville's mission, for Sieyès arrived in time to persuade Frederick William to remain neutral.

ing when he hears how universal and sincere the sorrow has been.

5th March, '99.—Mr. Fox is come here to-day to dine at the Whig Club ; he returns to sleep. Ld. Lauderdale is so much better that he walks about. He told the D. of Bedford that, being kept awake one night from pain, he diverted himself by composing a speech and a *reply* for him upon the Union. ' I can understand,' said the Duke, ' that you may write a man's speech for him, but how you can make a reply which must notice points in the debate I cannot guess.' ' Why, the speech I intend you shall make is calculated to put old Grenville into a rage ; he will get up and abuse you, and lug in France, French principles, localities, and all the old story. Then you must answer him, and begin by an apology to the House for the long speech you have been the occasion of their hearing, as you know it must be very disagreeable to the House ; but that, for yourself, it is of no consequence, as you are used to *noise*, for in your agricultural pursuits you are accustomed to the *bellowing of beasts*.' This is what Ld. L. calls excellent raillery, and I only note it down as a specimen of his talents in that line ; no one so excellent as he is at a coarse joke, but polished wit he not only cannot furnish, but is incapable of relishing. Sheridan said, ' Don't tell Lauderdale, for a *joke* in his mouth is no *laughing matter*.'

10th.—Mr. Fox dined at the Whig Club ; in the speech he made he did not supply materials for fresh attacks. We sat up very late with him ; his conversation is always instructive and entertaining. He shuns politics as much as I could wish. Criticism, literature, and observations upon character are ye chief topics. It is astonishing what a storehouse of knowledge his mind is of every sort, from a fairy tale up to a system of philosophy. A novel was mentioned, upon which he

launched forth upon a discussion on the different merits of the novelists, in which he displayed as great a range of reading as a miss who reads from a circulating library could do. He knows, in short, every production of the sort that has appeared. He professed liking fairy tales, romances, novels, etc. The only sort he admitted were dull are the old French ones of Mlle. Scudéri—*Le Grand Cyrus*, etc.—tho' he made a few exceptions, especially for ye *Princesse de Cleves*,<sup>1</sup> as well he might, for that is very pretty. He set off early the next morning. Mrs. Armstead disapproves of his absence being extended beyond the time she fixes.

On the 6th we dined at Lansdown House. Ld. L. received me with cordiality. *I* hope his terrors of my *machinations* are dissipated. Ld. Wycombe is gone to Ireland. Thursday.—Dined with Mrs. Wyndham. Friday.—Lds. Bor. and Digby, Mr. Adderley and General Fitzpatrick dined. Saturday.—Mrs. W.

Ld. and Ly. Macartney called this morn. It is the first time I have seen him since his return from the Cape. He looks well, tho' he says he is *confiscated*. The climate of the Cape, he says, is unfavourable to a gouty habit. He told me the people at the Cape look upon Vaillant<sup>2</sup> as a vagrant, lying sort of a gentleman, who undertook to describe places he never saw, and boast of friends he never had : his secretary is going to publish his travels, and has annexed an accurate map he made himself to the work.

Ld. M. is remarkable for a retentive memory. He remembers the minutest circumstance, tho' I half-suspect he plays tricks, and frequently makes his recollection dwell upon strange objects, that as you find he

<sup>1</sup> By Madame de la Fayette.

<sup>2</sup> François le Vaillant (1753–1824), author of *Voyage dans l'intérieur de l'Afrique par le Cap de Bonne Espérance*, and *Second Voyage*, &c.

remembers them, you may give him credit for knowing the commonest. When he went Minister to Russia, Mr. Grenville, in giving him instructions upon commercial arrangements, advised him to take the Navigation Act, as it might be of service to him. 'To avoid encumbering myself, as I knew its use, *I have learnt it by heart,*' and true it was he could say every tittle. Louis XVIII. is remarkable for a strong memory; when Ld. M. went to Verona, somebody said, 'Ah! quels assauts de mémoire il y aura entre eux.'

14th March.—Sunday. Dumont<sup>1</sup> came and slept. He has all the good, and none of the bad qualities of a *Génevois*. A sarcastic person might ask, 'What are the good qualities of a *Génevois*?' To be candid, I protest I know of none but their enthusiastic admiration of Rousseau, and when I made that *éloge* of Dumont by giving them to him, I meant in truth to say he was a Frenchman; for all the *agrémens* I bestow on him are the due of an amiable, enlightened, polished *homme de lettres* of Paris.

Tuesday, we dined with Mrs. W. and went to the play: I found Lewis in my box. Mrs. W. in her quaint manner asked him, 'How he could have such a horrid imagination with such a comical face?' Thursday, Dr. Ash and Mr. Moore dined here. To-day, the weather has been horrible, and we have not seen a soul, but have stayed snugly alone at home. I read two acts of Buonarotti's *Tancia*. It is very difficult, and to a foreigner has no merit

<sup>1</sup> Pierre Etienne Louis Dumont (1759–1829), born at Geneva. His family was French, but had fled to Switzerland in the sixteenth century to escape religious persecution. He became a preacher, and came to England about 1783 to superintend the education of Lord Lansdown's sons. He there made the acquaintance of Bentham, whose secretary he became later in life. He espoused the cause of the French Revolution with enthusiasm at its commencement, but became terrified by its excesses, and left France soon after his friend Mirabeau's death.

but simplicity and poetry. Its wit and truth are lost where the language and allusions are unknown, and the names ideal ; for the *vera lingua Fiorentina*, as spoken by the peasants, is a distinct idiom from the common Italian, and the proverbs are local, nor is it possible for a foreigner resident in the country to obtain so exact a notion of the rustic manners of the *contadini*, as to be able to judge of the justness of the picture. I have been reading several of Hurd's <sup>1</sup> *Dialogues* ; his style is frigid, and, though correct, insipid. It was of him and Warburton that Dr. Parr said, '*He* has blundered into sublimity ; *you* have refined into littleness.'

*22nd March.*—On Friday, 15th, we had an uncommonly pleasant party—Mrs. W., Lds. Mor., Bor., Thanet, General Fitz., Lord Robert, Mr. Hare, and (by chance) little Lewis.

*25th March, '99.*—On Sunday, 17th, Ld. H. dined with Mr. Francis. Mr. Marsh and Hamilton<sup>2</sup> dined here with me. At Francis's they drank a good deal of wine. The joke was to exhaust his cellar. It succeeded, much to the mirth of Ld. Thanet, who is the promoter of all fun and mischief. On Monday Ld. Bor., Misses Fox and Vernon came to sleep, and some others.

On Tuesday the House of Lds. ; Miss Fox and I dined at home with Hodges only. Ld. H. and Marsh went to the H. of Lds. The debate was upon the Union. It was conducted, as Ld. Carlisle said, in a very gentlemanlike manner, which in plainer language means dully. Ld. L.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Hurd, D.D. (1720–1808), Bishop of Lichfield (1774), and of Worcester (1781). He was offered the Primacy in 1783, but refused to take it. The *Dialogues* were published in 1759, and introduce historical persons, who are made to discuss the themes under consideration.

<sup>2</sup> Mr., afterwards Lord Archibald, Hamilton (1770–1827), youngest son of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton and sixth Duke of Brandon, by Harriot, daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway. He was a close friend and frequent correspondent of Lord Holland.

spoke. The tenor of his speech was ambiguous, and none could judge how he would have voted had the question come to a division. He deprecated the principle of confiscation, and urged strongly the injustice of the Fitzgerald Attainder Bill. He illustrated his argument by several political cases, one of which the world say he intended for his own situation; but he certainly did not. He said any of their Lordships might be cursed with a Republican son, and by this system of confiscation their grandchildren would be beggars. Ld. H. spoke, but out of good nature he let the others speak before him, so that he was obliged to curtail his arguments on account of the lateness of the hour. We did not get to bed until 6 o'clock.

The next day we dined at Mr. Crawford's. He had all our own friends to meet us, Ld. and Ly. B., Mr. Canning, Ld. Mor., Bor., Amherst, Ossory, and M. de Calonne.<sup>1</sup> The dinner was pleasant and cheerful; the Fish said something slighting of Ld. Fitzwilliam,<sup>2</sup> which made Ld. Bessborough redden, and Canning in his flippant way took it up, but *à force* of winks, shrugs, and nods, we made them shift the subject.

Canning had on that day left the Foreign Department for a sinecure under Dundas in the Board of Control. I called on Ld. L. for five minutes, then went to ye Dss.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Alexandre de Calonne (1734-1802), Louis XVI.'s Minister of Finance. His system of taxation was so arbitrary and unbearable, and his statement of public accounts in 1787 so unsatisfactory, that he was deprived of his honours, and banished to Lorraine. He came to England, where he remained until 1802. Bonaparte then granted his request to return to France, but he died almost immediately upon his arrival in that country. Lord Holland relates in his *Foreign Reminiscences* that Calonne's death was due to mismanagement, and that he wrote in pencil to his doctor when no longer able to speak, 'Tu m'as assassiné, et si tu es honnête homme tu renonceras la médecine pour jamais.'

<sup>2</sup> Lord Bessborough's brother-in-law. He married Lady Charlotte Ponsonby in 1770.



of Leinster, and afterwards supped at Ld. Bessborough's. On Thursday we dined alone. On Friday Ld. Robert,<sup>1</sup> Ld. Granville, Sir Lionel Copley,<sup>2</sup> and Sir Gilbert<sup>3</sup> dined. Sr. Lionel was, as usual, Jacobinical and tiresome. His only merit in conversation (for in conduct he has many) is that he surprises his audience by the extreme accuracy of his knowledge of all the epochs in the Revolution, the stations of the armies, and the names of the members of the different councils.

On Saturday (23rd) we had a very numerous party, and one person who never came before, who diverted us all by his manner. I invited him, as I knew him to be good-natured, and, therefore, likely to be of service about my seeing my children. I knew him at the period of my solitary confinement in Sussex: his name is Fuller. His vulgar bluntness excited much mirth; he thought the laugh was raised by his waggery, so was delighted. The others were Boringdon, G. Leveson, Lorne, Amherst, Digby, Mr. Cornewall Lewis, Hamilton, Adderley, Marsh, and little Lewis. The day went off extremely well. On Sunday we had Ld. Mor., Bor., G. Leveson, and some strange people, Don Roberto Gordon, Baron de Baje, Mr. Hodges, American Smith,<sup>4</sup> etc., etc. Dr. Drew came to stay; in the evening Ly. B. came. On Monday I was 28 years old!!! Alas! Alas!

The Dss. of Leinster and family came yesterday to stay some days. She is in very tolerable spirits and health. Mimi<sup>5</sup> is ill, but is to come to-day. I was vexed

<sup>1</sup> Lord Robert Fitzgerald (1765-1833), sixth son of James, first Duke of Leinster, and Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Lionel Copley, Bart., of Sprotborough. He was born about 1767, succeeded to the title in 1781, and died in 1806.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Gilbert Affleck, Lady Holland's stepfather.

<sup>4</sup> A friend of Lord Wycombe, who introduced him to Lord Holland.

<sup>5</sup> Emily Charlotte (*d.* 1832), the Duchess's daughter by her second husband, William Ogilvie. She married, in 1799, Charles George Beauclerk (1774-1846), only son of Topham Beauclerk and Lady Diana.

at her not being here yesterday, because Beauclerk is come on purpose to see her. I abhor the character of a meddler, but I should be delighted at succeeding in bringing two such delightful persons together. Ld. Lorne is a very old acquaintance of mine. He is very handsome, well-made, and like a gentleman; his manner is remarkably simple and unaffected, and tho' his abilities are not of the most brilliant order, yet he does not appear in the least deficient. He has in his disposition an uncommon share of indifference, almost to apathy, and tho' in the possession of every requisite for happiness, it does not appear that he enjoys anything.

*26th March, '99.*—Ld. Thanet<sup>1</sup> is in great alarm at the approaching trial. He is indicted with Mr. Denis O'Brien, Fergusson,<sup>2</sup> and Brown,<sup>3</sup> for attempting to rescue Arthur O'Connor in the court at Maidstone. He is apprehensive of imprisonment, and, indeed, it is generally thought he will be condemned to it. I really do not believe he was at all riotous. The only strong fact against him is his having said, when Judge Buller expressed surprise at such an idle attempt being made, 'Oh, he may as well have a run for it!'

Poor Ld. Edward's little boy is here.<sup>4</sup> He is a remarkable child; I cannot look at him without feeling strongly. His pretty manner and liveliness saved the

<sup>1</sup> Sackville Tufton, ninth Earl of Thanet (1767–1825), son of Sackville, eighth Earl, and Mary, daughter of Lord John Sackville. He married, in 1811, a Hungarian lady, Anne de Bojanowitz.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Cultar Fergusson (1768–1838), son of Alexander Fergusson, of Craigdarroch, Dumfriesshire. He was called to the Bar in 1797, and was counsel to Allen, one of O'Connor's fellow prisoners at Maidstone. After his release from prison he went to Calcutta, where he became Attorney-General. He obtained a seat in Parliament in 1826, and became Judge-Advocate-General in 1834.

<sup>3</sup> Gunter Browne, Esq.

<sup>4</sup> Edward Fox Fitzgerald (1794–1863). He was educated by his grandmother, the Duchess of Leinster, and served in several cavalry regiments. He married a daughter of Sir John Paul in 1827.

poor Dss.'s life ; her whole mind is occupied with him. When he was two years old, after eating heartily, he asked for more. His maid told him he had had enough. ' No, no, Eddy does not like enough ; Eddy likes too much,' a sentiment he inherited from his poor father, I fancy.

Mr. Dumont told us of a trick his friend Chauvet played a German Baron at Geneva. The German came from the heart of Germany, ' To adore,' he said, ' le grand homme,' and had brought letters of recommendation. It struck Chauvet that it would be a good joke to make the Baron go away without seeing Voltaire. Chauvet told him that the philosopher was so pestered with visitors that, unless they were introduced by some of his own friends, he did not receive them cordially. To make the story short, he personated Voltaire, and put many ridiculous questions to the Baron. One was, ' M. le Baron, avez-vous lu mon histoire par Rollin ?' ' Avec le plus grand plaisir, Monsr.'

10th April, '99.—The good Dss., Mr. Ogilvie, and Eddy stayed exactly a fortnight, Mimi and Ly. Lucy<sup>1</sup> till to-day. Mimi, indeed, is still here till to-morrow. My wishes have succeeded. Mimi's beauty and charming character have captivated Beau. He has obtained consent. The settlements are drawing, and their union will soon take place. Their dispositions suit exactly, and I never saw a fairer prospect of happiness than they have before them. She is uncommonly sensible, her temper is mild, and her manner serene ; altho' cheerful, her turn is rather serious. Her person is lovely, her complexion a clear brown, black eyes, white teeth, and a very small head, a fine-shaped throat and neck, pretty hands and feet, and, altogether, she is as beautiful and fascinating

<sup>1</sup> Lady Lucy Fitzgerald, the Duchess of Leinster's daughter. She married Admiral Sir Thomas Foley, G.C.B., in 1802, and died in 1851.

as a woman can be. A very favourable proof of the goodness of her understanding and temper is her being so beloved by a numerous family, the interests of which must oftentimes jar. The first week they were here we had a great deal of company, but as soon as the love began, we confined our society to those in the house, and then it was pretty large—Hamilton, Beau., Drew, Marsh, Miss Fox, Mr. Adderley.<sup>1</sup>

On Saturday, 30th March, we had the baby christened; an immense party to dinner, Ld. and Ly. B., Ld. Duncannon, Ld. Ossory, G. Leveson, Sr. Gilbert and my mother, ye Duke of Bedford, Miss Vernon, and all those in the house. My mother, D. of B., and Lord Ossory stood for him. To comply with the Dss. of L.'s wish he was called Stephen, so we have now a Ste. Fox in the family. Marsh performed the ceremony; it was his first clerical function. He is to come up for Beau.'s marriage. Ly. Lucy is very clever, naturally very lively, but the loss of her brother has affected her spirits; she is enthusiastic, and her affection for him was worked up to a most romantic pitch. She was in his confidence, and knew how deeply he was involved in that fatal business in Ireland; any reference to the affair agitates her violently. At the time of O'Connor's trial at Maidstone (a few months after Ld. E.'s death) she was at Goodwood; he being but too intimately connected with Ld. E., made her, of course, anxious about his fate: in short, she was ill. Ye Duke of Richmond<sup>2</sup> worked up his imagination, and fancied her grief arose from fear for O'Connor's safety, she being in love with him. He went to her in the most affectionate manner, and

<sup>1</sup> Son of Thomas Adderley, Esq., of Innishannon, Co. Cork, and Margaretta, daughter of Edmund Bourke, Esq., of Urrey. His mother married, secondly, in 1792, Robert, Lord Hobart.

<sup>2</sup> Charles, third Duke of Richmond (1735-1806), Lady Lucy Fitzgerald's uncle.

proposed, if she would confide in him, to obtain O'Connor's release, and assist their marriage. She assured him she only felt the regard due to him as a friend of her own and her brother's. He is a strange, odd man. His conduct to Ly. E. Foster is very unaccountable. He is always talking and writing as if he intended to marry her, and yet the marriage is not more advanced than it was two years ago. She came here the other morning. As soon as ye Dss. of L. heard she was here, she immediately begged to see her in her room, a thing that very much flattered Ly. E., and added to her hopes.

I have had very little time for reading: I have, however, contrived to read something, half Bernier's *Travels into Hindostan*, and about as much of Pennant's *Hindostan*, a part of a great work called *Outlines of the Globe*.

12th April.—Mimi left us yesterday. Dumont dined with me, a remarkable lively pleasant dinner. I reproached myself for being so cheerful without Ld. H., for I never am completely so if he is away. He went to the House of Lords; intended speaking, but was unwell. He entered a protest, which stands a good chance of being erased, as Ld. Auckland has found out that a sentence in it reflects upon the H. of Lords.<sup>1</sup> I went in the evening to Dss. of L., and Ly. Bess. To-day I had fifty visitors, among them Ld. Hobart.<sup>2</sup> He is pleasing, sensible, and well-looking, the finest teeth possible. He exhibited his high sense of a *point d'honneur* in marrying Mrs. Adderley. When her husband died Ld. H. fulfilled the promise

<sup>1</sup> The Protest was signed by Lords Holland, Thanet, and King. It remains on the records.

<sup>2</sup> Robert, Lord Hobart (1760–1816), son of George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire, whom he succeeded in 1804. He married, in 1792, Margaretta, daughter of Edmund Bourke, Esq., of Urrey, and widow of Thomas Adderley, Esq. She died in 1796, leaving one daughter, and Lord Hobart married, in 1799, Eleanor, daughter of William, first Lord Auckland.

made in the warmth of his heart, tho' she was old, ugly, and vulgar. The heats of Madras released him of his burdensome duty. About a year since she died. He is very kind to her son, Mr. Adderley.

Ly. Bess., Morpeth, and Bor., dined here, very cheerful and comfortable. The Hambro [*sic*] mail confirms the report of Jourdan's being beaten by the Austrians.<sup>1</sup> The Austrian troops are very much attached to the Arch-Duke. Their cry is 'Live Charles and Francis!' I had the happiness of seeing Webby three times, but by stealth, at my mother's; she insisted upon my hazarding an interview. He was very affectionate. He seems clever, but is not handsome. He is cold in his disposition, and taught by his father to be a boaster. He is at Harrow. From my window I see the church; often do I sigh to be nearer to him.

16th April, '99.—On Saturday, ye 15th, I dined with Mrs. W., and in the evening went to the Opera with Mde. de Coigny.<sup>2</sup> On Sunday Ld. H. dined with Ld. Thanet. Ld. Granville and Mr. Hamilton dined with *me*, a 'pleasantish' day. Monday, dined with my mother, went to the play; Canning, etc.; very pleasant. To-day Ld. and Ly. Bess. dined, Ld. John Townshend,<sup>3</sup> Ld. Morpeth, Mr. Adderley. Hare was ill, and could not come. The General said it was *impossible*—his constant reply when he refuses. Ld. John married Mrs. Fawkener.

<sup>1</sup> Called in the *Annual Register* for 1799 the battle of Ostrach.

<sup>2</sup> Louise Marthe de Conflans d'Armentières, the wife of François-Marie-Casimir, Marquis de Coigny. She was celebrated for her wit and quickness of repartee, and many anecdotes are told of her curious tastes, and the hold she maintained on society at the time. Marie Antoinette once said that she was only Queen of Versailles, but Madame de Coigny was Queen of Paris.

<sup>3</sup> Right Hon. Lord John Townshend (1757-1833), second son of George, first Marquess Townshend. Lord of the Admiralty 1782-1783. He married, in 1787, Georgina Anna, daughter of William Poyntz, Esq., of Midgham, Berks, the divorced wife of Everard Fawkener, Esq. His second son, John, succeeded to the Marquisate in 1855.



He is one of the wittiest men there is ; his verses are excellent. Like the rest of his family he is mad ; never enough to be confined, but often very flighty. He is admirable at mimicking, not only of a person's manner, but invents a subject, and talks upon it as they would. He did not shine particularly to-day. This morning I had a prodigious levée ; among the many were two new ones, Ld. Brooke<sup>1</sup> and Sr. Watkin. The first is rather handsome, talkative, like his father, but less tiresome, tho' he promises a fair rivalry. A few years of baronial retirement at Warwick Castle, with the *benefit* of his father's loquacious society, will secure his inheritance of the taste. Sr. Watkin<sup>2</sup> is a Grenville in person and manner all over him ; his tongue is immensely too big for his mouth, and his utterance is so impeded by it that what he attempts to articulate is generally unintelligible.

Ld. Morpeth is perfect in person and manner ; he has the *air noble* without haughtiness, and his mirth is cheerful, not boisterous. What Ld. Wycombe said of him is very descriptive, ' He is an excellent specimen of aristocracy.' He has inherited a considerable portion of his father's love of fashion, but as it does not run away with him, I see no fault in it, tho' he sometimes allows his judgment to be guided by it. His understanding is excellent ; he is fond of literature, and is reckoned a good scholar. He has rather too much diffidence of his own abilities, and will frequently be silent, tho' he has a strong opinion upon the subject discussed, unless

<sup>1</sup> Henry Richard, Lord Brooke (1779-1853), son of George, second Earl of Warwick, by his second marriage with Henrietta, daughter of Richard Vernon, Esq., and Evelyn, first Countess of Upper Ossory. Lord Brooke succeeded his father as third Earl in 1816.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, fifth Baronet (1772-1840), son of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn (who died in 1789), and his second wife, Charlotte, daughter of the Right Hon. George Grenville.

he has some established authority to support him. What he says is always well expressed, with great neatness and precision. He seldom enters into an argument at length, but his observations are invariably correct and judicious. He is a chaste poet, and has written many very pretty things. His passions are not strong; he can never enjoy the extreme of delight, or suffer excess of sorrow. Not that he is deficient of right feelings; he can be angry, but not vindictive. Lately he has given in to a love of play, by which his temper is at times irritated. He is exemplary as a son, and has such strong principles of honour that he will excel in every station. He is very much attached to Ld. H.

Canning was very entertaining, he can be extremely so. I made him repeat his parody upon Lewis's *Alonzo and Imogene*. It is comical, and goes very well with the music:—<sup>1</sup>

A Parson so grave and a Baron so bold  
 Conversed as the coach drove along;  
 Many stories they heard, many stories they told,  
 Parson Legge <sup>2</sup> was the parson, his stories were old,  
 And ye Baron was Lord Boringdon.

There is more, but I forget it.

Ld. Lansdown came to see me yesterday. He looked very well, and appeared more cordial to me than he has done since Ld. W.'s affairs have worried him. There is certainly something very whimsical in my situation with respect to him and Ld. W.; each suspect I prefer the

<sup>1</sup> *Alonzo the Brave*, first published in *The Monk* (vol. iii.).

' A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright  
 Conversed, as they sat on the green;  
 They gazed on each other with tender delight;  
 Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,  
 The maid's was the fair Imogene,' etc.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. and Rev. Augustus George Legge (1773–1828), youngest son of William, second Earl of Dartmouth.

other, and both have taken an aversion to me on that account, for Ld. W. is really so displeased with me that in his letters he never names me, or does he write, as he used to do, frequently to me. Arduous would be the attempt to decipher Ld. W.'s character. The most predominant feature is the love of singularity. His success in that aim is most favourably aided by his possessing innately a large portion of it. He endeavours more to surprise than to please. His sarcastic humour is excellent, the gravity of his manner sets off his wit. It is difficult to ascertain whether he is in joke or earnest, and he frequently begins seriously a conversation which his love of persiflage makes him end ironically.

21st April.—Wednesday, 17th, dined with the Dss. of Leinster; went to the play. Returned here. Thursday, Lds. Digby, Kirkwall,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Adderley dined. Friday we dined alone, went to the play with Mrs. Smith. Saturday we dined alone; went to the Opera. Smith dined to-day. Lord Macartney came to see me; he has been very ill, seriously so with gout, etc., etc. I asked him his opinion of Hastings, whether, tho' a tyrant, he administered the Government of India with ability. He said his testimony would be that of an enemy, as they had quarrelled in India upon the subject of the Nabob of Arcot; but his opinion of him was that he was a man of violent passions, who would stop at nothing where his avarice, ambition, and revenge could be satisfied; that, as to his public conduct, had he not been recalled the English settlements would have been ruined. He deprecated politics, and lamented Ld. H.'s decided opposition, and quoted a maxim of Ld. H.'s grand-

<sup>1</sup> John Fitzmaurice, Viscount Kirkwall (1778–1820), only son of Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice (brother of William, first Marquess of Lansdown), and Mary, Countess of Orkney in her own right. He married, in 1802, Anna Maria, daughter of John, Baron de Blaquièrre, of Ardkill, but predeceased his mother, who died in 1831.

father's that no man ought to be in Opposition above six months, just to show what his abilities could do, that he might be justly estimated. This conversation reminded me of Hare's story of Ld. Macartney's reason for not adhering to Mr. Fox. Hare asked him how it happened that, connected as he had always been with the Fox family, he never was politically united with them. He said he loved consistency, for if he had once gone into Opposition, he must always have continued so. 'Why, no,' replied Hare; 'if the Opposition got into power, maintaining their principles, you would then not always be in Opposition.' 'No, no. Once in Opposition, always in Opposition. I love uniformity.' This was all the answer he could extract from him.

Gilbert Wakefield pleaded again in person at the King's Bench in behalf of his pamphlet. He first compared himself to Paul pleading before Festus, and throughout manifested a firm conviction that he was a martyr to his principles, and endeavoured to show the heroism with which he submitted to the persecution. In the course of his speech he named Nero, Tiberius, and Polypheme. Ld. Kenyon, in the summing up, said an English jury would not be browbeaten, notwithstanding all he said about the *Three Roman Emperors*.

Tierney said he was expected at dinner where he dined, and that the effect was comical when his apology came, giving for excuse his imprisonment. Ld. Thanet is very apprehensive as the day approaches for his trial.

The Dss. of Gordon<sup>1</sup> was laughing at *Borino*,<sup>2</sup> saying he had sat by her for an hour talking of such

<sup>1</sup> Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, and first wife of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, whom she married in 1767. She died in 1812.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Boringdon.

strange things—morale and physique, upon which Ld. H. said well enough that he certainly could only comprehend *half* his discourse. C. Ellis came to see me, the first time since his marriage. I thought there must have been something extraordinary to keep him so long away, and Ly. B. let me into the secret, the origin of which is Ly. Hawkesbury's extreme prudery. She is shocked at the thoughts of my knowing Mrs. Ellis, and I suppose C. felt an awkward shyness at coming without naming her; but he need not have been under any alarm on my account. It is difficult to affront or mortify me. The first I hope my sense and temper will always avert, and the second I am insensible to, as I know the singularity of my position too well not to be blunted to all occurrences that otherwise might humiliate. Prudery comes with an odd and questionable aspect from a Hervey. Lord Bristol is 'full of wit and pleasantry. He is a great admirer of Lady Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> and conjured Sr. W. to allow him to call her *Emma*. That he should admire her beauty and her wonderful attitudes is not singular, but that he should like her society certainly is, as it is impossible to go beyond her in vulgarity and coarseness.<sup>2</sup> So much so, that the Austrian Ambassador's sarcasm is excellent. After showing her attitudes, which she

<sup>1</sup> He said that 'her creation betokened a "glorious mood" in her creator' (Sichel's *Emma, Lady Hamilton*).

<sup>2</sup> Compare *Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot*, ii. 364, 365. 'With men her language and conversation are exaggerations of anything I ever heard anywhere, and I was wonderfully struck with these inveterate remains of her origin, though the impression was very much weakened by seeing the other ladies of Naples.'

'We had the *attitudes* a night or two ago by candle-light; they come up to my expectations fully, which is saying everything. They set Lady Hamilton in a very different light from any I had seen her in before; nothing about her, neither her conversation, her manners, nor figure announce the very refined taste which she discovers in this performance, besides the extraordinary talent that is necessary for the execution; and besides all this, says Sir *Willum*, "she makes my apple pies."'

does by representing the finest statues and pictures, he asked, 'Et quand est-ce qu'elle fera Miladi?' Her vulgarity destroyed the illusion when I saw her once. She had worked one's imagination up to a pitch of enthusiasm in her successive imitations of Niobe, Magdalen, and Cleopatra. Just as she was lying down, with her head reclined upon an Etruscan vase to represent a water-nymph, she exclaimed in her provincial dialect: 'Doun't be afeard, Sr. Willum, I'll not crack your *joug*.' I turned away disgusted, and I believe all present shared the sentiment.

Her extreme beauty attracted the notice of Romney, the painter, in London, who had her to sit as a model. Mr. Greville<sup>1</sup> took her into keeping, and, finding she was tiresome, got rid of her by sending her to Sr. Wm. to put her upon the Opera. Sr. Wm. was old and loving, and, after living a short time with him, she persuaded him into marrying her, which he did; and by so doing cut Mr. Greville out of the inheritance he had long expected.

*Sunday, 28th April.*—Wednesday 24th, dined with Ly. B.; only Ld. H. and myself; went to the play afterwards. On Thursday, 25th, we had all the *Anti-Jacobin* wits to dinner, Ld. Hobart for the first time; he is facetious and convivial. I liked him very much. Canning made a good joke upon Borino's comparing Mr. Adderley to an ostrich, and enumerating the characteristics of that very *foolish* bird, which did very well at first, but grew tiresome. It is the fault of that set to wear a joke threadbare. We had Frere, the first time since his appointment to Canning's place.<sup>2</sup> Since favoritism is *à l'ordre du jour*, I am rather glad he is a

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Charles Francis Greville (1749–1809), second son of Francis, first Earl of Warwick, of this creation, and Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton and sister of Sir William Hamilton.

<sup>2</sup> Frere succeeded Canning as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs early in 1799.



sharer, tho' I think he cannot make a good man of business. He is *distract* and poetical, and in lieu of writing a dispatch may be tempted to pen a sonnet. Saturday, Marsh came. Ld. H. dined at the Royal Academy, and I dined at L. House, Ld. L. being very kind and cordial. In ye evening went to ye Dss. of L. On Sunday we had a large party here, Lds. B., M., L. G., Amherst, Adderley, etc., etc., and Bannister,<sup>1</sup> who was very comical and burlesque. It being the eve of Mimi's marriage, I slept at Ly. Bessborough's, that I might be ready in time for the wedding. I invited my party to supper; the four gallants, the Dss. of Devonshire came, and the Duke of Bedford. The change in former is painful to see; scarcely has she a vestige of those charms that once attracted all hearts. Her figure is corpulent, her complexion coarse, one eye gone, and her neck immense. How frail is the tenure of beauty! Alas! too true, too trite a saying. The next morning I went to the wedding; all parties behaved with propriety. Ly. Pembroke<sup>2</sup> deemed it incumbent on her to hatch up a whimper during the ceremony, but as it was evidently a homage to her idol—decorum—it was received as such, and affected none. The excellent Dss. felt the awful moment of separation. The event took place in Harley Street, and afterwards the married pair set off to Moneyhill. The whole of the Dss.'s family came here, dined, and slept. Ld. Henry was one of their party; they all went to-day.

30th April.—Marsh made a proposal to Ly. Lucy, which she accepted, but the Dss. rejected, on the score of

<sup>1</sup> The actor.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, who married Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, in 1756, and died in 1831. She was Charles Beauclerk's aunt. Her son, George Augustus, who succeeded as eleventh Earl of Pembroke in 1794, married, in 1787, Beauclerk's sister, Elizabeth. She died in 1793.

there not being a competency. In refusing him they know not the excellence they lose. He is in himself a treasure, and his popularity will ensure him high preferment; he is at the moment wretched, and goes to-morrow in consequence of the unpleasantness of the circumstance.

Adderley came and sat with me some time; Ld. G. L. has a nonsensical joke of his being smitten, *mais je n'en crois rien*. The old *compère*<sup>1</sup> is quite reconciled to me; he has called twice to see me. Nobody dined here but Mr. Morris, Mrs. Wyndham; and Mde. de Coigny came in the evening.

Mde. de Coigny is remarkably witty; there are many of her *bons mots* on record. This evening talking of Ly. Pembroke's having still beauty, she denied it by saying, 'Apparemment Milord aime les traditions.' When young she was the rage in Paris; her voice is horrible, worse even than Ly. Malmesbury's. She said, '*Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi, et c'est la mienne*,' an assertion not quite true, as a wit seldom has a friend; at least, they sacrifice any for a repartee. She lost a very intimate friend's love by a sarcastic joke. The Duchesse de Richelieu was a young, pretty woman, with red hair, and her friend. At a *petit souper* it was remarked that ye Duchesse was almost the only woman in Paris who had not been accused at least of a *galanterie*, '*C'est vrai, mais comme Samson elle trouve ses forces dans ses cheveux*.'

Mrs. Fitzherbert has never forgiven the opinion Mde. de C. entertains of a conspicuous part of her person—an opinion she declared in her reply to a person who observed that Mrs. F.'s neck was uncovered '*et qu'elle avait besoin d'un fichu*.' 'D'un fichu! Point du tout, c'est une *culotte* qu'il faudra.'

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lansdown.

2nd May.—Yesterday little Marsh left us, with a heavy, aching heart. Many visitors in the morning ; my mother, Ly. Lucy, etc. to dinner. Adderley, Ly. L. slept. The D. of Bedford and Ld. Thanet called in their way back from St. Anne's, where they had been to consult with Mr. Fox upon the propriety of the measure suggested by Erskine. The measure was that Ld. Thanet should write a letter to the Attorney-General, declaring upon his honour that he was innocent of the charge against him, etc., etc. Mr. Fox disapproved of that scheme, as it seemed like begging mercy. The evidence was so contradictory that even Kenyon, who is bitter against them, acknowledged in his summing the difficulty of ascertaining exactly the truth. There is no doubt whatever that Ld. T.'s activity was merely defensive, nor is there any more that Sheridan's evidence got him found guilty. When questioned by Law,<sup>1</sup> S., instead of answering immediately, paused, and then replied satisfactorily to the interrogation, but this silence of several minutes previous to replying sufficed in the minds of the jury, and it is allowed on all hands that their verdict proceeded from their conviction that Sheridan was wavering between falsehood and truth, and that the first triumphed. This was confirmed by Law, in a solemn, impressive manner,

<sup>1</sup> Edward Law (1750–1818), afterwards created Lord Ellenborough ; appointed Attorney-General in 1793.

According to the published account of the trial, Law in his questions to Sheridan tried to obtain the admission that in his opinion Thanet and Fergusson meant to favour O'Connor's escape. This Sheridan refused to answer, and he was justified in doing so. He stated, however, most clearly that he saw nothing which would lead him to that conclusion, though perhaps they may have '*wished*' for the escape.

The fracas took place after judgment was delivered, which was not until 1.30 A.M. Sheridan, in a letter to his wife, written at the time, says that O'Connor had no thought of escaping himself, but that 'three or four injudicious friends' were responsible for the attempt to hustle him away. He also mentions that he himself was the means of preventing 'some serious mischief' after 'the soldiers got in,' for which conduct he was thanked by the Judge.

repeating, ' You will recollect, Mr. Sheridan, that you are upon *your oath*.' The sentence is to be given to-morrow, and fine and imprisonment is expected, but to what amount and extent depends upon their notion of punishing a peer for example sake. Ld. H. and ye D. of Bedford are to be in court at eight, to give bail, in case the sentence is deferred till next term. Fergusson they talk of dis-barring. Those who were really the stimulators of the enterprise were Sheridan himself and Dennis O'Brien. It is even a doubt whether Fergusson was apprised of the scheme. S. was adroit enough to persuade him to suppress in his defence the truth of a circumstance, that, as it appeared in the charge, made against him. Just before the scuffle F. leaned across the table to whisper to O'Connor; the truth of the whisper was an endeavour to deliver unseen a note from S. to O'Connor, the words of which were as follows : ' As soon as sentence is passed, leap over the bar, run to the right, and we will manage the rest.' Had this been stated F. might have escaped, but he was persuaded it would have been unhand-some to invoke an unsuspected person ; for so little was S. supposed to have assisted, that *in court* he received thanks from the Judges for having exerted himself to quell the disturbance. S., since he gained such credit as a witness in the State trials (Horne Tooke's) by his wit and repartee, can never give a direct answer, and is always more occupied how to gain applause by his reply than how to serve those in favour of whom he is called.

The Brest fleet is out, and the alarm is great.<sup>1</sup>

Mlle. Clairon's <sup>2</sup> *Memoirs* are published by herself.

<sup>1</sup> The French fleet lying in Brest was able to escape from the rigid blockade maintained by the Allies, and appeared in the Mediterranean. There they remained until the beginning of June, when they returned to Brest with the Spanish fleet, which had joined them off Cadiz.

<sup>2</sup> Claire Hippolyte Legris de Latude, better known as Mlle. Clairon, the celebrated French actress. Born in 1723 ; died in 1802.

She gives a few anecdotes of her own life, suppressing the unfavourable truths of her very *private* history. Her remarks upon the different parts she has acted are good, and show a great knowledge of the art she professed. Her enthusiasm that it should be perfected is entertaining.

8th May.—The Court would not accept any bail for Ld. Thanet. Kenyon implied a reproach upon the Attorney-General for having worded the indictment too favourably. He aggravated the heinousness of the offence, and gave some hints about the specific punishment, which is imprisonment for life, confiscation, and the loss of the right arm. It is said the court have no discretionary power, and that the specific punishment must be given, or one very slight. The first most probably will be given for the disgrace of it, but there is no danger of its being enforced; the King will remit the whole.

Ld. T. is now resident in the King's Bench Prison. Mme. Bonawitz is with him; his friends all visit him, so his time passes cheerfully. If he has society and *bonne chère* he does not care much about anything else. Mme. Bonawitz is a woman of whom I heard much when I was at Vienna; she was of the second order of *noblesse*, and reckoned rather pretty, and very gallant. She eloped with Ld. T. and came to England with him. Gilbert Wakefield is also in ye K. B. till sentence is given. His speech, nominally in mitigation of punishment, but, in fact, as Bobus says, in *aggravation* of it, will probably have secured him imprisonment for life. He is a singular being, of the most primitive manners and uncouth conversation imaginable.

Ld. H. made a very good speech upon the case of a man <sup>1</sup> called up and punished by the H. of Lords for a libel

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Flower, of Cambridge, a printer.

against the Bishop of Llandaff. As soon as he had done speaking, Lord Kenyon came up to him and said, 'You must give me leave, my Lord, to shake hands with you; I wish I could make a convert of you.' 'You would find that rather a tough job,' replied Ld. H. 'Aye, I am afraid so, but I should like to launch you from another slip.'

I dined on Saturday at Lansdown H.; Ld. H. dined with Mackintosh. I took Tierney with me. Ld. L. was not offended, but on the contrary seemed very much pleased. I saw Sheridan in the morning, and told him all that was said about his evidence; he was in a great rage. Someone at the theatre ran after him, to ask if algebra was not a language. 'To be sure, an old language, spoken by an ancient people called the Classics.'

*May 18th.*—We had a good deal of company in the course of last week; the Bessbro's dined, Ly. Anne,<sup>1</sup> etc. Lady Lucy came and stayed several days. Mr. Adderley frequently dined and slept. I once went to L. H.; very dull. Nothing very interesting occurred. Been ill myself for 15 days with cold. Inoculated Ste., who has the smallpox very badly, not dangerously, but suffers extremely; still at its height. Misses Fox and Vernon came yesterday. Ld. G. Leveson and Ly. B. came unawares; all parties annoyed at meeting. The French are beaten in Italy; the French deputies to Rastadt murdered either by their escort or the peasants,—a sad violation of good faith in either case.

*22nd May, '99.*—Many of Ld. Thanet's friends have recommended that he should write a letter to the King to beg a pardon. Ld. H. is averse to the measure, as is Tierney. I have persuaded the former to keep out of the way, as he will with difficulty restrain himself from

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, Lord Upper Ossory's daughter.



delivering his opinion, and should it weigh in Ld. T.'s mind sufficiently to make him regret the proposed scheme and circumstances afterwards turn out harshly, the reflection of having been instrumental in the making him adopt a line of conduct that might be unsuccessful would be distressing. Ld. H. thinks it will be better to allow the business to take its course, as the Attorney-General is almost pledged to drop the prosecution if there is any chance that the specific punishment will be given; as he has already declared his intention in the drawing up of the indictment was to avoid the possibility of that obsolete law being revived. Fergusson is determined against applying for a pardon. He rather seems to enjoy the alarm of Ld. T., as he thinks his Jacobinical associates in the Corresponding Society<sup>1</sup> will admire his heroism and contrast it with Ld. T.'s anxiety; perhaps, in truth, it may be a sort of triumph.

The horrible murder of the French Deputies returning from the Congress of Rastadt to France has made a great sensation in the Republic.<sup>2</sup> Their energy has gone, and nothing could have revived it, but some outrage similar to the one committed. I do not think people here are as much shocked as might have been supposed, which is singular, as such a violation of the faith of nations ought to make a common cause. The French have written an excellent address to all countries. I think it is clear the Austrians sanctioned the robbery for the sake of the papers, and the fury of the soldiers did the murder.

*23rd May.*—A letter from Ld. Thanet just come to

<sup>1</sup> A political association founded under the guidance of Major Cartwright to promote reform.

<sup>2</sup> The French plenipotentiaries were assassinated on April 19 just outside the town of Rastadt by some drunken hussars of the Austrian regiment of Szeckler, only one of them escaping with his life.

say that he has written to His Majesty to interpose against the specific punishment. It has been graciously received, and it will be complied with. He says he had so many intimations that such a step was expected of him, that he thought it impossible not to do it. I sincerely rejoice at his safety. Fergusson, I believe, has not applied; he is left to stand the brunt of all the popular vengeance. I cannot but feel for him. It has lately been told me confidentially that Sr. F. Burdett would have been in the indictment, if Coutts had not availed himself of his secret influence with the King.<sup>1</sup> He certainly was begged off.

On Saturday, 18th May, dined at L. House; afterwards went to the Opera. On Sunday a large party here. Miss Fox and Ly. Lucy in the house. Went to the play with Miss Vernon, Tierney, and Adderley. Tuesday, a dinner at Ld. Robert Spencer's for the Beaus. Wednesday, dined at the Smiths to meet Mackintosh; afterwards, Ld. B.'s. Thursday, a great dinner here, the Beauclerks, Bessbro's, *young Lords*, etc. Went to a masquerade at Mrs. Walker's after. Friday, yesterday, dined at Ly. B.'s early, to be in time for Sheridan's play of *Pizarro*.

26th May.—Mackintosh<sup>2</sup> is the man who wrote a vindication of the French Revolution in the beginning of it. He was then exclaimed against as a furious Jacobin. Nay, two years ago he wished to come here, and I refused seeing him on account of his principles, as I have always dreaded this house becoming a *foyer* of Jacobinism, and have invariably set my face against receiving all who are

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Burdett married, in 1793, Sophia, daughter of Thomas Coutts (1735–1822), founder with his brother James of the banking-house, and banker to George III. Sir Francis' advanced and independent views on all the political questions of the day are well known.

<sup>2</sup> Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832), the celebrated writer and conversationalist. It was a visit to Burke in 1797 which cooled his revolutionary ardour, and led him to change his views so completely upon the course of events in France.

suspected of being revolutionists, etc., etc. However, since M. has regained his character, and is become a friend of Canning's, etc., I admit him; and he yesterday dined here with a numerous party—Ly. B. and Ly. Lucy, ye young Lords, Sturges,<sup>1</sup> Newbolt, Adderley, etc. The conversation was entertaining without great brilliancy. Mackintosh is delivering public lectures at Lincoln's Inn, upon the law of nature and the law of nations. The objects are, first, to get money, and, nextly, to usher himself into public notice as a man convinced of the fallacy of those doctrines he lately laboured to establish. He manœuvres with dexterity and *tact*e not too suddenly renouncing them. The lectures are rather Scotch professorships; in his first he attacked with wit and sarcasm Godwin's metaphysics and all the new system of benevolence and universal philanthropy.

Jealous people always defeat their object; this was oddly exemplified at the masquerade. The jealousy of a person's wife suggested a sort of half love, half confidence, that I am almost sure could never have arisen but from that stimulus. I hope the fancy will subside, as I shall lose, if it continues, a cheerful and frequent associate. Another adventure, for which I warmly condemn myself for having allowed to go on, has occupied me lately; half curiosity and half shame have impelled me to continue what I ought to have checked. However, absence will chill more than prudery, and *that* will take place in a few days. Even that *goût*, I suspect, originated from the remark of a third person—Ld. G. L. Gratified and blessed as I am in the full possession of my dear husband's love, these idle affairs afford little or no gratification, and the very little they do proceeds from a sort of vanity to find that his liking is not merely the effect of

<sup>1</sup> William Sturges-Bourne (1769–1845), a follower of Canning. A Lord of the Treasury 1807–9, and Home Secretary 1827.

blind partiality. The mystery I abhor, and my conscience frequently smites me for having a thought, much more an action, unknown to Ld. H. But, every circumstance well considered, I am satisfied by reason that I ought not to disclose *goûts passagers* that are in themselves of no importance, but become so as soon as communicated ; and I have reason to believe that many a woman has smarted from the mistaken *point d'honneur* of revealing every occurrence without discrimination. The principle is excellent, but ought to be modified with discretion, else the effects may be pernicious to both parties.

I do not think the propriety of restraint is applicable to the husband towards the wife. If I were to say so openly it would excite a smile, and might be construed into licence for myself, tyranny to others ; but it is not for that reason. A woman may be so confiding in the affection of her husband, that were he to impart an advance made to him by another, mirth and contempt would be the only passion excited, and if the woman happened to be her nominal friend, why, it would only break the fragile link of female friendship ; whereas, so delicate are the feelings of men upon those occasions, that none could listen with composure to the tale of love, his wife the heroine. Hatred and estrangement would ensue, and a friend of some years' standing would be given up for the fancy of desire and the babbling of a woman.

30th May.—I prevailed upon Ld. H. to go to Court. Ld. Wycombe crossed the street to Mr. Adderley, and said, ' So Holland has been at Court ; *that* is owing to her Ladyship's activity.' Ld. L. went into the country for a few days, and among some other clumsy jokes with Mr. Tierney, such as the disappointment *he* would feel at my not dining there, his own accommodating spirit in inviting us together, etc., etc., ' It's quite strange, one cannot retire for a short time without hearing such

strange events. "Lord Holland has gone to Court," and "Sheridan has written a most loyal speech." If there is anything with regard to the Court remarkable, it is, as General Fitzpatrick says, that Ld. H. had not been before. Miss Fox is, I believe, displeased; it does not accord with her metaphysical, philosophical, pure, philanthropic, etc., system of politics to reverence a Monarch. The abstaining from going, as a measure, is perfectly contemptible. If a man is in Opposition, he opposes the Ministers and Government, not the King personally, and a peer diminishes his own consequence if he does not support the dignity of the throne.

On Sunday we dined at Ld. Boringdon's, a dinner made for me. The Bessboroughs, 'the Three,' Adderley, etc. Jekyll was an interloper, and offended me by his manner of talking of Fergusson's being disbarred. God knows, I have no liking to F. On the contrary, he is one I never will allow to pass the threshold; but it is disgusting to hear a man in calamity trampled upon, and shows a considerable want of delicacy in Jekyll, one of the profession, discussing before F.'s enemies the utility of expelling him the profession. After dinner I went for a short time to the Duchess of Leinster's; afterwards supped at Lady B.'s; the Dss. of Devon., Ly. Elizabeth, and her own set.

It has happened comically enough that Lady Lucy, who, by-the-bye, is amorously disposed, has fallen in love with Mr. Adderley. The event of the amour does not promise successfully for her, as he is in no ways inclined to give a favourable ear to her passion, though probably, like all persons beloved, his vanity would so far conquer his natural good nature, that he would not object to her making a fool of herself on his account. He wishes to stay longer than originally intended, but he had better go, and probably will. T. perfectly ridiculous, quite my

shadow. Went on Monday to *Pizarro*, Sheridan and Tierney, Adderley, etc. The first came into my box perpetually to explain whenever there was a failure in the representation. I was surprised at his eagerness, and glad to find that drinking has not so totally absorbed his faculties, and that he is still sensible to fame. About him my reason and impulse always are at variance; reflection convinces me he ought to be despised for his private life and doubted for his political, but whenever I see him, if but for five minutes, a sort of cheerful frankness and pleasant wittiness puts to flight all ye reasonable prejudices that I entertain against him.

Francis<sup>1</sup> diverted me excessively the other morning. I got up unusually late, and, whilst at my toilet, I was told he had been in the library some time. Ld. H. was still in bed, and as he is at times amusing, I sent to say I would receive him as I dressed. He came to my door, and there paused, saying, 'Are you sure the person you sent for was *me*? Can such a favour be intended *me*? What? Will you really admit *me* into your private room?' When I repeated the invitation, he was delighted. He is very vain, and any distinction quite turns his head, especially from people he rather calls great folks. Ld. Ossory came soon, and asked what had happened to put Francis into such spirits, as his eyes glistened with delight.

We yesterday dined with the General in his new house, early, that we might be in time to see *Pizarro*; he is a very severe critic. He censured much, and

<sup>1</sup> Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818), the reputed author of the *Junius Letters*. He was son of the Rev. Philip Francis, a *protégé* of Henry, first Lord Holland. He commenced life as a clerk in Government offices, and in 1773 obtained a seat on the East India Council. On his return to England he obtained a seat in Parliament (1784), and became a staunch supporter of the Whigs. He was twice married, first, in 1761, to Elizabeth Macrabie; and secondly, in 1814, to Emma Watkins, daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman.



admired some parts; indeed, the most phlegmatic censor must praise a good deal, however German rhapsody may occasionally burst out. My box was full, Grey, Tierney, Whitbread, Lds. Lorne, Bor., etc., and several who could not gain admittance. There is a report, not very improbable as to truth, about, viz., that Lord Lansdown is to marry Miss Coutts. There is very little doubt that, as far as she and her connections are concerned, the alliance will be anxiously sought for, but whether he will incur the risk and ridicule is more doubtful. As far as my wishes go, I hope neither this nor any other marriage will take place; his marrying will destroy his system of living. The *ladies*, who now accommodate all their arrangements for his convenience, will become more independent and have more leisure. Love for Ld. H. and curiosity for our society will throw them more constantly with us, and, tho' I do not approve Ld. Wycombe's principle to the extent he urges it, that to maintain a good understanding with his father he never will see him, yet I am convinced that to keep well with friends you should not live too much with them; for which reasons I deprecate the probability of long and frequent visits, especially as one half of my male and female intimates are placed at the top of Miss Fox's black list, such as Ld. G. Leveson, Tierney, Mrs. W., Ly. Bess., Ly. Plymouth, Canning, Frere, etc., etc., without end.

The Beaus. returned to Moneyhill. The only possible chance I foresee in that *ménage* for disquietude, will be his indolent, shy habits, which will rivet him more strongly to the country. The inclination for retirement will be aided by a half jealousy, a propensity he is too prone to; but children, qualms, and fright will soon diminish her power and inclination to charm. Sr. Lionel <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir Lionel Copley. His brother, Joseph, succeeded him in the Baronetcy, and died in 1838.

came and passed the day here. His brother has married the *ci-devant* Ly. Abercorn. Ld. A. behaved very shabbily; he chicaned about stocks and pounds sterling. Sr. L. has been kind and friendly; tho' he is rough and selfish, he is capable of doing good-hearted actions. Ld. Hobart, Mr. Adderley came to tell me, is to be married on Saturday; Miss Eden is the bride. She is handsome and sensible.

A very old acquaintance called here yesterday: I regretted not seeing him—Bob Markham,<sup>1</sup> a great friend of poor Ld. Henry's<sup>2</sup> and as much a lover as his friendship for his friend could allow. He is married, and settled in Yorkshire. His chief merits are good-nature and a willingness to oblige; his talents are moderate, for to say the truth he is rather dull, but the strongest symptom I feel of age is a strong partiality for those I have known in earlier days. A long acquaintance is with me a passport to affection. This does not operate to exclusion of new acquaintances, as I seek them with avidity; not so much, however, for my own gratification, as from a notion that mixing with a variety of people is an advantage to Ld. H., because as he, thank God, lives constantly at home, unless I were active in collecting fresh materials for society, he might be too apt to fall into a click [*sic*], a calamity no abilities can fight against. Ideas get confined, prejudices strong, and the whole mind narrowed to the standard of your own set. Canning is an instance of the badness of that plan; his jokes are local, and unless he 'gives his little senate laws' he is silent. Mankind are formed to live together; the more they mix with each other the better able a man is to judge them and

<sup>1</sup> Probably fifth son of William Markham, Archbishop of York, who was preceptor to the Prince of Wales from 1771 to 1776. Robert Markham became rector of Bolton Percy, Yorkshire, and Archdeacon of York. He died in 1837.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Henry Spencer, who died in 1795.

conduct himself ; otherwise it becomes what a priest once said of the universal truth, ' Orthodoxy is my doxy.'

The Prince has given up Lady Jersey, and is now trying to renew with Mrs. Fitzherbert. He ought to try and make his peace with heaven if he has any account to settle, as he does not look long for this mortal life.

Gilbert Wakefield was this day condemned to two years' imprisonment in Dorset jail. The sentence is severe ; one cannot but regret severities should fall upon a man of learning. The Editor of *The Courier* was also sentenced to 6 months' confinement and 200*l.* fine, for calling ye Emperor of Russia a *tyrant*. He seems to have been a fool to have been at the trouble of saying such a platitude ; 'tis like knowing that *B* follows *A* in the alphabet.

1st June, '99.—Lord Belgrave,<sup>1</sup> in consequence, as Lord King says, of morality and the whole duty of man being the *haut ton*, has taken up the Sunday newspapers, and on the score of their diverting people from their duty on the Sabbath wants them suppressed. Sheridan, who never lets an opportunity escape where an allusion can be made to Ld. B.'s Greek, finding Lord B. wanted time before the division on the motion, observed that the noble Viscount wanted it put off to the *Greek Calends*. And of the war, when there came up petitions from the country, Ld. Belgrave said that the signatures were not to be depended upon, as he knew many places where boys at school were made to sign—a scandalous proceeding. ' Infamous,' said Sheridan, ' to take them from *their Greek*.'

<sup>1</sup> Robert, Viscount Belgrave (1767–1845), only son of Richard, first Earl Grosvenor, and Henrietta, daughter of Henry Vernon, Esq., of Hilton Park, Co. Stafford. He succeeded his father as second Earl in 1802, having married, in 1794, Eleanor, only daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Wilton. He was created Marquess of Westminster in 1831, on the occasion of William IV.'s coronation.

Hare, Fitzpatrick, Francis, Tom Sheridan,<sup>1</sup> Tierney, and, by chance, my mother and Sr. Gilbert, dined here yesterday. Sheridan was to have come, but was detained in the H. of Commons by Palmer's business. The wits and humourists were in high spirits; nothing could be pleasanter. We were persuaded to go to Ly. Heathcote's masquerade. Some observations about me, jokes about Tierney and I conspiring together. Ly. Cholmondeley, Dss. of Gordon, very cordial; stayed most of the time by the Dss. Devon., Ly. Bessborough, Ly. Melbourne. Prince there, knew me directly; looking dreadfully ill.

*7th June.*—On Saturday, 1st June, Canning, Bessbro's, Ld. Morpeth, Bor., G. Leveson, Adderley, Sturges, G. Ellis, etc., dined; rather pleasant. In the library I had, after dinner, a long conversation with Canning. He expressed great satisfaction at acting in concert with Ld. H. about the Slave Trade, and said, from the pleasure that it gave him, he could judge how great it would be if they always agreed. He talked a good deal of the folly of Whig principles and the great families, etc. I thought I perceived, and that probably arose from some circumstance that I knew of, from his inquiry as to my politics, influence over Ld. H., etc., that he wanted rather a confidential opening from me, but however I may wish, I did not encourage it, as Ld. H. is too firmly attached to the obsolete doctrine of Whiggism to be yet open to persuasion. On Sunday I had persuaded Mr. Fox to come, but as the object was to make him meet

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Sheridan (1775–1817), only son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He served for some time in the army, and died at the Cape of Good Hope when holding the post of Colonial Treasurer. He married, in 1805, Caroline Henrietta, daughter of Colonel James Callender, and had four sons, and three daughters—the three noted beauties, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and the Duchess of Somerset. Mrs. Sheridan wrote several novels which received favourable notice.

Porson,<sup>1</sup> and he was prevented coming, I sent an express to stop his leaving St. Anne's till Wednesday.

On Sunday Ly. Lucy came, Adderley, the Smiths, Hamilton, and Mackintosh. After dinner they had a very metaphysical argument upon infinity, etc., etc. On Monday Ld. H. went to the H. of Lords. Lady Lucy returned home to be with the Duchess, as it was the melancholy anniversary of poor Ld. E.'s death; only Miss Fox, Buonaiuti,<sup>2</sup> Drew, and self at dinner. Tuesday, King's birthday, a review by him of the London Volunteer corps in the park. Tierney came, sat the whole morn. reading to me. He selected nonsensical passages from old poets *applicable* he declared to his own situation. I am afraid he will annoy Mrs. T., if he continues his *devoirs* so obsequiously. Instead of going home to prepare himself for the Budget, which was to come on next day, he returned to dinner here. We had a lively party, Ly. Lucy, Miss Fox, Capt. Murray, Lewis, Mr. Robinson, Drew, etc., Adderley. I had a violent headache. Wednesday, Mr. Fox came, Ld. Robert, and the General came to meet him; the Smiths, etc., stayed. I was obliged to go to the play, as I had promised to meet mother. The King, etc., were there. Tierney, Adderley, Lewis, and Sheridan in my box; came home and found Fox in delightful spirits. He went away the next day early. I dined at two with Drew, and set off

<sup>1</sup> Richard Porson (1759-1808), classical scholar. This is evidently the occasion mentioned by Lord Holland in his *Miscellaneous Recollections*. 'When I asked him to my house he peremptorily declined coming; on my repeating my invitation, he sent me word that he had "broken his leg and could not come," though he was frequently met about the same time walking in the streets. Perhaps he was affronted at my sending the invitation by a common friend, instead of calling myself, or perhaps he was on that, as on other occasions, extremely jealous of being invited as a show.'

<sup>2</sup> An architect, who superintended structural repairs to Holland House which were found necessary a few months later, and was afterwards constantly staying there.

to see sights ; my *shadow* came with us. I sent him off to dine with his wife, and went to Covent Garden. To-day, 7th June, Borino dined. I passed great part of the evening and night in the garden ; the weather is delicious, and the nightingales in full vigour of song. I have not see *any* of my own appendages to-day.

Harvey Aston<sup>1</sup> was killed in duel at Madras ; it was the only one out of the number he has fought in which he was in the right. He fought successively with two of his officers, I believe, on the same day. A man to try O'Byrne's Irishisms asked gravely in which of the duels was he killed, the first or second. ' Aye, by my faith, I don't know,' replied O'Byrne. No man was ever more favoured by the ladies than H. Aston. His figure was fine and manly, but to like him was a sensual taste. Naturally good-humoured, he unfortunately was incessantly fighting ; he never was angry, but always provoked others. From what I knew of him I should have described him as a vain, empty fellow ; but Mr. Adderley says he knew him at Madras, and occupation brought out his understanding, and he was becoming an able and useful officer and man of business.

The loan has been raised very favourably. Stocks have risen and are expected to get to 60. Wickham's<sup>2</sup> journey to Switzerland encourages the hope of peace ; falsely, I fear, as I collect from my Ministerial friends that the hope of placing a King upon the throne in France is revived with ardour. The Directory are tottering,

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Harvey Aston was wounded in a duel with Major Allen, and died a week later, having fought with Major Picton the preceding day, on account of the same affair. Several stories of him are related in *Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers*.

<sup>2</sup> William Wickham (1761-1840), Minister to the Swiss Cantons, 1794-97. He was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1798. He went abroad again, while still retaining his post at home, in June 1799 as special envoy to Switzerland and the allied armies, and did not return until 1802.



but their fall will only produce another revolutionary government, perhaps as bloody and horrible as Robespierre's.

The spring is very tardy, vegetation is now as it was in the first week of May, '98; our garden is delicious. Drew and I have begun our lounging drives in the Green Lane in the garden chair; I have spent many a harmless, cheerful, instructive hour so. I have been out of spirits at the approach of a crisis very painful to my feelings, but my duty and justice compel me to it; I shall soon be obliged to dwell on the particulars. Heaven knows the anguish I undergo; but the less I think, the better armed with resolution shall I be for the event, let it take place as it may.

Ld. Berkeley<sup>1</sup> has entered his pedigree to prove his marriage 14 years ago. He has had a public marriage subsequent to that period, 7 years since. The clergyman who married him is dead; the witness is the lady's brother, the register torn; in short, the story is dark and, I suspect, fabricated by himself, but I cannot but wish he may substantiate his pretence and prove his marriage.

*H. H. 11th June, '99.*—Yesterday sentence was given upon Ld. Thanet and Fergusson. Considering the King's answer to his letter, it appears extraordinary that so harsh a judgment should be pronounced—a year in the Tower, and a fine of 1000*l*.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl of Berkeley (1745–1810), who married Mary, daughter of William Cole, of Wotton-under-Edge, co. Gloucester. The case came before the House of Lords in 1811, after Lord Berkeley's death. Lady Berkeley then swore that the marriage took place at Berkeley in 1785, eleven years previous to the public marriage in 1796. Little evidence, however, was forthcoming, and as the entry in the Register was not in its right place, and was in the opinion of several witnesses almost entirely in Lord Berkeley's own handwriting, the marriage was disallowed. William Berkeley, the eldest son (afterwards created Earl Fitzhardinge), was therefore debarred from succeeding to the titles.

On Saturday, 8th June, passed the morning very pleasantly in the garden ; many visitors. Dined at Lansdown House, went with my mother to the Opera. Walked most part of the way home ; the nightingales delightful, weather serene. On Sunday our usual party of the Smiths ; besides them some odd people, such as Sir John Riddell, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Douglas, the Bishop of Salisbury's son. Also we had Adderley, Ly. Lucy, Cornwall, Hamilton : stayed in the garden past midnight. The harper played under the trees. Monday, my mother and Sr. Gilbert came to stay some days with us. Misses Vernon and Fox came and stayed all night. Ld. H. just gone down to the H. of Lords ; the Russian subsidy. A note from Ld. Thanet to say Bob Adair is to come in for Appleby.<sup>1</sup>

*19th June, 1799.*—On this day my mother left me. During her stay I disclosed an event that has incessantly occupied my mind for now 3 years. I restored to her father my little daughter Harriet,<sup>2</sup> who I had concealed, pretending her dead.

When I left Florence in '96 my situation was such that a final separation with Sir G. W. was inevitable as soon as I returned to England. The certainty of losing all my children was agonising, and I resolved to keep one in my possession, and I chose that one who, from her age and sex, required the tenderness of a mother. Besides, I was undetermined whether I could bring myself to incur the *éclat* and anxiety that would arise from my publicly avowing my situation, and among the visionary

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Adair (1763–1855), son of Robert Adair, surgeon to George III., and Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of William, second Earl of Albemarle. He was an intimate friend of Charles James Fox, and was employed by him on a diplomatic mission in 1806.

<sup>2</sup> She married, in 1816, the Hon. Fleetwood Broughton Reynolds Pellew (afterwards K.C.H., and Rear-Admiral), second son of Edward, Viscount Exmouth. She died in 1849.

schemes that passed in my mind there was one I dwelt upon during my dejection with a sort of pleasure. It was to retire and bury myself in some remote corner; what, then, would have been the comfort of possessing such a little partner in my solitude? In short, *necessity* has compelled me to give her up. Here I will not disguise a feeling, whatever *tournaire* for worldly effect I may give the proceeding—nothing but the dread of discovery and involving Ld. H. in a difficulty on her and my account could have induced me voluntarily to relinquish all the schemes of happiness I had promised myself in educating and possessing her. In short, my mother avowed the whole transaction to Sir G. W., who immediately recollected and acknowledged her; he behaved extremely well. I have dwelt so long upon the subject since I have determined upon the avowal that my mind is wearied, and I shall reserve further details. She was here with my mother for two days, is now gone with her and Henry, and is without exception by far the *most* lovely I ever beheld. She has all the beauties I had when I was very pretty, and fewer blemishes. Her complexion is fine; she has dimples, fine hair, and thick eyelashes, open chest, flat back.

20th June.—The last week we had company. On Friday the Ladies Fitzpatrick<sup>1</sup> dined here, Lds. Morpeth, Boringdon, Adderley, Tierney, Amherst, and some others. Ld. Plymouth died: a great release to his wife, who will be rewarded by marrying Amherst within the year. *His* constancy is unparalleled. On Saturday alone; went quietly to the Opera. Sunday, the event took place, and there was a sort of scene at dinner: Smith, Miss Fox, Sydney Smith, Add., Wm. Lamb, Lewis.

Ld. Holland's speech upon the Russian subsidy was

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne and Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, Lord Upper Ossory's daughters.

reckoned excellent.<sup>1</sup> Ld. Grenville said it was the best he ever made, and one or two traced a resemblance to his uncle's manner. There is no doubt that if he were to apply himself to a regular attendance in the H. of Lords, he would distinguish himself as a first-rate speaker. His power of mind is fully equal to excellence, but he is indolent, and wants method in his arrangement; arguments crowd upon him whilst speaking, and an overstock of matter makes him confused. On the 19th, Sr. Lionel, Mr. Add., Murray, and Mr. Dumont dined with me. Ld. H. dined with Mr. Wm. Smith. Yesterday (21st), Drew and I alone; Lord H., House of Lords. About 8 Tierney came from the H. of Commons (with Mr. Add.) after having made an excellent speech upon the state of the finances of the country; it was so good that Pitt deferred replying till Friday next, and ordered his statements to be printed. Canning is desirous of bringing Add. into Parliament as a Treasury member, and is now urging him to accept a seat for 1200*l.*, to which he will be recommended as a Ministerial man; the price is rather lower than the common market traffic, but Add. judges the thing well, and is disinclined to come in with a pledge of always voting their way. He is not decided yet. A good post in India has not corrupted him; he is young enough in politics to think he may long continue open to conviction. The feeling is honest, but not durable. Canning will be glad to attach him to himself, for tho' he is the great decrrier of party, yet imperceptibly he is forming one of his own, Ellis', Freres,<sup>2</sup> Sturges, *Microcosm* Smith,<sup>3</sup> Leveson, and one or two more, most of whom he has brought in himself.

<sup>1</sup> In the House of Lords on June 11.

<sup>2</sup> John Hookham Frere and his brother Bartholomew.

<sup>3</sup> John or Joseph Smith is mentioned in Lord Holland's *Miscellaneous Reminiscences* as a contributor to the Etonian publication,

Ld. Wycombe asked Tierney, 'If he had heard the romance of *our* friend at H. House.' The story is very much talked of, but as it is sure to be misrepresented, I had rather hear nothing of the fables engrafted on it. I only feel I have renounced a darling child, and my heart aches afresh when I think of the separation. She is so captivating. With her I feel amused, with my others I feel gratified at seeing them healthy and intelligent, but her winning manners convert the duty of maternal attention into a positive enjoyment. I delight in being with her, and think her society sufficient. Would to God I were allowed to bring her up! To-day Ld. Digby and Ly. Bessbro' dined. We went into the garden after; stayed late. Adderley came to pass the evening and sleep. He ought for his own comfort to go to Ireland—at least, away, as he looks ill and is unhappy. I have been to blame. I delay from awkwardness, and not knowing how to check the inclination. I myself was *checked* from the dread of appearing to consider the matter in serious light, and it has become more so to him than I could have suspected. When not here he shuts himself up alone at home, and reflects upon the foolishness of his own feelings, for foolish and hopeless must any love to me be, circumstanced as I am, loving and being beloved by the most delightful of men. I fear in my conduct I may be accused of trifling with his feelings, but I solemnly protest I had no such wish.

23<sup>rd</sup> June.—On Saturday Mr. Adderley took leave of us, previous to his departure for Ireland. I was really touched at saying adieu. We came afterwards to this place—Sunning Hill, a charming little spot in Windsor Forest, which belongs to General Fitzpatrick; we

the *Microcosm*, in conjunction with Frere, Canning, Bobus Smith, and others. Lord Holland mentions that he was known by the nickname of Easley, and that he died in 1827.

remain till to-morrow. Yesterday (Sunday) Ld. H. and ye General went to St. Anne's ; Drew and myself stayed here reading and talking. Little Charles<sup>1</sup> is come. This is the first excursion he ever made out of his nursery ; he is very tractable and happy.

To the tranquillity of this pretty retreat we owe many of those correct and beautiful verses which the General has written. It is much to be lamented that there is no collection made, as in point of wit and real taste they are unequalled. His epigrams are excellent ; the one upon Ld. Carlisle's subscribing 4000*l.* to the voluntary subscription<sup>2</sup> just after he had distributed a political pamphlet for sixpence is truly witty :—

My Lord subscribes four thousand pounds  
Produced from rich domains,  
While he for sixpence deals around  
The produce of his brains.  
Thus we the just proportion hit  
Between his fortune and his wit.

On Pitt saying what he did not intend in the H. of Commons, being drunk :—

The lying tongue, which t'other day  
Proved Billy Pitt's disaster,  
Was so accustomed to betray,  
That it betrayed its master.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Richard Fox (1796–1873), born in November 1796 ; Lady Holland's favourite child. He entered the navy in 1809, but was later transferred to the army, in which service he rose to be General. He married, first, in 1824, Lady Mary FitzClarence, second daughter of William IV. and Mrs. Jordan ; and secondly, in 1865, Katherine, daughter of John Maberley, Esq. He sat in Parliament for some years, and held several minor posts in the Ordnance Department. He collected coins, and the result of his labours formed a most valuable addition to the treasures at the Royal Museum at Berlin, by which the collection was acquired after his death. He died at his house in Addison Road, after a long illness, in 1873.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 170.



On Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*<sup>1</sup> :—

Your nymph her temper keeps six cantos thro',  
By G—d that's more than half your readers do.

26th.—Yesterday, 25th, we left Sunning Hill ; Ld. H. went round by St. Anne's. Mr. Secretary Windham invited him to dinner, where he went, and met Charles Sheridan.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Francis dined with me. He was pleased at being confidentially treated, as he called it. He is soured against Mr. Fox for various reasons. Notwithstanding he boasts that the violence of his temper prevents his being vindictive, because he 'expectorates' his bile at the moment; he yet retains a very settled resentment against him. One of his griefs is that he was not summoned to the meeting previous to the measure of secession. '*Secession*, did I say, Madam? *Dispersion* I mean.' Of Fox's disposition, he says he is a man of great 'facility,' but no 'cordiality.' Perhaps the remark is not without point and justice. It is impossible to deny Francis's great cleverness. His vivacity and fine sense survived the rolling over of many years and tens of years.

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1781. Compare Lord Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* :—

Behold !—ye Tarts !—one moment spare the text,  
Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next ;  
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,  
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,  
His style in youth or age is still the same,  
For ever feeble and for ever tame.  
Triumphant first see 'Temper's Triumphs' shine !  
At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Francis Sheridan (1750–1806), son of Thomas Sheridan and elder brother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He went to Sweden in 1772 as secretary to the British Envoy, and remained until 1775. He entered the Irish Parliament the following year, and was Secretary at War in Dublin from 1782 till 1789, when he obtained a pension and retired from politics. He occupied the remaining years of his life with chemical experiments and fruitless attempts to discover the secret of perpetual motion. He married, in 1783, Letitia, daughter of Theophilus Bolton.

His temper is irritable to madness ; indeed, he is more or less always in a passion, for if he begins temperately the ardour of his imagination works him to rage before his sentence closes. He has a remarkable facility in writing all State Papers, Protests, Petitions, etc., etc. It was the desire of displaying that talent that made him advise Ld. Thanet to write to the King ; at least, so those say who disapproved of the proceeding. His great intimacy with Burke enabled him to judge of the motives that actuated him to quarrel with Fox ; he assured me the arrow was sped long before the French principles became the test of morality and virtue. They were a popular ground for attack, and upon them that venom burst, which had been rankling in his breast since the Regency ; for at that period, in the partition of offices, etc., it appears Burke asked something, either for himself or son, which Fox denied him. From thence the enmity sprung, and was constantly fomented by a jealousy of Sheridan and various other trivial occurrences that would have passed unnoticed between sound friends, but were treasured up : ‘ All his faults observed, set in a note book, learn’d and conn’d by rote, to cast into *his* (my) teeth.’

27th.—Instead of going to Cork, I found Add. still remaining ; he came Tuesday eve., and yesterday to dinner, and very imprudently did not go to Eden Farm fête. This morning I went to the Tower ; Ld. H. made a visit to Ld. Thanet, whilst Drew and I saw the sights. Of the latter none are worthy of notice, except the beasts, and those are very fine. Ld. Thanet came down to the court to see me. He looks very well ; the confinement will be of service to his health, as he is perforce obliged to live regularly with regard to hours and drinking, for the gates shut at eleven. He is allowed to see whom he pleases and do precisely as he likes, but

not quit the precincts of the Tower. He has always some company with him. It is very amiable in the D. of Bedford being so attentive to him. He scarcely stays a week out of town on purpose that he may visit him; there cannot be a better natured man.

27th.—To-day D. of Bedford and Ld. Boringdon dined here; stayed late in the garden. Ld. B. stayed cozing with me very late. The Duke has half a mind to attend the H. of Lords, but *secession* hangs round his neck like a dead weight. He and Grey are the *two* who repent the most; but as they were the two who urged Mr. Fox to it, a dereliction from it in them would come with a bad grace. Indeed, in Grey it would be suspicious, as it might be inferred he had got Fox out of the way to make room for himself as leader. That D. of B. should be unpopular is not marvellous. His manner to *all* is rude, and to acquaintances must be intolerable; but exterior polish is immaterial when the foundation is good, and with him it is respectable: no man so just, so generous, so true.<sup>1</sup> The first may at times amount to harshness, but the second never to ostentation, for with the slur of penuriousness it may be asserted that his donations to friends and family are unequalled by those reputed highly liberal. His veracity is quite remarkable; to the most minute occurrence he applies a degree of accuracy that is prolix: one would take upon trust what he convinces you by proof is true. His understanding is good, and so is his judgment, but he has given the latter into Ld. Lauderdale's keeping too much. It is notorious

<sup>1</sup> 'His steadiness and zeal have been of the greatest use, and I think he is a man that, having begun, is sure to go on. I look upon him to be one of the main pillars of the party. You know I am one who think both property and rank of great importance in this country in a party view; and in addition to these, the Duke of Bedford has a very good understanding; I wish I could add popular manners.' C. J. Fox to Lord Holland, March 1794 (*Memorials and Correspondence of C. J. Fox*).

that the *secession* never would have been dreamt of unless Ld. L. had not lost his election as one of the sixteen Scotch peers, and he, being out of Parliament, determined to make those who *were in* as null as himself.

30th June.—On Friday, 28th, Ld. H. went to the Slave business.<sup>1</sup> I dined at home with Drew and Mr. Adderley. When Ld. H. returned they fell into a long metaphysical disquisition upon the nature of the soul. Add. has applied himself to the examination of that inquiry, and can reason fluently and technically upon those abstract, incomprehensible points. He has adopted the Platonician doctrine of spirit and matter, and conceives that spirit is a quality endued with faculties indefinable, that it is a particle of celestial origin, and secures to us immortality. The other two supported the old Epicurean tenet (for after all those old fellows were the first who started the systems which our modern philosophers appropriate to themselves) of materialism, that life and intelligence were carried on by material objects only, matter acting upon matter; in short, that to a fortuitous concourse of atoms we owed *being* as we are. I have not the capacity to follow thro' a labyrinth of metaphysical sophisms; the very little I could ever understand I had no sooner been convinced was right than a new system proved to me it was fallacious, and this having happened above once, I have determined not to trouble myself with endless speculations that neither make one wiser nor happier.

Ld. Wycombe has neglected an eruption. He is under the care of Adair and Hawkins, and is quite a cripple. This disease gives him an opportunity of moralising upon the want of moral justice among mankind. A pampered debauchee writhing under the gout, a malady brought

<sup>1</sup> A Bill 'to prohibit the trading for slaves on the coast of Africa within certain limits.' It was thrown out in committee on July 5.

on by his own excesses, is an object of general pity ; all hearts are in union with his pangs and sympathetic with every twinge, whereas he says a temperate, un-offending person who acquires accidentally a disease conveyed by harmless, innocent contact, is shunned and treated with disgust and contumely.

The D. of Bedford told a story of Ld. Lauderdale's delight at reading a passage in Arthur Young, who says the cattle, especially the sheep, in Lincolnshire, are affected with a cutaneous disease upon their nose. This, he says, is owing to their rubbing their snouts upon thistles. 'Aye, to be sure,' cried Ld. L., 'we pull the thistles in Scotland between our fingers, so we catch the itch.'

On Saturday I went to town and did many duties in the visiting way. T. has made his wife low-spirited and unhappy by his foolish whimsies about me. Ld. G. Leveson came to dinner accidentally on his way from Winchester races ; Mr. Adderley dined also. In the evening the Smiths came. She looked, as usual, cold and starch. Nothing very interesting in the conversation.

*4th July.*—Sunday, 30th June, Lds. Ossory and Macartney came ; the latter stayed 3 hours and 3 quarters. We drove up and down the Green Lane in the whisky all the time ; he declares that he has closed his peregrinations, that he always said he would at 60. Mr. Richard Penn<sup>1</sup> called to see me upon the score of an old acquaintance.

We had to dinner General Fitzpatrick, Mr. Charles Sheridan, Tierney, Lord Ossulston,<sup>2</sup> Amherst, Mr. Weld,

<sup>1</sup> Richard Penn (1736–1811), grandson of William Penn, and brother of John Penn, the writer. He acted as Deputy-Governor of Pennsylvania for his brother from 1771 to 1773, and returned to England in 1775 with a petition from Congress. He sat in the House of Commons for many years.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Augustus, Lord Ossulston (1776–1859), eldest son of Charles, fourth Earl of Tankerville, and Emma, daughter of Sir James Cole-

the Smiths, Hamilton. Adderley came in the eve. for a little time. On Monday alone; went for a short time to the play, sat with Mrs. Wyndham. On Tuesday Marsh arrived; dined at Lord Digby's, went in the evening to see Ld. Morpeth. On Wednesday went to Boyle Farm to stay the day for the christening of Lord Henry's<sup>1</sup> youngest son. Lord Holland is his godfather; he is christened Edward. Returned at night. To-day, July 4th, Adderley called for a few minutes in ye morning. Marsh and I drove in the whisky after dining alone with Ingenhousz.<sup>2</sup> Ld. H. at the House of Lords, from which he is just returned, and is now at dinner with Lds. Bessbro' and Digby.

So many unpleasant observations have been made upon the frequency of a person's visits to this house, and the self-reproach I have felt at having anything mysterious or hidden from Ld. H. was so great, that I resolved to unburthen the foolish secret I had participated in concealing (by allowing it to go on) by telling the whole affair to Ld. H. A confidence in him is never misplaced; his head is so right, and his heart, where I am concerned, so peculiarly indulgent that, delicate as the nature of the subject is, I felt very little apprehension in disclosing the whole. He considered the affair in a proper light, by feeling more compassion than resentment. The circumstance that brought the noticing it among Adderley's friends to a crisis was the following. Canning proposed to bring A. in for a Treasury Borough, and he told me of the proposal that was made. I inadvertently deprecated

brooke, Bart. He married, in 1806, a daughter of Antoine, Duc de Gramont, and succeeded to the titles upon his father's death in 1822.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Henry Fitzgerald (1761-1829), fourth son of James, first Duke of Leinster, married, in 1791, Charlotte, Baroness De Ros. The boy died at the age of eleven.

<sup>2</sup> John Ingenhousz (1730-1799), a doctor and intimate friend of Lord Lansdown. He first came to England in 1765.



the patronage of Canning, alleging (by way of conversation, not for *influence*) all the mortifying objections I conceived to subsist against such dependence. Thus, what I said became a rule of conduct; he rejected the offer. Canning, who is full of intrigue, was surprised, and immediately conjectured that the refusal was from counter-movement, and went so far as to hint something about Holland House politics, and even particularising the quarter. Hence I, without caring five straws for the business, was involved into the thick of it. Unluckily enough, Tierney proposed a seat to him at Coventry, which he may be secure of provided the Treasury won't oppose, to ascertain which Canning was consulted. Thus this last measure will confirm *his* opinion of my interference. I also told Ld. H. of Tierney's persecution; we jointly laughed at his vain presumption, and imputed it to his opinion of the depravity and corruption he believes exists among women of fashion. I confess I feel sorry that Add. should allow a romantic love to interfere with his happiness, for I sincerely credit it has done so, tho' I hope and believe it is rapidly abating. Be it as it may, my mind is easier since I have shaken off all reserve about it with Ld. H., for I have a superstitious dread of keeping a secret from him. Mystery between those who love is dangerous; it may begin upon a trifle, another trifle that may depend upon that may grow to involve so much that one can never too soon prevent the possibilities of such difficulties.

Charles Sheridan is Sheridan's elder brother; he was Secretary in Sweden at the time of the revolution made by the late King in favour of the people against the nobles. His history of that period is reckoned very good and correct. The General told me that in coming here he spoke strongly and freely with regard to the Union between Ireland and this country, adding that he rejoiced

at having an opportunity of telling him his sentiments, as he did not like speaking openly in mixed companies. This sounded cautious ; but before dinner was over he got into a long argument with Bobus, in which he not only displayed his own opinion, but told that of all whom he had consulted with. He told Bobus he would make an excellent lawyer, as he was *disputatious*. He appears animated, and inclined to embellish his narrative by imagination where dry facts would not bear him out.

Lord Ossulston is insignificant and diminutive in his appearance, and aims at thinking and judging for himself. How far his understanding warrants the attempt I cannot yet judge ; I am rather disposed to think favourably of him for the effort, as it is without arrogance.

I got into correspondence with Maurice,<sup>1</sup> the author of *Indian Antiquities*, from reading his preface. I thought him poor and neglected, and was willing by way of subscription to do something for him ; I did, and obtained him a few subscribers. His language is diffuse, and his style unconnected, but the book is curious, as it assembles curious facts from prolix, voluminous writers, which otherwise I should never have got at.

6th July.—Ld. H. is said to have made a most excellent speech on Thursday night on the Forfeiture Bill.<sup>2</sup> Last night he spoke on the Slave business, but the Limitation Bill was rejected. Add. came and dined. I bathed in ye evening ; when I returned to the library after ye bath he made me some compliments upon my person, freshness, etc. Being previously resolved to say something upon the continuance of his love, I thought the opportunity these observations offered as good as any.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Maurice (1754–1824), the author of several works on India, and a writer of poetry. He was appointed Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Museum in 1798.

<sup>2</sup> A Bill ordaining Forfeiture of Inheritance for High Treason.

I represented to him the impropriety of allowing himself to indulge an inclination that could only end in vexation and annoyance ; that to him it had already been productive of unhappiness, by unsettling his plans and inducing him to shun his friends ; that to me, in a worldly point of view, it was materially injurious, but *that* was a secondary consideration compared to the effect that might be produced upon Ld. H.'s mind, were any officious person to suggest to him that *his* visits did not proceed from friendship to him, but from love to me. I coloured as highly as I could the statement of the deplorable consequences that might ensue if Ld. H. should become suspicious of me—of *me*, I who owed him everything, more than a long life of tenderness and acquiescence can repay. I diminished the possibility of Ld. H.'s supposing it possible I could ever feel an abatement of love for him, but noted the uneasiness he would suffer, first, at finding his friend was acting ungenerously, and, 2ndly, at the possibility of the world's supposing I could encourage it ; for, idolising me as he does, he would think me incapable of deceiving him. He was agitated, and absented himself sulkily till yesterday.

On Saturday Ld. Morpeth dined. Tierney came in ye eve. ; he asked to have a run for his horses, as the soil seemed likely to suit their feet. Drew looked comical, and whispered me that it would suit him for an excuse to come and see after them. On Sunday Ld. Digby dined and stayed till  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 12. He is a man who has not yet been fairly judged by the world ; he passes for a fool, but, if I have any discernment, *bien s'en faut*. He has sound good sense, great shrewdness in his understanding, tho' downright in his manner, and I would as soon abide by his opinion of a character or event as by that of a more refined person. On Monday, yesterday, Add. dined ; he is less annoyed, and begins to see the advice

I gave him as just and reasonable ; he goes the end of the week.

*10th July.*—Tuesday, 9th, Ld. Morpeth, G. Leveson, Digby, Canning dined. Ld. H. brought Ld. Darnley<sup>1</sup> from the H. of Lords. He had never been here before, tho' I have known him for many years. His father fancied himself made of glass, and imagined a particular part of his person essential to sitting the most brittle ; besides, he had various other fancies. Ld. D. has one great merit for a great man, excessive generosity ; he has assisted with large sums, and even annuities, young men of promising abilities in mean circumstances, by which means they have got on in life, tho' as yet he is too young to see the entire advantage of his benevolence. The Dean of Christ Church<sup>2</sup> has hurt him in his *own* judgment, and in that of the world, by most disproportionate praise ; he is himself intoxicated with vanity, and the world, expecting much and finding but a modicum, have fallen into the common extreme, and deny him any ability whatever.

Canning asked me whether his suspicions had fallen rightly when he accused me of advising Add. to accept of the offer for Coventry. I declared the truth, that I had nothing to do with it, and had only heard him converse on the subject, but as it was one I felt little interest about I did not even know the result. Ld. D. told with some humour a remark of a Mr. W. Bootle or Boodle, who has written several pamphlets and poems, and said with great naïveté that whatever people might say of the

<sup>1</sup> John, fourth Earl of Darnley (1767–1831), son of John, third Earl of Darnley, and Mary, daughter of John Stoyte, of Street, Westmeath. He married, in 1791, Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. William Brownlow, of Lurgan. Lord Darnley presented a petition to the King, in 1829, claiming the Dukedom of Lennox, but no decision was given when the case was referred to the House of Lords.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Cyril Jackson (1746–1819), Dean of Christ Church from 1783 till 1809.

profits of books, he knew better, as they<sup>7</sup> did not clear the expense they incurred. His brother used to come a good deal last year; he had travelled into Arabia, Persia, etc. He looks like a wild Arab.

On Wednesday, Tierney, Sr. Lionel, Mr. Adderley, and those who are in the house. The news came on that day of Suwarrow's victory over the French.<sup>1</sup> The citadel of Turin seems evidently to have been surrendered by treachery, as it was besieged but 3 days. If the skill of Vauban can do no more, a clay fence *à l'abri d'un coup de main* would be sufficient. One of the terms of the capitulation is a tacit acknowledgment of bribery; the Governor who surrenders requires a safeguard from the Austrians beyond the French posts, and he is to remain as a hostage—both circumstances that denote fear.

I had a long walk upon the terrace with Tierney. I was in an eloquent *veine*, and happily conveyed all I intended to express without the rigorous exterior of forbidding prudery. I think I convinced him his attentions offended and his hopes insulted me, that I was firmly attached at home, and tho' I felt at present no resentment towards him, yet I should if his pretensions continued. On Thursday Ld. H. dined at the Tower; Ld. T. is confined by a fit of the gout. Sheridan was of their party; he is just come from 'Peruvianising,' that is from the country. He is so delighted with *Pizarro* that his allusions are taken from it in everything he says. He said ye 10th of July was so delicious, something in the temperature so bewitching and tempting to go astray and follow ye dictates of nature, that if he were to sit in judgment upon a cause of gallantry, if the indictment stated it as committed on ye 10th of July, he would

<sup>1</sup> The Battle of the Trebbia, which lasted from June 17 until the 19th, and resulted in the defeat of the French under Macdonald. The losses were very heavy on both sides.

go into the evidence, but instantly bring in *Guilty, by the visitation of God*.

In ye eve. I, Drew, and Marsh went to Astley's, Ld. B., Ly. E. Foster, and some of the girls ; we had a very comfortable chat. Friday, Add. and Cornwall and ourselves in ye house. Saturday we were alone ; reading Mr. Browne's book, *Travels into Africa*. On Sunday Ct. Rumford, Ld. G. Leveson, Adderley, and ourselves in the house. The first was entertaining ; he gave an account of some experiments going on in France upon ye tanning matter, by which it is ascertained that a larger quantity of it is contained in willow and some other aquatic plants than in oak bark, and that it is even better, as there is less of ye gallic acid, which consumes ye leather. His manner is soft and plausible ; it rather excites distrust, and perhaps more than his intentions merit, but there is something suspicious in a kept-down manner. Ld. G. is going to his regiment at Winchester. He praised me for my behaviour to Add., approves of keeping friends, but checking the progress of an attachment. He laughs at women's dexterity in letting a man in love down gently. He, Add., goes to Ireland immediately.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME











